PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS. In next Sunday's Gazette the series begins with "Patriotism in Public Schools" by Hon John Jay LL. D It should be read by all.

COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE.

TWO PRESS REPORTS Furnished by the two principal News Companies in the country give Gazette's readers all the news as it happens

NUMBER 4197. COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1891.--EIGHT PAGES. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Important Reports From Several Commissioners

FIRST SUGAR BOUNTIES PAID

The Condition of Railroads Indebted to the Government Report of the Utah Commission and of the Commission of Education

WASHINGTON, Oct 3. The ... of the ... commissioner ... was to ... handed to the ... The report ...

... ordered the ... portion ... proclamation setting aside 1,2 ... acres of land for the White River reservation, Colorado. This reservation is to be known as the National Park and Timber Reservation. The proposed reservation extends from the Grand river on the south to the Williams River mountains and embraces lands between townships 4 south and 4 north on 83 ... range 8 ... and 91 west. He also ... a proclamation proposed for the reservation located between the North Park and South Platte rivers.

Cabinet Changes

NEW YORK, Oct 3.—A special from Washington to the Mail and Express says: There will be but one change in the cabinet this

GAS EXPLOSION.

Fatal Accident in a Pennsylvania Mine

SIX MEN WERE IMPRISONED

One Man Was Instantly Killed and Three Were Seriously Injured ... of Rescue for ... in the Mine

... paid fifteen to one for the suckers when Billy Duncan's ... showed first at the wire

First race Mile ... Brookwood won, Justin ... time 1 4 ...

Second race—Colorado St Leger ... mile and a quarter Dauraven won, M ... Elkins 2d, Mystery 3d time ...

Third race Six furlongs. Billy D ... won, Advent 2d, ... 3d time ...

Fourth race First heat Stella Ma... won, Katy S. 2d, Mambrino ... 3d time 2 ... Second heat Newsboy won Katy S 2d, Jim Blaine 3d time 2 32.

Fifth race—First heat ... 3d ... won, Molton ... 2d, ... Tucker 3d time 2 ... Second heat ...

OUR CABLE LETTERS.

Mr Gladstone's Speech at Newcastle ... Wakes a Sensation

THE CZAR AND THE KAISER

... Outbreak in Bulgaria ... that Country Is Being ... to Desperation by the Tyrant Minister. Lords Are Angry

... adopted by Lord Salisbury to ... the house of lords in the good opinion of the nation ... the peers of better ... to be regular in their attendance and ... by their presence the prestige of ... legislators. The average daily attendance ... of the house of lords ... forty ... numbering ... hundred and it has been said that ... through the very neglect of its own ... Amongst the absentees are most of the men who really have the prestige and ... of person ... standing that would make ... the members of the government who are

M. I. DeCOURSEY, Real Estate Agent!

AGENT FOR SALE OF LOTS IN

Parrish's Addition, West End Addition, D. Russ Wood Addition, Beacon Hill Addition, Walnut Addition, Orrin's Addition, Roswell Addition, Loomis' Addition, Broadmoor, Nob Hill, Calvert Heights, Colorado City, Manitou, La Vergne, North End Addition, Edwards Addition.

A lovely Country Estate near town

The W. H. Jackson Photograph and Publishing Co.

ALAMEDA AVENUE

Illustrated Supplement No. 14, Colorado Springs Gazette October 4, 1891.

... while its agricultural productions, ... by its irrigable area, are marvelous. Its great business centers are increasing rapidly in population, a young and virtuous people, imbued with and trained in all that pertains to true Americanism is ... upon ... the ... which in all its history has been a drag ... the body politic and blight upon all that came within its influence. The report is signed by G. L. Godfrey, chairman, ... Robertson, Calvin Saunders and ... B. Williams.

John A. McClernand, a member of the commission, does not concur in all the ... of the majority and he submits a minority report explaining his views of polygamy which, he says, is virtually wiped ...

COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

The annual report of W. T. Harris, commissioner of education, has been submitted to the secretary of the interior. The commissioner says that the usefulness of the ... depends directly upon what it prints ... publishes and then ... urged an appropriation of $30,000 for general printing for ... year, ... and makes a special request for a specific appropriation of $20,000 ... the series of educational histories of the several states. The commissioner ... that there were enrolled in 1889-90 in ... schools of the United States of ... primary and secondary grade, 12,686,... against ... in 1880. The ... formed 20.27 per cent of the ... population of 1890. The average daily attendance of pupils on each school day in ... was ...

The whole number of public school teachers ... year was, male, 125,602, female, ...

The total amount expended during the fiscal year for public schools ... was $140,... against ... in 1880. The expenditure per capita of population in 1880 was ... while in 1890 it was $2.24. The total value of grounds, buildings and apparatus ... educational institutions for 1890 was $72,... while the amount of permanent productive funds was $74,070,410. The total income excluding benefactions amounting to ... was $10,801,918.

SUGAR BOUNTIES PAID

The first payments of bounty under the ... of two cents a pound on ... produced in the United States have ... at the treasury department. They ... in favor of the Chino Valley Sugar ... of Chino Calif., on two claims for ... of 340,000 pounds of beet sugar ... amounted to $3,800.

The White River Reservation.

DENVER, Oct. 3.—A Washington special to the Times says: ...

... his clothes all packed up and was preparing to flee from town. He was locked up in jail. Ostrander was arrested about two weeks ago for embezzling $46,000, and was under bond for $20,000, and his bondsmen last night turned him over to Sheriff Dill and he was also locked up in jail.

New York Stock Market

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The stock market opened with a moderately active business this morning, but prices were decidedly higher than those of last evening, Missouri Pacific being up 1¾, Northern Pacific preferred 1½, New England, Jersey Central and Chicago Gas 1 per cent each and the others generally large fractions. Later in the hour the entire list joined in the upward movement and almost everything showed gains over the opening figures. After 11 o'clock North American rose to 20¾. All the active stocks kept pace with the leader, although the advances were in all cases confined to fractions. The bank statement was considered favorable, the banks now holding $3,101,... in excess of the requirement of the 25 per cent. rule. The market closed active and strong at the highest prices of the day. Total sales of stocks to-day 2...,000 shares.

CLOSING PRICES

Adams Ex	145	U P	43
American Ex	118	U S Ex	...
Del Lack & W	142¼	Wells Fargo Ex	139
Illinois Central	102½	Western Union	83
Mo Pacific	69¾	Colorado Coal	3...
Northern Pac	29¾	Atchison	43
Preferred	7...	4s Registered	116¼
N Y C	110...	5s Registered	99 ...
Pullman P C	192	4s Coupons	116
Rock Island	83	Pacific 6s of '95	111
O & M	25¼	Lake Shore	124¾
Preferred	55	Lead Trust	16 ...
Reading	41¾	Sugar Trust	80...
Pacific Mail	37¾		

A Vessel Burned by Lime.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct 3.—A special to The Evening Wisconsin from Duluth says the steamer Winslow, which went ashore yesterday and was released last night caught fire at her dock there this noon from lime that had been slacked in her hold by the water that came in, and all efforts to save her proved unavailing. She was towed out into the harbor and left to burn. Thousands are watching the sight, one of the grandest ever seen. She is a total loss. She was valued at $85,000 and rated at A 2.

Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, decrease	$ ...
Loans, decrease	1,...
Deposits, decrease	2,...
Circulation, decrease	...

The banks now hold $3,101,750 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent. rule.

Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—For Colorado: Fair and warmer Sunday and Monday, winds becoming variable.

... during the past week, which I trust will result in an investigation which will clear the atmosphere and place the responsibility where it belongs. If the New Yorks were so badly broken up as they claim why did they consent to playing two extra games in Boston one of which should have been played in New York instead of Boston? I would also like to know why it was necessary to be so secret in obtaining the consent of two-thirds of the league clubs for these games. It seems to me that common courtesy would demand that the consent of the Chicago club be at least invited. The base ball public may rest assured that I shall leave no stone unturned to probe this matter to its bottom and to at least place the responsibility for the unfortunate state of affairs regarding the championship where it belongs and I shall insist upon the expulsion of the guilty parties, be they 'magnates,' managers, captains or players."

American Association.

BOSTON WASHINGTON

BOSTON, Oct. 3.—The Reds closed their championship season in Boston to-day, beating the tailenders easily. It was a gala occasion. General Dixwell presented the pennant, and Tom Brown received the watch voted to him in the referee contest. Joyce played the last four innings and received an ovation. Score: Boston 6, Washington 2.

At St. Louis—St. Louis 6, Louisville 3.

At Baltimore: Baltimore 2, Athletic 8.

At Milwaukee: Columbus game prevented by cold weather.

The Northwestern League

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 3.—By winning to-day a base ball game Portland secures the pennant of the Northwestern league for 1891. Spokane gets second place, Seattle third and Tacoma fourth.

Overland Park Races

DENVER, Oct. 3.—The fall meeting at Overland park was ushered in to-day by the sweetest music ever heard on a race course in America. The voices of the pool sellers were hushed at the imperative demand of their customers. After the first few strains of Renner's orchestra and not until after the ... was another bet made.

The sports were all out and they brought ... with them on account of the weather. The track was very heavy. The club house was filled with the wives and daughters and sweethearts of the members, while the grand stand was overflowing with all sorts and conditions of people. While it was a great day for the ... in attendance the enthusiasm seemed to be shared as well by the horses. Only the riders and ... were in the dumps.

In the third ... the favorites ... with ...

... utterances of last night express the opinion that "no man after reading Gladstone's speech can doubt for a moment his intention to pass a measure for home rule that will be satisfactory to the Irish people with all the dispatch that the laws of the country will allow."

Reed's Rumored Resignation

BOSTON, Oct. 3.—The Herald's Washington special says: It is reported that ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed will tender his resignation and retire from the house before congress meets in order to accept a ... position with an important corporation in New York city. The rumor, however could not be verified.

An Opera House Opened.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 3.—The new Grand opera house was open to the public to-night and a vast throng of people admired its completeness of detail and elegant appointment. It is admittedly the handsomest of Kansas City theaters. Patti Rosa, in her new play "Dolly Varden," was the opening attraction.

TELEGRAPH BREVITIES

At Gloversville, N. Y., the new Grove hotel was destroyed by fire. Loss $70,000, insurance $50,000.

Gen. Green B. Raum, commissioner of pensions, denies the report that he had tendered his resignation to the president.

The Sophomores and Freshmen of Princeton college played their annual game of ball, the former winning by a score of 6 to 4.

The exports of specie from New York last week were $... all silver. The imports were $5,640,684, of which $5,... was gold.

A special from Deadwood, S. D. says a strong and steady snow storm was prevailing there last night, which promised several inches of snow on the ground in the morning.

Anlatt Smith and Mattie Fisher who were found guilty of involuntary manslaughter for the killing of William Jones in Denver, were each sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail. This is the extreme penalty for the offense.

A private letter contains the information that General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, ... from the Alexandria, Va., district, is dangerously ill at his home near Burke's station. His recovery is doubtful. General Lee is a son of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The ... of the defunct Standiford Bros. bank at Chelunko, Ill., was ... by an expert and all it contained was $70 in small coin and ... The grand jury returned fifteen indictments against the Standifords for forgery, embezzlement, obtaining money under false pretenses, and larceny.

George M. Birdsall, chief engineer of the Croton aqueduct, has submitted a long tabulated report to Thomas F. Gilroy, commissioner of public works. Concerning the contamination of Croton water, the report shows that of the hundreds of ... complained of but few were ... Altogether ... sources of ... are ...

... has just resigned his portfolio because he insisted that M. Karaveloff and his fellow prisoners should have a fair and impartial trial."

German methods of colonization in East Africa have received a somewhat serious commentary in the news telegraphed to ... from Zanzibar, confirming the recent report regarding the defeat of the punitive expedition sent against the Wahehe, with the killing of nine Germans and a large number of natives. This news, the authenticity of which there is now no room to doubt, means that another and a much more formidable expedition will have to be sent by the Germans to reduce the Wahehe to a proper state of subjection, this will, however, be no easy task. They are a warlike and independent people, occupying the Uhehe country, some distance to the south of Zanzibar. Their country is an elevated plateau, several thousand feet high, watered by the upper courses of the Rufigi known in that part of its waters as the Rusha.

It is more difficult to localize the trouble with the Mafitis, whom Lieutenant Schmidt was sent to punish without effect, as would appear. The Mafitis are a wandering race of Zulu stock, and as they live mainly by robbery, and have few permanent possessions, it will not be easy for the Germans to do more than carry on a sort of guerrilla warfare with those nomads of the African continent.

Neither of these expeditions touches British interests very nearly, but it is different with the threatened project of Dr. Peters, who is apparently bent on treating the ... Masai with a high hand. If his published intention of attracting the Masai tribe in German East Africa, near Kilimanjaro, should prove well founded, it would be a serious ... for the British East Africa Company, as the tribes attacked would most inevitably make for the British territory to the north, where there are already more than enough of their kith and kin.

To say that aristocratic circles are astounded by the demand in the Liberal federation for the abolition of the house of lords, is to put it mildly. The public declaration that the upper house shall be done away with, ... last night in the clubs ... nothing short of ... and it was amusing to see admirals and generals fretting and fuming over the daring impudence of the common people, who thus undertook to assail one of the time-honored institutions of the monarchy. Mr. Gladstone's speech threatening the immediate extinction of the house in case it should hold out against an Irish home rule bill, has made the noble lords even angrier than before, and they are menacing ... of what will happen should an attempt be made at election. On the other hand ...

... is ... by M. Vishnegradski, the Russian minister of finance, who looks upon it as a trick of Chancellor Von Caprivi, whom Vishnegradski says ... induced the Berlin bankers to believe they ... favor of the issue and then maneuvered for its abandonment. The Mendelssohns and Warschauers, who hold a large proportion of the issue, have been advised from St. Petersburg that they will continue to be responsible members for the syndicate negotiating the loan. In the view of the present state of feeling of the French people they adhere to their contract willingly, expecting to realize a considerable gain on the rising price of the bonds, due to the ... of the issue by French investors. The ... upon the loan extend to Russian stocks generally, calling to mind a period a few years ago when the banks and bourses tabooed everything Russian.

The replies to inquiries made of leading wholesale dealers here and in Hamburg regarding trade in American pork show that it is still very limited, the inspection in America combined with the duty still imposed here prevents the popular sale of American hog products.

The socialist Wildberg, who is an ardent opponent of the policy advocated by Herren Bebel and Liebknecht, has been elected a delegate to the Erfurt congress from a provincial district. This success of the ... following the election of two other members of that branch of the party as delegates from the fifth district of Berlin strengthens the hopes of the members of the section who desire the overthrow of the present central directing committee.

Inquiries made at the chambers of commerce of various cities in relation to the projected international exhibition in Berlin in 1896 elicited responses from 128 of the chambers. Of this number 82 are in favor of the exhibition and of these 30 urge that it ought to be universal, 27 decline to express any opinion regarding the ... the remainder are hostile to any exhibition, national or international. The ... of all enthusiasm in regard to the project and the entire lack of unanimity ... of the exhibition at least for 1896.

The general opinion seems to be that it would not be advisable to hold an entire exhibition until a number of years ... have elapsed after the Chicago World's Fair.

Mr. Charles Murphy, special agent of the United States agricultural department, is in Berlin. Mr. Murphy's visit ... for the purpose of bringing to the attention of the authorities the value of Indian corn as an article of food. A committee of ... the medical and ... of the army has been appointed to investigate the matter.

Come and buy while ... is dull, prices will ...

Money to Loan.

I have now, and will have in the next 30 days $50,000 to loan in sums of from $500 to $5,000 at reasonable rates.

Houses For Rent Furnished and Unfurnished.

Apply to EDWARD FERRIS, 104 Pike's Peak Avenue.

WALL, FURSHT & CO., DEALERS IN ... AND STODDARD 4 SPRING WAGONS.

Columbus Buggy Co. Buggies and Carriages. Old Hickory Wagons, Road Carts, Moyer Banner Wagon. 114 North Tejon Street.

A. P. BROGGS, Merchant Tailor. New Line Fall Goods in French ... Just received. 21 PIKE'S PEAK AVENUE.

... ELECTRICAL WORK! ...

THOS. GOUGH, JR. Oysters and Short Orders. Ice Cream and Ices of all ... Fine Cakes and Candies ... Special attention to ... and Weddings. The Chicago ...

THE GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1891.

The county commissioners are busy fixing a list of judges at the polling places.

Thomas Ord now has a force of men at work repairing the ... in the Garden of the Gods.

A drunk giving the name of Benjamin Franklin was fined $5.00 and costs in the police court yesterday.

The annual fall sports of the Athletic club take place this afternoon at the Athletic park at 2 p. m.

Yesterday afternoon during the high wind a large gray eagle could be seen circling over the city for some hours.

Men are now at work putting in the new fire alarm boxes. The boxes will be

Henry Clay ... by Henry ... the Grover Cleveland lode, by J. F. Newman; the Hoosier placer, by W. B. Jenkins; the Pleasant Vale and Jumbo placers, by R. Pettinger; the Esther placer, by J. P. Kelley; the American gulch placer, by E. B. Kelley; the Emma placer, by W. C. Kelley; the Grand View placer, by C. A. Peavey; the Elsie placer, by J. H. Freeman; the Pauline K. lode, the Mattie D. lode, the Mascot lode, the Gertie B. lode, by J. F. Torrence; the Fremont placer, by W. H. Gowdy; the Ravine placer, by E. D. Thayer; the Lillie lode, by Otto Heintzman; an option from C. A. Peavey to Holland & Kerr of Pueblo and a sale from C. A. Peavey to A. J. Holland of the same firm.

The Grand Army of the Republic and the Sons of Veterans always make their entertainments most delightful ones, and

KRAHE, SCHOMACKER, BUSH & GERTS

And other first class pianos at Hext & Williams' music store, 21 E. Kiowa St. Prices low, terms easy.

... we will call for and return feathers same day, cleaned, sewed up and ready for immediate use.
NATIONAL STEAM RENOVATING CO.

REMOVED.

Duncan's Music store to 317 W. Huerfano St. Pianos and organs for sale and for rent.

Artistic! H. S. Poley & Co's. "Aristo" Photos.

To buy or sell stocks or interests in Aspen mines write R. Clark Wheeler, Aspen, Colorado.

We will be here one week longer.
NATIONAL STEAM RENOVATING CO.

See LENNOX'S ad.

SPECTACLES fitted accurately at ...

FINEST Photographic portraits at Clinton's, 30 Pike's Peak avenue. Fine stationery, choice confectionery; Colorado views and Flower books, latest novels.

MUSIC CLASS.

Mr. A. C. Pearson has organized a class for ... piano pupils, with Miss Warner as

W. H. McIntyre,

Fire Insurance,

Represents the following Safe, Firmly Established and Reliable Companies:

	Assets.
Insurance Co., of North America, of Philadelphia	$ 8,931,514
Hartford, of Hartford	6,370,616
Phoenix, of Hartford	5,621,844
Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia	3,185,310
Continental, of New York	5,287,048
Germania, of New York	2,706,613
American, of Newark, N. J.	2,115,80[illegible]
Orient, of Hartford	1,931,22[illegible]

The Best is the Cheapest.

MONEY TO LOAN At Lowest Rates.

21, 22, 23 Hagerman Block.

Colorado Springs

CRYSTAL ICE AND COLD STORAGE CO.,

Have added COAL to their Ice business, and are now ready to deliver the best Canon City Lamp and Nut Coal at popular prices. Give us a trial. Our motto is "Full weight, 2000 pounds for a ton."

CIVILL & WHITE,

TEEPHONE 46. Proprietors.

P. S. You are respectfully invited to come and see how we make Pure Ice from distilled water.

No. 9 S. Tejon St.

MATTHEW KENNEDY

No. 9 S. Tejon St.

Real Estate! Insurance!

FOR RENT—UNFURNISHED

House of 10 large rooms and bath, good closets, etc.; also stable and carriage house; corner lot, south and east front, $50.

5 room house, E. Cimmaron St., $15.

6 room house, East Pike's Peak avenue, corner lot 100x190 and barn, $35.

5 room house in good condition, on Cheyenne avenue, $30.

10 room house on Cascade avenue, very convenient locality for a boarding house.

Five room cottage, Nevada avenue, near Kiowa street, only $22.

Offices—Rooms in Midland Block.

Business ... A first class mercantile business, good location; good trade established.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED

Very desirable 7 room house, ... house is very convenient and desirable locality and in first class condition.

Desirable 7 room cottage with bath ... connection; stable and carriage house ... Platte avenue, fronting on the park ... fully furnished; including piano ...

Very desirable house 7 rooms and bath, North Weber street; completely furnished ... Seven room house; North Nevada avenue, desirable location.

Very desirable 9 room house with bath, steam heat, gas and every modern improvement; completely furnished; also barn and carriage house. Owner wishes to go east for six months and will rent at low figure.

Very desirable 8 room house, with bath, electric lights, open fires, steam heat and every modern convenience, and elegantly furnished throughout. Located on Cache la Poudre St. near car line.

H. H. Walter & Co.

TRI-CITY STAMP WORKS.

There has been considerable complaint made of late of the way the public in general has of getting in the way of the fire companies whenever the alarm of fire is given. There have been several narrow escapes from running over people in the streets and the companies have been once or twice delayed by pedestrians in front of them.

Sunday services at the First Congregational church, corner of Tejon and St. Vrain streets, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. In the morning the pastor, Rev. Jas. B. Gregg, will preach. In the evening Rev. W. F. Slocum, Jr., president of Colorado college, who was the delegate from Colorado to the International Congregational council, held in London last July, will give some account of the meetings of the council and the impressions as to the current religious thought and life in England, received in his recent visit to that country.

A lump of coal from the Canon City mines was exhibited in the streets of this city yesterday which weighed 2000 pounds. It was four feet high, three feet long, and two and one-half feet wide. Mr. M. D. Swisher, who has the agency for the Canon City coal in this city, had the specimen drawn through the streets in the afternoon, and this morning it will be placed on exhibition outside of the Rowe block, where Mr. W. J. Foster is getting together his "Colorado on Wheels."

S. P. Thompson, the man brought before Justice Walker on Thursday on the charge of stealing pieces of machinery from the brickyard of Atkinson & Sons, was brought before the court for trial of the offense yesterday morning. The prisoner was defended by F. A. Campbell, and Mr. Cochran appeared for the state. The trial was by jury, and that body found no difficulty in acquitting the prisoner. It was shown in the trial that Henry Burton bought the stolen iron as old junk from Thompson's daughter, but there was no direct proof that the prisoner himself had to do with the theft of it.

Cripple creek continues to keep the ... clerk's office busy. Some of the ... recently filed are the incorporation ... the Anaconda Mining ... company, whose members ... in Denver; locations of the

There are now 120 pupils in school, twelve more than ever before.

The new laundry machinery is set up and running very satisfactorily.

The blind boys are preparing to give another entertainment similar to the one given last spring, at which they hope to raise money enough to outfit a band.

Trial Cases in the County Court.

Cases are set for trial in the county court for the remainder of the present term as follows:

October 2—Marks vs. Cass; Cant. vs. Ripley.

October 3—Kouse vs. Long et al; Wendelken vs. Long et al; Odle vs. Long et al; Denver Wall Paper and Paint company vs. Long et al.

October 5—People vs. Liard.

October 6 City of Colorado Springs vs. Miller; Roe vs. Denver and Rio Grande Railway company, demurrer.

October 8 Kenisell et al vs. Brooks et al; McKeehan vs. Machin.

October 9 Hughes vs. Rosborgh; Funk vs. Chandler.

October 10 Scott vs. Kenisell; Manley vs. Hackley et al.

October 12—Coloque vs. Garbrick; Same vs. Ferry; Same vs. Shideler et al.

MARRIED.

BERWICK-MARTIN—In Colorado Springs, Sept. 30, by Rev. Ira G. Spragne, Charles W. Berwick to Miss Catherine Martin, both of this city.

GRAY-STANSFORD—At the residence of Mr. Mr. Oron McConnell, Oct. 1, by Rev. F. W. Hart, Robert Gray to Miss Victoria Stansford, both of Illinois.

NOTICE.

I shall be a candidate for Superintendent of Schools of El Paso county, at the approaching election, subject to the decision of the voters at the polls. My reasons for taking this step will be published later on.

REUBEN BERREY.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Ten cents per line for first insertion; five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements to go in every other day, or on certain days of the week, ten cents per line for each insertion.

HALLETT & BAKER,
Undertakers.
No. 7 Cascade avenue — Telephone No. 14.

To my patrons:
I have retired from dental practice, and take pleasure in recommending to my patients, Dr. Henry B. Hayden, in whose professional ability I have unlimited confidence.
Signed, JOHN GRANNIS.
Sept. 19th, 1891.

DR. HENRY B. HAYDEN
Dentist.
Rooms ... Block

... the Blues Last Night.

This Saturday Night,

The very last time in this city.

The Kings of Farceurs

EVANS AND HOEY,

In Their New Edition of Chas. H. Hoyt's Funniest Play.

A Parlor Match

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS THIS SEASON.

"The play is funnier than ever."—San Francisco Examiner.
"It ranks with the best American comedies."—San Francisco Chronicle.
"Evans and Hoey are the two funniest comedians on the American stage."—Portland Telegram.
"It is the same breezy hurricane of fun as of yore."—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

POPULAR PRICES.

One Large Room,

Second floor facing south, electric light, steam heat, for a couple $4 each; for one $10.

MRS. M. A. BISPHAM.

Kiowa St., west of Cascade Ave.

HUGHES.

110 Pike's Peak Ave., Midland B'l'k.

The only Fancy Grocer in the city that makes a specialty of fine

TEAS AND COFFEES.

Armour's Star Special

Hams and Breakfast Bacons.

Thornton's Celebrated

O. T. BUTTER.

Also

B. S. BUTTER.

Will call for Orders when Requested.

TELEPHONE 82.

Imitation Walnut Beds	$ 1 95
Antique Bedroom Suites	13 95
Carpet Bed Lounges	7 15
Platform Spring Rockers	2 89
Antique Oak Book Cases	6 95
Antique Oak Folding Beds	24 90

AT

The De La Vergne Furniture Co.,

125 to 129 So. Tejon St.

COOL WEATHER

Will soon be here, and

PARLOR GOODS

Will be in demand. I have made room for an elegant line on my

FIRST FLOOR

And for a short time everything will be offered at

20 Per Cent Discount.

Stock Large! Designs New and Elegant!

All prices marked in plain figures.

114 and 116 Pike's Peak Ave. JOHN LENNOX.

D. B. Holden, President. Geo. De La Vergne, Vice President. David Heron, Cashier.

The Exchange National Bank

CAPITAL, $100,000.

DIRECTORS

L. R. Dow,	D. Heron,
W. S. Nichols,	K. H. Field,
Geo. De La Vergne,	J. A. Himebaugh,
N. G. Johnson,	Geo. H. Carr,
D. M. Holden,	A. S. Holbrook.
A. L. Lawton,	

ESTABLISHED 1873.

El Paso County Bank,

CAPITAL PAID IN - $100,000
SURPLUS - ...,000

Transacts a general banking business. Drafts drawn on the principal cities of the United States and Europe.

WM. S. JACKSON, Cashier.
J. H. BARLOW, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
W. S. Jackson ... C. H. ... J. H. B...

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

OFFICES OF
THE ASPEN CONTACT MINING COMPANY,
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., Sept. 28, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of The Aspen Contact Mining Company will be held at the offices of the company, in the city of Colorado Springs, state of Colorado, on the 26th day of October 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m.

At said meeting a board of directors for the ensuing year will be elected; a code of by-laws adopted; reports of officers will be submitted, and such other business will be considered and acted upon as may properly come before a stockholders' meeting.

HENRY C. LOWE,
Secretary.

"Please the Eye and Ear,

AND You will Win the HEART."

WE

Please your Eyes with choice goods. Please your Ears with low prices. Try to win your Heart by honesty. Hope thus to reach your pocket-book.

WISH YOU WOULD CALL.

Our stock is complete with all the latest and correct styles in every line and our prices are the lowest.

OUR MOTTO, One Price and Value For Your Money.

H. C. SHIMP.

Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher,

15 North Tejon Street.

WHO SAYS

That they are not doing a 'Penny and Nickel Racket.'

Don't let them deceive you. Shoddy goods are dear at any price. Examine our goods and get prices before you buy.

J. I. FRANKLIN.

Little Annie, Best Friend, Pontiac, Della S.

... CONTINENTAL ... FIRST FLOOR ...

McMahon & Moffatt.

Tailors of the very first water. Prices that are a marvel of cheapness when the quality of the goods is considered.

Call and see us at 17 N. Tejon, Opposite Opera House.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK!

Of Colorado Springs, Colo.,

As Made to the Comptroller of the Currency September 25, 1891.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$521,415 10
Bonds and warrants		80,020 03
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		25,000 00
Premium on U. S. bonds		4,000 00
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		15,810 01
Expenses and taxes paid		4,161 23
Due from treasurer U. S. (5 per cent fund)		1,125 00
Due from banks	$325,084 03	
Cash	113,164 01	
		$430,148 61
Total		$1,000,680 05

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$100,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	146,324 33
Circulation	19,420 00
Deposits	651,033 22
Total	$1,0[illegible]

STATE OF COLORADO, County of El Paso, } ss.

I, J. A. Hayes, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. A. HAYES, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of October, 1891.

[SEAL.] ASAHAEL SUTTON, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
LOUIS R. EHRICH,
A. A. McGOVNEY,
IRVING HOWBERT. } Directors.

SINTON BROS' DAIRY.

Fresh Milk, Cream,

Skim Milk and Buttermilk

Delivered daily in Colorado Springs, Colorado City and Manitou. Orders by postal card will receive prompt attention.

COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY.
SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., SEPT. 25TH, 1891.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Colorado Midland Railway Company, for the election of Directors, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, at Colorado Springs, Colorado, at twelve (12) o'clock noon, on Monday Oct. 5th, 1891.

The stock transfer books will be closed at 3 o'clock, p. m. on the 24th day of September, 1891, and will remain closed until three days after the final adjournment of said meeting.

E. W. SELLS
Secretary.

BOOTS and SHOES Made to Order.

Repairing neatly and promptly done. All work warranted first class.

J. PEDERSON,

107 N. Tejon St.

H. I. REID,

CITY ENGINEER AND COUNTY SURVEYOR.

Delos Durfee, Deputy.

Surveys made and estimates given on all kinds of surveying work.

Office at Court House at Colo. Springs.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Leadville Aster Mining Company will be held at 121 North Nevada avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado, on Saturday, the 17th day of October, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m.

SIMEON J. DUNBAR,
Secretary.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®.COM

PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS.
In next Sunday's Gazette, the series begins with "Patriotism in Public Schools", by Hon. John Jay, LL. D. It should be read by all.

NUMBER 4197.

COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE.

TWO PRESS REPORTS
Furnished by the Associated News Companies in the country give The Gazette's readers all the news in type.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1891.--EIGHT PAGES.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Important Reports From Several Commissioners.

FIRST SUGAR BOUNTIES PAID.

The Condition of Railroads Indebted to the Government—Report of the Utah Commission and of the Commission of Education.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—The annual report of Mr. Taylor, commissioner of railroads, was to-day handed to the secretary of the interior. The report says of the railroad situation that for the past year there has been an increase in the gross receipts, but a falling off in net earnings, owing to increased competition. The net earnings of the roads indebted to the government show a slight decrease over last year. Roads are paying into the treasury much more than the laws require them to pay. The recent decision of the supreme court of the United States reversed a decision of the court of claims under which settlements had been made.

Full detailed statements are given, showing the financial condition of the companies, the gross and net earnings, government requirements, amounts paid in and total amount of government debt. These statements show that the total gross receipts of the bonded roads for the year for which settlements are made are $28,015,287, net earnings $6,058,022; government requirements $1,740,088, paid in $1,616,004.

The commissioner recommends the appointment of a commission, of not over three members, to be persons in government employ, to consider the situation, confer with the railroad companies and report their conclusions to congress. No expense would be incurred, and if a settlement could not be had no public harm would be done. Neither individual members of congress nor congressional committees have the time to fully investigate the subject. If such an adjustment could be agreed upon as would secure to the government the moneys due it, and not seriously affect the business or credit of the railroads, or burden the traffic and hinder the dealings of the Americans by the government, a great public good would be accomplished. Surely the magnitude of the interests involved in this controversy may well command the early attention of congress.

THE PRESIDENT'S WORK.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—The president to-day was very busy receiving numerous callers on important matters. Early in the morning Prof. Mendenhall, one of the United States commissioners who visited Alaska this summer had a talk with the president on seal fisheries, a subject that is occupying much of the president's time since the English government has protested that the modus vivendi has been violated by the United States in allowing the North American Commercial company to catch more than 7400 seal.

Later in the day Acting Secretary Wharton and S. W. Foster had an audience with the president, in which the delicately matters with South American republics were discussed at some length. The Chilian situation was touched upon. Attorney-general Miller also talked with the president looking over the appointments for the vacant positions in the court of claims and the interstate commerce commission.

Aside from these important matters the president found time to receive the members of the board of supervising inspectors of the treasury department, who have been holding a session in the city, and a number of other callers who urged various candidates for office.

UTAH COMMISSION'S REPORT.

The annual report of the Utah commission for the year ending September 1, 1891, has been submitted to the secretary of the interior. In regard to the Mormon church the report says:

In view of the fact that the Mormon church has invariably in the past dictated the political movements of its adherents and presented a united front against any and every party which came in contact with it, those who now doubt its sincerity may still be excused for doubting. That church has through the people's party strenuously opposed every effort made, whether by laws of congress, the action of courts, or of the Utah commission to put down polygamy. It has denounced the commission through all the years that it has been administering the laws directed against polygamy and took a united force standing and ready to oppose every effort to compel its submission to the laws of the land.

"When disfranchisement stared the church in the face, when the city of Ogden, Salt Lake and Park City had been wrested from its control and other places were showing signs of breaking other allegiance, then, and not till then, did this change come. This commission hopes that it is the beginning of a better era."

The report, in conclusion, says that Utah is exhibiting a grand development. Its mineral output is helping to enrich the world, while its agricultural productions, measured by the irrigable area, are immense. Its great business centers are increasing rapidly in population, a young and virtuous people, imbued with and trained in all that pertains to free American institutions, crowding upon and outnumbering the element, which in all its history has been a drag on the body politic and blight upon all that came within its influence. The report is signed by G. L. Godfrey, chairman, I. S. Robertson, Calvin Saunders and A. B. Williams.

John A. McClernand, a member of the commission, does not concur in all the views of the majority, and he submits a minority report, explaining his views of polygamy which he says, is virtually wiped out.

COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

The annual report of W. T. Harris, commissioner of education, has been submitted to the secretary of the interior. The commissioner says that the usefulness of the bureau depends directly upon what it prints and publishes, and therefore urges an appropriation of $30,000 for general printing for the fiscal year 1892-3, and makes a special request for a specific appropriation of $30,000 to continue the series of educational histories of the several states. The commissioner reports that there were enrolled in 1889-90 in the public schools of the United States of the elementary and secondary grade, 12,696,678 pupils as against 9,867,366 in 1880. The enrollment formed 20.27 per cent. of the population of 1890. The average daily attendance of pupils on each school day in 1890 was 8,144,908.

The whole number of public school teachers the past year was male 125,672; female, 326,221. The total amount expended during the past fiscal year for public schools purposes was $140,509,481 as against $63,108,090 in 1880 and $79,094,697 in 1880. The expenditure per capita of population in 1890 was $2.76 while in 1880 it was $1.79. The total value of grounds, buildings and apparatus of educational institutions for 1890 was $72,456,722, while the amount of permanent productive funds was $74,000,410. The total income, excluding beneficiaries, amounting to $9,000,174) was $10,801,918.

SUGAR BOUNTY PAYMENTS.

The first payments of bounty under the law giving a bounty of two cents a pound on sugar produced in the United States have been made at the treasury department. They are a month in favor of the Chino Valley Sugar company of Chino, Calif., on two claims for the production of 240,000 pounds of beet sugar and amounted to $5600.

THE WHITE RIVER RESERVATION.

DENVER, Oct. 3.—A Washington special to The Times says: Secretary Noble today ordered the land department to prepare a proclamation setting aside 1,224,000 acres of land for the White River reservation in Colorado. This reservation is to be known as the National Park and Yampa reservation. The proposed reservation extends from the Grand river on the south to the Williams River mountains and embraces lands between townships 1 south and 4 north and between ranges 85 and 93 west. He also ordered a proclamation prepared for the reservation located between the North Fork and South Platte rivers.

Cabinet Changes.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—A special from Washington to The Mail and Express says: There will be no more changes in the cabinet this fall and that will be a surprise to Secretary of war Proctor, who becomes United States Senator from Vermont in place of Senator Edmunds, resigned. It is not settled whether the new secretary will be appointed in November, when Mr. Proctor goes out, or whether Assistant secretary Grant will act as secretary until the senate meets and the president sends in his nomination. There has been considerable talk lately of the selection of Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, for the second portfolio. Secretary Noble and Attorney-general Miller will remain in the cabinet, notwithstanding the persistent reports as to their retirement.

Papa Cleveland.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Shortly after midnight Mrs. Grover Cleveland was safely delivered of a girl—weight, eight pounds. Mother and daughter are doing well.

Ex-President Cleveland was besieged by reporters at his home this evening. There were dark half moons under his eyes, but the happy look on his face was unmistakable.

"Yes, it is quite true," he said, before any question was asked him. "Both the mother and child are doing splendidly. Mrs. Cleveland has rested quietly all day and is much better than could be expected. The child is strong and healthy. At its birth it weighed eight pounds."

Mr. Cleveland intimated that it was likely that he would go out of the city as soon as Mrs. Cleveland was strong enough to travel.

During the afternoon and evening a number of congratulatory messages were received. Mrs. Folsom, Mrs. Cleveland's mother, and Miss Rose Cleveland were among those who sent telegrams. Dr. Bryant, the physician, said to night that Mrs. Cleveland was resting nicely and spoke of the child as a "lively bouncer."

Railroad Go Up.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—E. T. Jeffery, the newly appointed president of the Denver and Rio Grande denies that President Manvel of the Atchison had anything to do with this appointment. He also declares that there is no foundation for the published reports that the Atchison has secured an interest in or control of the Rio Grande. Up to date, he says, there has been no change in the position occupied by that road towards its eastern connections. If a new traffic alliance is to be formed it will more likely be with the Burlington or with the Rock Island than with the Atchison.

Sentiment has changed again here in regard to the deal with the latter road, not only to secure control of the Denver and Rio Grande, but even to make a traffic agreement with it.

Business Failures.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 3.—A special to The Star from Goodland, Kan., says: Melbourne gave up his rain experiment yesterday afternoon at the expiration of the citizens' committee which had charge of it. It is understood that if rain falls before a new test is made Melbourne is not to have the credit. About 1 o'clock last night Goodland was struck in the tail end of the storm which deluged the county from Phillipsburg, 140 miles, to Jennings, thirty miles west. Melbourne is not affected with his job, and will vain yesterday the high winds have fallen, and the clouds which the committee agree are of his making have blown away before a few test.

Knights of Labor Meeting.

DENVER, Oct. 3.—Beginning Monday, Oct. 12, the eighth annual meeting of district assembly No. 82, Knights of Labor, will be held in this city. Delegates from all over the state will be present and the local assemblies are arranging for entertaining them in a befitting manner. This meeting promises to be one of the most important in the history of the district.

Shot to Stabbing.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Oct. 3.—The Ulster County Savings institution has closed its doors and is in charge of Bank superintendent Charles M. Preston. Expert examiners have been at work since Tuesday and have found that the enormous sum of $600,000 has been stolen by Treasurer Ostrander and Matthew Trumpbour, assistant treasurer, and it is said that the stealings will reach over that amount. At 7 o'clock to-night Superintendent Preston swore to a complaint charging Trumpbour with perjury in swearing to false statements contained in the July report of the bank to the banking department, and Trumpbour was arrested at his house by Chief-of-police Hoed. He had his clothes all packed up and was preparing to flee from town. He was locked up in jail. Ostrander was arrested about two weeks ago for embezzling $75,000, and was under bond for $70,000, and his bondsmen last night turned him over to Sheriff Dill and he was also locked up in jail.

New York Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The stock market opened with a moderately active business this morning, but prices were decidedly higher than those of last evening. Missouri Pacific being up 1¾, Northern Pacific preferred 1¾, New England, Jersey Central and Chicago Gas 1 per cent. each and the others generally large fractions. Later in the hour the entire list joined in the upward movement and almost everything showed gains over the opening. After 11 o'clock North American rose to 20¾. All the active stocks kept pace with the leader, although the advances were in all cases confined to fractions. The bank statement was considered favorable, the banks now holding $5,101,750 in excess of the requirement of the 25 per cent. rule. The market closed active and strong at the highest prices of the day. Total sales of stocks to-day 268,000 shares.

CLOSING PRICES.

Adams Ex	145	U. P.	43
American Ex	115	U. S. Ex	[illegible]
Del. Lack & W.	142½	Wells Fargo Ex.	138
Illinois Central	102½	Western Union	88
Mo. Pacific	97	Colorado Coal	37½
Northern Pac.	29½	Atchison	45
Preferred	75	Is Registered	110½
N. Y. C.	110½	2s Registered	99¾
Pullman P. C.	192	4s Coupons	116
Rock Island	83	Pacific 6s of '95	111
O. & M.	25½	Lake Shore	121½
Preferred	85	Lead Trust	16½
Reading	41¾	Sugar Trust	90½
Pacific Mail	39¾		

A Vessel Burned by Lime.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 3.—A special to The Evening Wisconsin from Duluth says the steamer Winslow, which went ashore yesterday and was relaunched last night, caught fire at her dock there this noon from lime that had been stacked in her hold by the water that came in, and all efforts to save her proved unavailing. She was towed out into the harbor and left to burn. Thousands are watching the sight, one of the grandest ever seen. She is a total loss. She was valued at $85,000 and rated at A 2.

Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The weekly bank statement shows the following change:

Reserve, decrease	$ 915,275
Loans, decrease	1,300,000
Specie, decrease	2,400,000
Circulation, decrease	321,900

The banks now hold $5,101,750 in excess of the requirement of the 25 per cent. rule.

Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—For Colorado—Fair and harmless Sunday and Monday; winds becoming variable.

GAS EXPLOSION.

Fatal Accident in a Pennsylvania Mine.

SIX MEN WERE IMPRISONED.

One Man Was Instantly Killed and Three Were Mortally Injured—Hopes of Rescue for Those in the Mine.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Oct. 3.—An explosion of gas occurred in the Richardson colliery of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company at 6 o'clock this evening and six men were entombed.

LATER DETAILS.

It is now learned that several men are entombed in the gangway of the Crosby mine. One man was taken out dead and three others fatally injured. The men are imprisoned behind a wall of rock, which was broken down by the explosion. The accident occurred just before quitting time, and as Richardson Colliery is eight miles from here details are not easily obtained. The names of the victims have not been learned yet.

THE DEAD AND INJURED.

Winfield Meck was taken out dead. J. F. Brennan, Michael Grant and Thomas Conville were taken out alive, but terribly burned and crushed. John Lawler, Thomas Clancy, Elisha Welsh, John Salmon, Joseph Shields and John Purcell are still behind the pillar that "run," and not only closed the mine, but broke down and exploded the gas, wrecking the side of the colliery not shut off, and imprisoning the six without hope of their escape alive.

BASEBALL.

Western League.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 3.—O'Keefe pitched the home team into victory in the closing game of the season. Mike Kelly caught four innings and made such bad work of it that he was retired, Ganzell relieving him. The visitors did not play as good a game as they have been putting up lately, but there was no need of a victory. Attendance 3000. Score: Philadelphia 5, Boston 3.

Cleveland and Pittsburg.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 3. Cleveland and Pittsburg closed the season to-day, the former winning an indifferently played game. Attendance 1,500. Score: Cleveland 6, Pittsburg 4.

New York—Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—New York succeeded in winning the last championship game of the season, Brooklyn being the loser. Sullivan pitched for the home team and did excellent work. Captain Ward's second base play was the feature. Attendance 1000. Score: New York 7, Brooklyn 3.

Chicago-Louisville.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—Another farce was acted by the Chicago Cleveland ball team to-day, and with the ending of this farce the curtain fell on the season of 1891, so far as national league games are concerned. Like yesterday's game that of to-day was characterized by loafing fielding and capitale fielding, Cleveland again being the victor. Attendance 300. Score: Cleveland 16, Chicago 9.

Association Games.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—President Young of the National League of Baseball clubs said to day that he had decided not to call a special meeting of the directors for consideration of protests. All protests, he said, will be referred to the board at its annual meeting in November.

Chicago Wants to Know.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—President Hart, now that the baseball season has ended, proposes to find out how the Chicago team lost out of the championship pennant. He talked without reserve to-day after receiving a telegram from Nick Young informing him that six clubs had connected to the playing of the championship games in Boston.

"I do not share the opinion of many," he said, "that it was a combined effort on the part of the various clubs to throw the championship to Boston, but I do think the New York club especially has laid it wide open to criticism by the very singular manner in which it played its team on the field in the five games played in Boston. The Bostons have been playing a wonderfully strong game and might possibly have won five straight games from the New Yorks on their merits, but it is unfortunate for them and all concerned that their title to the pennant should be clouded by the ridiculous actions of those in control of the playing of the New York team. From private information and from private advices from Boston I cannot but feel that there has been either downright dishonesty on the part of the New York club or gross incompetency on the part of those in control of the club. I have not definitely decided what action I shall take, but in order to bring the matter squarely before the league I may protest all the games played by the New York and Boston clubs in Boston during the last week, which I trust will result in an investigation which will clear the atmosphere and place the responsibility where it belongs. If the New Yorks were so badly broken up as they claim, why did they consent to playing two extra games in Boston, one of which should have been played if New York instead of Boston? I would also like to know why it was necessary to go to Boston to obtain the consent of two-thirds of the league clubs for those games. It seems to me that common courtesy would demand that the consent of the Chicago club be at least invited. The baseball public may rest assured that I shall leave no stone unturned to prove this matter to its bottom and to at least place the responsibility for the unfortunate state of affairs regarding the championship where it belongs and I shall insist upon the expulsion of the guilty parties, be they managers, captains or players."

American Association.

BOSTON-WASHINGTON.

BOSTON, Oct. 3.—The Reds closed their championship season in Boston to-day, beating the tailenders easily. It was a gala occasion. General Diswell presented the pennant, and Tom Brown received the watch voted to him in the referee contest. Joyce played the last four innings and received an ovation. Score: Boston 6, Washington 2.

At St. Louis St. Louis 6, Louisville 5.
At Baltimore Baltimore 2, Athletic 8.
At Milwaukee Columbus game prevented by cold weather.

The Northwestern League.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Oct. 3.—By winning today's base ball game Portland secures the pennant of the Northwestern league for 1891. Spokane takes second place, Seattle third and Tacoma fourth.

Trotting Park Association.

DENVER, Oct. 3. The fall meeting at Overland park was unfolded in to-day by the sweetest music ever heard on a race course in America. The voices of the pool sellers were hushed at the imperative demand of their customers, after the first few strains of Reiner's orchestra and not until after the overture was another bid made.

The sports were all out and they brought their overcoats with them on account of the weather. The track was very heavy. The club house was filled with the wives and daughters and sweethearts of the members, while the grand stand was overflowing with all sorts and conditions of people. While it was a great day for those to attend it was the enthusiasm seemed to be down as well by the horses. Only the favorites and 2-horse were in the dumps.

In the three running races the favorites won with but one exception and the exception paid fifteen to one for the suckers when Billy Duncan's colors showed first at the wire.

First race—Mile dash. Brookwood won, Justin 2d, Fred B. 3d; time 1.47½.

Second race—Colorado 8f. Jerome one mile and a quarter. Dunraven won, Minnie Elkins 2d, Mystery 3d; time 2.15½.

Third race—Six furlongs. Billy Duncan won, Advent 2d, Bugle 3d; time 1.20.

Fourth race—First heat: Stella Magnet won, Katy S. 2d, Manburine Bell 3d; time 2.34. Second heat: Newsboy won, Katy S. 2d, Jim Blaine 3d; time, 2.32.

Fifth race—First heat: Carlisle Mercer won, Motion Gold Dust 2d, Tom Tucker 3d; time, 2.34½. Second heat: Marion Gold Dust won, Dazzle 2d, Tom Tucker 3d.

The races were postponed on account of darkness.

International Cricket.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 3.—Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers and the All-Philadelphia eleven started an exhibition game here to-day. The attendance was not up to that of previous days and those who visited the grounds were only able to see one side at bat. The Englishmen won the toss, and when stumps were drawn for the day they had rolled up 331 runs and had still one wicket up. Lord Hawke gave a splendid exhibition of batting. In thirty-five minutes at bat he drove 15 balls to the ropes for 4 each, hitting 8 fours in succession. He was finally bowled out by Welch after he had made 76 runs. Wright, Key, Miller and Howell also made large scores. The Englishmen begin a match at New York on Monday. The runs of the fall of each wicket to-day were: 85, 87, 98, 174, 175, 186, 288, 312, 325.

Australian News.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 3.—The Sydney Times in its criticism on Sullivan's acting says: "The fact that John L. Sullivan has accepted his failure in Melbourne as badly as he did the fiasco which attended his endeavors to act in Sydney does not surprise us. He is new to the stage and does not quite grasp the fact that an actor is supposed to speak his lines and not hurl ungrammatical extemporaneous speeches at the heads of those of his audience who do not happen to have been educated down to his standard of histrionic impotence. John L. Sullivan may be a very good man in his own line, but he can't act and his audience knows it and lets him know it, and he does not like it."

The article concludes by advising the company to return to America.

A cable was reported to be raging on some of the New Hebrides islands and cannibalism, it is stated, follows in consequence.

The Mining Congress.

DENVER, Oct. 3.—The executive committee of the proposed mining congress has issued a call for Nov. 18. Among the subjects to be discussed are mentioned protection of foreign capital, amending mineral land laws, restricting new companies, elevating mining from "a speculative speculation" to a legitimate stand, and free coinage. Special railroad rates are secured from Chicago and the Pacific coast.

A Denver Failure.

DENVER, Oct. 3.—The stock of goods belonging to W. H. Allsopp & Co. was attached for $10,000 last night by the People's bank for $10,000. It is reported that there are other claims amounting to $10,000 more.

Ellis Fight Off.

BOSTON, Oct. 3.—The news from Ellis city all contained exclusive comments upon Mr. Gladstone's speech, delivered at Newcastle yesterday. The Times, for instance, says: Mr. Gladstone never so completely abdicated the functions of a great leader or sank so absolutely to the position of the mouthpiece of a political machine. He plays the part of a mere showman of the waste-land out by a caucus. His profound belief in his sighing success renders his action all the more extraordinary. He has no idea of what he will do with it and remains on the fence in regard to the eight hour question. But he begs Newcastle to vote for Mr. Morley.

The Standard (Conservative) states: "It becomes increasingly difficult to criticize Mr. Gladstone's speeches. He does not make the most simple effort to direct public opinion, but merely inquires of wire pullers what proposals are likely to attract votes or to assist home rule plans, and having ruminatingly assured himself that the transaction is a paying one, he pledges himself to the bargain. His reference to the cost of defense and Egypt are most ridiculous. He should be compelled to declare categorically, 'Aye' or 'No,' whether he holds that the army or navy are excessive. The country will then know what to expect on his return to responsibility."

The Chronicle complains of his chilling treatment of the labor question.

The News says: "Mr. Gladstone's warning to the peers is likely to exert a wholesome influence on them. They will probably throw Lord Salisbury overboard, as they did before, when the ship labors and threatens to founder."

An Irish Opinion.

DUBLIN, Oct. 3.—The Freeman's Journal discussing Gladstone's utterances of last night expresses the opinion that "no man after reading Gladstone's speech can doubt for a moment his intention to pass a measure for home rule that will be satisfactory to the Irish people with all the disputes that the laws of the country will admit.

Reed's Rumored Resignation.

BOSTON, Oct. 3.—The Herald's Washington special says: It is reported that ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed will tender his resignation and retire from the house before congress meets in order to accept a responsible position with an important corporation in New York city. The rumor, however, could not be verified.

An Opera House Opened.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 3.—The new Grand opera house was opened to the public to-night and a fine audience of people crowded its commodious quarters to witness P. Milton Tonnelier's production of public works. Considering the confusion of Chicago water, the report shows that of the hundreds of announcements printed of but few were received or shipped. Although more than 300 sources of contamination are enumerated.

OUR CABLE LETTERS.

Mr. Gladstone's Speech at Newcastle Makes a Sensation.

THE CZAR AND THE KAISER.

Danger of an Outbreak in Bulgaria How that Country is Being Governed in Despotism by the Tyrant Stambuloff—Lords Are Angry.

(Copyrighted by the United Press 1891.)

LONDON, Oct. 3.—Cowish Bulgaria seems to have been excited to diplomatic circles by a dispatch this afternoon from Philippopolis stating that grave fears are entertained there of the prospect of the outbreak of a formidable insurrection. An English Liberal member of parliament, at present in Philippopolis, telegraphs that the trouble is due to M. Stambuloff, the Bulgarian premier, who, he alleges, is trying to create a corrupt oligarchy devoted to his interests.

Continuing the correspondent says: "In this endeavor M. Stambuloff is supported by the moral influence of Austria and England, eager to find in him a tool against Russia, and, to some extent, by some of the army. The Russians withdrew all their officers from the country at the time of the cowardly attack led by King Milan, the subalterns and sergeants were promoted to replace them, and succeeded to the enormous pay which the liberation of Bulgaria had been in the habit of drawing. The army therefore has generally supported M. Stambuloff, fearing that the scandalous luxury in which they are now able to live would be curtailed by an honest liberal government. Nevertheless, patriotism is stronger than self-interest, and a large proportion of the officers are secretly working for the constitutional party. The severity of the police system at present in force is unparalleled, even in Russia. Within twelve hours after my arrival in Philippopolis my passport had been demanded three times, and on the last of these occasions I had to turn out of bed at an unearthly hour to interview a peremptory gendarme. The correspondence of strangers is opened and often destroyed. Letters are frequently delivered open. There is not a single opposition paper in the whole country. In 1888 some twenty-five editors were imprisoned, and since that time there has been no free expression of public opinion. The right to public meeting has been suspended, and not a single prominent citizen known to be out of sympathy with the government has escaped imprisonment or exhaustion. On the 15th of March last an attempt was made to kill M. Stambuloff and M. Belcheff lost his life. Political assassinations find no apologists among the constitutional party; the act must have been the work of some desperate men, goaded to desperation by personal motives or perverted patriotism. Instead of searching for the perpetrators of the outrage, M. Stambuloff seized the opportunity of inflicting at one blow all those whom he looked upon as his friends or enemies, and especially those former colleagues who had returned from the constitutional party, of which he himself was once the champion. Nearly three hundred persons were taken from their beds at night and remanded to prison. About half of them have since been released. Among those still detained are MM. Karaveloff, Tranoff, Ouchkoff, Velichkoff, Kusoff and Doctor Moloff and Tsodoff. These people belong to four different political parties and have nothing in common but the fact that they are opposed to the government.

"The treatment to which they have been subjected can only be paralleled in the annals of Oriental despotism. The case of M. Karaveloff, the most distinguished scholar in Bulgaria will suffice as an example. Upon his arrest M. Karaveloff was placed first of all in a damp underground dungeon, where he slept on the bare floor; he was then removed to a dark room with not a single aperture for the admission of light and kept nearly two months. During the all months which have elapsed he has not been allowed to see a single visitor, not even his wife and no lawyer has been admitted to give him advice. An appeal for books and writing material and wine was rejected by M. Stambuloff. Such brutality has had its natural effect upon a highly cultured and abnormally active mind; the prisoner was recently taken to the prison hospital, where he now lies very ill. The state of terror at present prevailing in Sofia is so great that none of Mme. Karaveloff's friends dare to visit her or receive her. Dr. Moloff lost his liberty merely because he was seen at M. Karaveloff's house. MM. Karaguleff, Iliff, Lepatiseff, Vladigeroff and others have been so tortured in prison that two of them have gone mad in consequence. The result of these outrages is that Bulgaria is just now honeycombed with intrigues with which Russia has no part and it needs but little to shatter the power of Stambuloff. M. Tonteheff, minister of justice, has just resigned his portfolio because he insisted that M. Karaveloff and his fellow prisoners should have a fair and impartial trial."

German methods of colonization in East Africa have received a somewhat serious commentary in the news telegraphed today from Zanzibar, confirming the recent report regarding the defeat of the punitive expedition sent against the Wahehes, with the killing of nine Germans and a large number of natives. This news, the authenticity of which there is now no room to doubt, means that another and a much more formidable expedition will have to be sent by the Germans to reduce the Wahehes to a perfect state of subjection, this will, however, be no easy task. They are a warlike and independent people, occupying the Uhahé country, some distance to the south of Zanzibar. Their country is an elevated plateau, several thousand feet high, watered by the upper tributaries of the Rufigi, known in that part of its waters as the Ruaha.

It is more difficult to localize the trouble with the Masitis, whom Lieutenant Sclanitt was sent to punish without effect, as would appear. The Masitis are a wandering race of Zulu stock, and as they live mainly by robbery, and have few permanent possessions, it will not be easy for the Germans to do more than carry on a sort of guerrilla warfare with these nomads of the African continent.

Neither of these expeditions touches British interests very nearly; but it is different with the threatened project of Dr. Peters, who is apparently bent on treating the dignitaries of Masai with a high hand. If his published intention of attracting the Masai tribe in German east Africa, near Kilimadjaro, should prove well founded, it would be serious news for the British East Africa company, as the tribes attacked would almost inevitably make for the British territories to the north, where there are already more than enough of their kith and kin.

To say that aristocratic circles are astounded by the demand in the Liberal federation for the abolition of the house of lords, is to put it mildly. The public declaration that the upper house shall be done away with, one discussion last night in the clubs as nothing short of treason, and it was amusing to see admirals and generals fretting and fuming over the dastardly impudence of the common people, who thus undertook to assail one of the cherished institutions of the monarchy. Mr. Gladstone's speech threatening the immediate extinction of the house in case it should hold out against an Irish home rule bill, has made the noble lords and generals there wilder, and there are murmurings and fears of what will happen should an attempt be made to exercise the other hand it is said that a movement is on foot, prompted by Lord Salisbury, to reconstruct the house of lords in the good opinion of the nation by inducing the peers of better character to be regular in their attendance and to revive by their presence the prestige of the high born legislature. The average daily attendance at sessions of the house of lords is not over forty in a peerage numbering six or seven hundred and it has been said that the house was in danger of dying out of existence through the very neglect of its own members. Among the attendants are most of the men who really have the prestige and family or personal standing that would make their acts as legislators influential with the people. A few old legal dodges, a few bishops, the members of the government who are peers and a few others who drop in to say that they have been there, constitute the second house of lords. The others seldom think of exercising their legislative duties although upon occasion are extremely jealous of their privileges—such is the institution which the Liberals have pledged themselves to abolish.

An exceedingly interesting literary event will be the folklore congress which will be opened in London next week under the presidency of Mr. Andrew Lang. The chairmen of the sections are: Folk-tales, Mr. Sidney Hartland; mythology, Mr. Rhys; institutions, Sir Frederick Pollock. The mythological section will be of great interest, for at its meeting there will be a representation of an old English mumming play, with children's games, sword dances, savage music and folksongs.

It is curious to witness the solicitude of his friends to protect the crowds from wearying Mr. Gladstone. The ex-premier's popularity was evidently never greater than at the present moment. Mr. Gladstone hovers near him constantly, anxious to see that he does not over-tax his strength. Several of the friends who accompanied the aged statesman are engaged in warding off would-be hand-shakers while he is in public. It is evident that he has no strength to spare.

The funeral of the late General Boulanger was witnessed by fully 100,000. High prices were easily obtained for places from which the procession could be advantageously witnessed. The crowd resembled nothing so much as the throng which gathers in Paris when there is to be a guillotining. The people laughed and chatted gaily, joking freely about the career of the dead general.

The employees of the musical-making establishments in the various English cities are excited over the reduction of wages which has been brought about, as they allege, by the influx of Jewish workers from the continent. The Hebrews have nearly captured the whole of this class of work. Wages have fallen to an average of seven shillings per week. A general movement against the foreign cheap labor is mooted. The moment may take the shape of a strike of serious proportions.

The song of Tennyson's new play is laid in English woodlands and there is much in the general style to remind one of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The heroine's part is highly esteemed for Miss Bohan, who expresses herself as delighted with it.

Boulanger's Funeral.

BRUSSELS, Oct. 3.—The funeral of the late General Boulanger is over. A very few about his early affairs. An immense crowd collected around the late residence of the deceased at the hour for the starting of the procession. The police were unable to keep order and the confusion was equal to their assistance. A number of persons were injured. The coffin was buried under the numerous floral offerings. Hundreds of wreaths with tri-colored ribbons and flowers sent from France to the late general's admirers.

Assassinated by Convicts.

HALIFAX, Oct. 3.—The governor of Mount Charles (Bermuda) prison was killed to-day by one of the prisoners in the institution, who attacked him with a water jug as he was making an inspection of the place.

The petroleum basin at Brunswick, together with oil works and 1,400 casks of oil, were burned late this afternoon. The loss is heavy.

THE BERLIN LETTER.

(Copyright 1891, by the New York Associated Press.)

BERLIN, Oct. 3. An official dispatch from Friedrichsruhe, received in this city to-day, announces that the czar and czarina are expected to arrive there on Tuesday. Their majesties will celebrate at Friedrichsruhe after the celebration of their silver wedding anniversary, which occurs on the 8th inst., returning to St. Petersburg via Berlin. There is nothing to indicate that the meeting of the czar and Emperor William will be in any sense with diplomatic importance. It will probably be a brief visit of courtesy. Despite the protestations of peace which are heard on all sides, the relations between the governments at Berlin and St. Petersburg remain strained. The suppression of German subscriptions to the new Russian loan is resented by M. Vishnegradski, the Russian minister of finance, who looks upon it as a trick of Chancellor Von Caprivi, whom Vishnegradski says has induced the Berlin bankers to believe that he favored the issue and then manoeuvered for its suppression. The Mendelssohns and Warburgs, who hold a large proportion of the issues, have been advised from St. Petersburg that they will continue to be responsible members for the syndicate negotiating the loan. In the view of the present state of feeling of the French people they adhere to their contract willingly, expecting to realize a considerable sum on the rising price of the bonds, due to the stage at which the issue by French investors. The prospects upon the loan extend to Russian stocks generally, calling to mind a period a few years ago when the banks and bourses tabooed everything Russian.

The replies to inquiries made of leading wholesale dealers here and in Hamburg as regards trade in American pork show that it is still very limited, the inspection in America, combined with the duty still imposed here, prevents the popular sale of American hog products.

The socialist Wildberg, who is an ardent opponent of the policy advocated by Herren Bebel and Liebknecht, has been elected a delegate to the Erfurt congress from a provincial district. This success of the extremists following the election of two other members of that branch of the party as delegates from the fifth district of Berlin strengthens the hopes of the members of the section who desire the overthrow of the present central directing committee.

Inquiries made at the chambers of commerce of various cities in relation to the projected international exhibition in Berlin in 1894 elicited responses from 130 of the chambers. Of this number 82 are in favor of the exhibition, and of these 30 state that it ought to be subsidized, 27 decline to express any opinion regarding the project, while the remainder are hostile to any exhibition, national or international. The absence of enthusiasm in regard to the project and the entire lack of unanimity as to the fate of the exhibition at least for 1894.

The general opinion seems to be that it would not be advisable to hold an international exhibition until a number of years shall have elapsed after the Chicago World's Fair.

Mr. Charles Murphy, special agent of the United States agricultural department, is in Berlin. Mr. Murphy is here in order to the purpose of bringing to the attention of authorities the value of Indian corn as an article of food. A committee of officials of the medical and commercial departments of the army has been asked to investigate the matter.

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For County Commissioner,
J. C. WOODBURY.

For County Assessor,
M. R. IRVINE.

For Sheriff,
M. F. BOWERS.

For Superintendent of Schools,
J. P. JACKSON.

For Surveyor,
DELOS DURFEE.

For Coroner,
W. D. MARLOW.

The early storms and cold weather agree with Foster's prediction that this is going to be a hard winter. However, Colorado's reputation on weather is better established and generally more agreeable than Foster's.

Having demonstrated their ability as cricket players by beating the gentlemen of England in the first game, the Philadelphia team could not in courtesy to their guests do otherwise than allow them to capture the second game.

Many GAZETTE readers will remember the series of articles on civil subjects which were a welcome feature of our Sunday papers last winter. We are pleased to announce that arrangements have been made with the American Institute of Civics for a similar series under the general title of "Present Day Problems." They will be short and to the point, dealing with those subjects which are being most thought and talked about by intelligent Americans. They will be begun next Sunday with an article by Hon. John Jay on the interesting subject of "Patriotism in the Public Schools."

The adoption of the Australian system of voting, among its other good points, will tend to make men decide with more serious thought about the ticket which they will vote. The absence of "workers" from the polls will be especially noticeable, and the number will be much greater than formerly of men who will go to vote having already made up their minds what ballot they will cast. Whatever work is to be done for the various candidates must be done before election day, and it is clear that there will result a marked gain in the quality of the arguments used, since they must be such as will bear thinking over at leisure. It is a fortunate thing for the Republicans that they have nominated a ticket which seems better the more one thinks about it.

In the course of his Newcastle speech, Mr. Gladstone made a very significant remark concerning the bulwark of English conservatism, the house of lords. His words inferred that while there was not at the present moment any serious dissatisfaction with that august body or any immediate purpose to abridge its privileges, yet at any moment the issue might come into active politics, and that it would be especially likely to arise in case of any attempted interference with the will of the people as expressed by the house of commons and the ministry. In other words, the existence of this once co-equal branch of the English government is now only upon sufferance condition on good behavior. This is indeed a come-down for the house of lords, though perhaps no greater than they deserve. Nor need there be expected any dangerous struggle over any changes that may be proposed and carried through. No doubt there will be a great outcry from the Conservatives, and none will be more vociferous than the members of the upper house who never take any active part in legislation. But these protests are more noisy than influential and it may be doubted whether the peers have the disposition or the ability to make a successful defense of their privilege if they are attacked by a large majority of the commons. The very fact that Mr. Gladstone may so coolly tell the lords that their days are numbered, and that they had better be on their very best behavior if they do not want to be sent home, is already in itself strong evidence of a change in English public sentiment and an indication of the direction of its drift.

In the resolutions adopted by the Irish national league in Chicago yesterday, there is much that deserves the commendation of all Americans, whether they are particularly interested in Irish affairs or not. In the first place, there is a straightforward and patriotic declaration of loyalty to America and American institutions, which is very pleasant, but which has not hitherto been conspicuous in the declarations of the Irish-Americans. We see in this evidence that the Irish will in the future be, perhaps, not more loyal to the land of their adoption and more and more the land of their birth, but more outspoken in the expression of that loyalty. The change in the character of recent immigration and the presence in our midst of large numbers of South European laborers, have already worked a reaction much to the advantage of even the more objectionable members of that Celtic race which has contributed largely and in many ways to the prosperity of this country. Another part of the resolutions which will meet with general approval is the very sensible stand taken in regard to the factional quarrels which have disgraced the Irish party across the sea. It is altogether right and proper that Irishmen who have bettered their condition in the American land of greater privileges and greater opportunities should still feel an interest in their mother land, and no one would be quicker than Americans to accuse them of ingratitude if they did not do so. But none the less we admire the disposition to separate the things which concern the Irishmen in America alone from those which may properly be left to the direction of the leaders in Ireland. The proposition of Mr. Parnell that the American branches should report directly to Dublin is as objectionable in its way as any of the other schemes for subjecting Americans to foreign dictation. It is a most encouraging sign of the times that this, like many others of its kind, has entirely failed. There is another point upon which the resolutions are entirely sensible. So long as the quarrels among the Irish parliamentary leaders seem to them of more importance than the interests of the cause to which they express so much devotion, it is unreasonable to expect that Americans will continue to send money which may increase the influence of individuals, but does not at all help Ireland. While $200,000 remain locked up through the selfish jealousies of those leaders, the American league is quite right in refusing more thousands for a similar deposit. Fortunately for Ireland, it now seems as though fate, which has frowned upon her for centuries would at last prove kind. The declarations made by Mr. Gladstone in his great Newcastle speech are full of significance and hope. It is indeed true that the time has come when the English people are self-ruling, when they direct the policy of the government both in home and foreign affairs. Much of the indifference to the story of Ireland's wrongs has been due to ignorance, much more to a lazy belief that whatever existed must be good enough to get along with. It is however quite unlikely that knowing Ireland's wrongs and having the ability to right them, the English people, reputed as the fairest-minded on the globe, will not do so.

LITERARY NOTES.

Worthington & Co., 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 9 in their Rose library, Asmodeus, or The Devil upon Two Sticks, by Le Sage, with designs by Tony Johannot. A new popular illustrated edition of one of the masterpieces of the world of fiction. Price in cloth, $1; paper, 50 cents.

The Irrigation Age for October 1 is a number of very unusual interest and importance. It consists of nearly sixty pages, generously illustrated. One single feature of this number renders it indispensible to every irrigator and investor in irrigation enterprises. This feature is its complete illustrated account of the Irrigation Congress, which occupies sixteen pages of the Age. This is something which should be widely read and preserved. Besides this, the Age will contain details of the coming campaign for the session of the arid lands, an account of the organization and membership of the new American Association of Irrigation Engineers, a description of the first sugar factory in the world which depends on beets raised by irrigation, the usual full departments of irrigation news, farm and orchard papers, and other attractive reading. This edition of the Age consists of 12,000 copies.

WESTERN BREVITIES.

A large company is now being formed to manufacture vitrified brick from Boulder clay.

The discovery of oil in good paying quantities at the Natural Gas and Oil company's well at Morrison is now looked for almost any day. The well has just been cased down to the bottom, which is a depth of 2156 feet.

The president of a Pennsylvania company of plate glass manufacturers who have received samples of silica deposits found within a radius of thirty miles of Denver from M. A. Lickenbach, mining engineer, has sent word that he will visit Denver in about two weeks and see what prospects there are of locating a manufactory there.

The Rev. Robert McIntyre has arrived in Denver as the new pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal church. He comes from Grace church in Chicago, where he has made for himself quite a reputation.

As an Oregon sheep raiser was driving a herd of 10,000 sheep through Klickitat county, a small canon was reached which the herders did not see, and when the front sheep came to it the rear ones pushed them ahead until there was a bridge formed with the struggling and dying leaders. The rest of the band passed, and when the herders arrived they found 900 dead and dying sheep.—[Field and Farm.

William Locke of Farmington, San Juan county, New Mexico, has demonstrated that fruit growing in the lower Animas valley is a grand success. At the Pueblo state fair two years ago Mr. Locke carried off some first premiums on apples and pears. His orchard has 15,000 trees that this year yielded him over a million pounds of fruit.

Snakes in Pike County.

PIKE COUNTY, Pa., Oct. 1.—There is always more or less spiritual enjoyment in a wild country that is full to the brim of quaint people and rattlesnakes. Up here in Pike county nature has poured forth the rattlesnake with a lavish hand. The rattlesnake in Pike county is what the bean is to Boston and the onion to Bermuda; and the native proudly rolls up his sleeves or, so to speak, shuffles off his boot to display the mark of the bite received years ago. And he feels the same peculiar thrill of ecstasy in this display that a seafaring man does in showing the artistic tattooing that is, figuratively speaking, a part and parcel of his person. It is difficult to understand the temperament of a man who loves to hunt rattlesnakes, and displays the same enthusiasm in this pursuit that another exhibits in whipping a trout stream.

A certain native of these parts manipulates them with great delight, and for the modest sum of three dollars will select you one from a boxful and proceed to sew its mouth up with a needle and thread with the breezy abandon of a dressmaker. Some men who are strangers to the country, and only acquainted with the alcoholic serpent, crowd around these snakes—when they are securely boxed—to note their rattle, that they may know the sound when they hear it in the woods. It is described by a local humorist as sounding very much like a few dry peas being shaken in a stiff paper bag. I am willing to accept this picturesque comparison as a truthful one in every particular rather than go to the trouble of wandering into nature's deepest recesses to satisfy myself of the truth of his statement. R. K. M.

Archibald Clavering Gunter.

New York, Oct. 1.—The author of the four highly successful and sensational novels that have seen issued since February, 1887, has not been engaged for some months past in any new literary development, though the plots of a new book are budding in his brain, despite the fact that "Miss Nobody of Nowhere" is selling well. His most artistic bit of writing, "That Frenchman," apparently lacks the popularity so generously given to its companions. He has lately been actively interested in the supervision of his plays—"Mr. Barnes of New York" (which soon enters upon a third season) and "Mr. Potter of Texas," which began its traveling season this year at Albany on Sept. 14. A. P.

A DRAMATIC CAVALRY CHARGE.

By Captain Charles King.

(Copyright 1891 by S. S. McClure.)

Dramatic cavalry charges, so far as our civil war was concerned, began at the very outset, and the first regiment to cross sabers with the southern horsemen on Virginia soil was probably the last one Mr. Jefferson Davis imagined would be prominent against him—the Fifth Regulars. He had selected its officers when it was first organized in 1855, most of them pets of his own from the sunny South, and famous troopers they were. With few exceptions, the southern born of their number had resigned and gone with their states, but Virginian though he was, nothing could daunt the loyalty of George H. Thomas who had risen from major to colonel commanding when Sidney Johnson and Robert E. Lee stepped down and out. It was Thomas who remounted, and prepared the regiment for the field on its arrival from Texas, and half its force was thrown at once into Washington, guarding the White house and treasury building until near the end of May, '61, when the clash was made over the Long bridge. On the morning of June 1, B troop, led by Lieutenant Charles H. Tompkins, now assistant quartermaster general of the army, charged three times through the town of Fairfax Court House, killing and wounding twenty-five of their antagonists and losing only five men and thirteen horses shot. It was a brilliant dash, the first cavalry exploit of the war, but was speedily forgotten in the whirl of events that followed. Bull Run was fought July 21, and the few cavalrymen on the field had little to do beyond supporting batteries and covering the retreat. Then came the long months of organization and drill under McClellan; the advance on Manassas in March, '62, only to find it abandoned; then the transfer to the peninsula; the halt of a hundred thousand men in front of Magruder with little more than a division; the tedious siege of Yorktown; the pursuit to Williamsburg; the advance to the Chickahominy and the straddling thereof, and then the four squadrons of the Fifth cavalry not employed on orderly or escort duty, had some genuine cavalry work to do.

A born trooper was the veteran brigadier who commanded the little force of Union horse, Philip St. George Cooke, but among the powers that were in the Army of the Potomac in June, '62, he was neither appreciated nor treated as he deserved. When toward the end of June McClellan had determined to change base from the Pamunkey to the James and Gen. Fitz John Porter's corps was still to the north of the Chickahominy, down came the wonderful flanker and marcher, Stonewall Jackson, from the Shenandoah, and, acting in conjunction with A. P. Hill and Longstreet, swooped upon Porter's less than 30,000 with not less than 60,000 fighting men. And the desperate battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines' mill were the result. Jackson was not in the first named, but most emphatically he was in the second—for all he was worth. And so were what were left of Hill and Longstreet's people after their savage handling at Beaver Dam creek the previous day.

Like every other battle about Richmond in the campaign of '62, Gaines Mill began after 12 o'clock. In those days the mill itself was a fine five-story structure hardly two miles north of the Chickahominy, its mill-race emptying into Powhite creek, a little stream which ran due south into the Chickahominy. All around east and southeast of the mill the woods were thick and heavy. Old Cold Harbor lay a mile and a half to the east; New Cold Harbor half a mile to the southeast, and, sweeping around in almost a complete semicircle, a little stream rose half a mile south of Old Cold Harbor, flowed westward through the woods, then began circling to the south, and eventually dropped into the Chickahominy in the densely wooded bottom east of where Duane and Woodbury, of the engineers, had built their bridges. All on the north and west of this little branch was forest; all to the east and south beautifully undulating and cleared land—the farms of McGee, Watt and Adams.

And all this open plateau terminated in bluffs overlooking the little stream, and here on this curving, commanding ridge Porter had made his stand. With the regulars of Sykes' division on his extreme right and facing north, the line swept around upon the crest, the brigades of Buchanan, Warren, Griffin, Martindale, and Butterfield in order covering the ground from east to southwest, the frowning, black-muzzled batteries peeping through every gap. Farther in rear on the low hills overlooking the valley of the Chickahominy were the supports under McCall and a mass of batteries held in reserve. It was a strong position, chosen and manned with consummate skill, but with force far too small to hold against such fighters as Jackson, Hill, and Longstreet.

It was Hill who began the attack about 2 p. m. and got a most unmerciful pounding for two mortal hours. Then Longstreet assaulted the extreme left, and the batteries deluged him with case shot and canister. Then Jackson, who seems to have counted on Hill's easily driving the Union force into his welcoming line, found, in the language of Major Dabney, chief of staff, that "Porter didn't drive worth a cent." Ewell was well nigh worn out fighting Buchanan's regulars and had to be heavily reinforced. D. H. Hill's five Confederate brigades lapped completely around the Union right and were crawling steadily up on the beautiful batteries of Weed, Tidball and Kingsbury, all regulars. The six brigades strung out in Jackson's rear that he never thought to have to use at all were sent plunging into the fight wherever they found the encircling line thinned by that terrible fire from the great Slocum's division in the Union blue came cheering over the Chickahominy in time to fill the growing gaps in Porter's sturdy ranks, and so the battle wore on until nearly 7. Then came the last grand assault along the whole front and the one chance for the cavalry.

Obedient to his orders, little as he liked them, General Cooke had held his puny brigade of troopers to the left rear of the fighting gunners along the crests. Porter had moved up by this time battery after battery to the edge of the plateau until the left of his line was fairly black with cannon. The roar and crash of battle was terrific as the sun dropped below the forest to the west, and all that surging front was shrouded in a dense cloud of sulphur smoke. The triumphant yelling of the southern host, rising shrill above the thunder, told of their burst through Morell's hard-pressed line. The flood of wounded, hobbling painfully to the rear, became thickened with stragglers, and soon all the left wing seemed reeling back toward the sheltering slopes of the Chickahominy. Still those guns loomed black and threatening along the westward crest. Dim, shadowy, spectral forms leaping in and out with whirling rammer and sponge-staff, and toppling earthwards every instant, borne down by the storm of lead from the smoking forest beyond. Fiercer ring the battle echoes, louder crash the volleys. Nearer, nearer every instant come those unseen hosts in gray, and now the cavalry commander can stand it no longer. Cardigan with his Light brigade at Balaklava, had 670 men. Cooke has but one of his brigades, a mere handful of regulars led by Colonel Blake, the Fifth cavalry on the extreme right; their comrades of the Sixth Pennsylvania—"The Seventh Regulars," as we used to call them—a few yards to their left. Then the beautiful troops. Only five companies of the Fifth are on the field. Trembling for the fate of those precious guns, now battling all unsupported to their right front, these two hundred and twenty horsemen of the Fifth are quivering with eagerness for the word that lets them go. A fresh brigade, Texans is bursting through the woods on Longstreet's extreme right, and with exultant yells, forging up the slope toward those riddled batteries. To cease firing for an instant and limber up is simply to invite a rush into their midst and the inevitable loss of every gun. In vain the commanders look for support. Not three hundred yards away now the red battle flags are waving through the smoke; grimy faces peering along the stained rifle barrels. "Forward! forward!" are the shouted orders, and despite double rounds of canister on they come. Three minutes more of such determined assault and the union guns are gone—those priceless reserve batteries.

Now, comes the supreme moment! Something must be done to check the onset and give the gunners cover under which to haul their cannon to the rear. Cooke has galloped forward and said a few quick words to the commander of the Fifth cavalry, which in column of squadrons is now facing westward on the southern slope. It is Captain Whiting who receives the order. He is a veteran soldier who has led many a wild charge against Comanche and Kiowa on the Texan frontier, protecting the people of the very state whose men are now surging across the low valley in their front. The eye of every man in the little battalion is on him as he rises about and casts one quick glance along his line. There in front of their men sit half a dozen gallant comrades of the old Western days. Captains McArthur and Chambliss, Lieutenants Arnold, Sweet and Watkins. Like their leader, McArthur, Arnold and Sweet are West Pointers. Chambliss and Watkins won their spurs from civil life. Maley was a gallant sergeant in the Fifth from the days of its organization; was quartermaster of the splendid Sixth Pennsylvania, "Seventh regulars," as we have said they called those Keystone cavalrymen in the Army of the Potomac, but had been commissioned in his old regiment, and now rides this day with the regimental commander as adjutant. No better troop and squadron leaders ever took their men into action. And now the time has come.

"Draw sabre!" is the quiet order, followed by "forward," then the trumpet sounds "trot." And with Whiting and Maley in the lead, with McArthur, Chambliss, Arnold, Sweet and Harrison in the squadron, out they go over the springy turf of the sloping hillside; on they trot across the low ground under the plateau. Splash goes the foremost line through the miry bottom of the little stream, its right scraping the smoking guns. Look well upon those leaders now, for only one of their number rides back scathless when the charge is doffe.

And now they are past the shoulder of bluff; and now before them lies that smoke-shrouded, fire-flashing valley, the yelling swarms of Texans just breaking into the run; the red battle flags waving in the lead. A half wheel to the right brings them squarely headed for the foe. "Gallop!" sounds the trumpet, and almost before the eager steeds can obey the ringing call, "Charge!" is the prolonged call from Whiting's bearded lips. And with one glorious burst of cheers, the deep-voiced hurrah of the Union, with thunder of hoof and clash of steel down they go upon the astonished hordes in gray. Through the first line they whirl like mad men, checking the triumphant advance, downing scores of officers and men. Then on they crash into the second, though many a saddle is empty, though many a riderless horse is fearing madly about the field. And at last, torn and bleeding, the remnant rens up at the skirt of the woods, their duty done. Then comes the backward ride for home, sabering their way; every man for himself now. They have to hew a path through the swarming foe, and ten minutes later breathless they are rallied by McArthur under the slopes from which they came in fear of the sheltering lines of their comrades of the First one fourth their number gone. Whiting dragged from under his dead horse by the Fourth Texas. Chambliss riddled like a sieve with musket balls, yet falling alive into the hands of his old friend and comrade Hood. Brave young Sweet shot dead. Arnold, Watkins and Maley severely wounded. Fifty of their gallant followers killed, wounded or prisoners. But they have hacked Hood's Texans in full career when another moment would have done their battle flags in the very midst of our guns. They had charged and bled and died to glorious purpose, for the saves on the left—most of them at least are saved.

A Bit with Snap in It.

A turtle is a lazy fellow, we know, but another fellow thinks he has a soft snap.—Richmond Recorder.

A Matter of Course.

The summer girl who has been dined all the season is now being deserted.—Elmira Gazette.

A Natural Result.

The craze of the summer girl seems to have made quite a stir.—Baltimore American.

To Him That Hath Ears.

It sometimes takes a deaf man to face the music.—Galveston News.

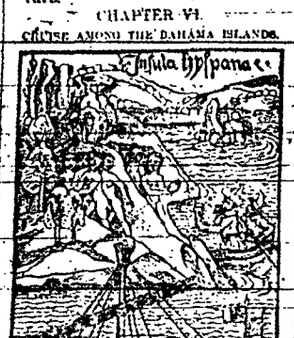
IRVING'S COLUMBUS.

The Great Discoverer's First Voyage to America.

A Far More Wonderful Story Than the Most Brilliant Imagination Has Yet Conjured, Told in the Words of One of the Masters of Literature.

CHAPTER VI.

CRUISE AMONG THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.



SKETCH BY COLUMBUS.

On leaving San Salvador Columbus was at a loss which way to direct his course. A great number of islands, green and level and fertile, invited him in different directions. The Indians on board of his vessel intimated by signs that they were innumerable, well peopled and at war with one another. They mentioned the names of above a hundred. Columbus now had no longer a doubt that he was among the islands described by Marco Polo as studding the vast sea of Chin or China, and lying at a great distance from the mainland. These, according to the Venetian, amounted to between seven and eight thousand and abounded with drugs and spices and odoriferous trees, together with gold and silver and many other precious objects of commerce.

Animated by the idea of exploring this opulent archipelago, he selected the largest island in sight for his next visit. It appeared to be about five leagues distance, and, he understood from his Indians that the natives were richer than those of San Salvador, wearing bracelets and anklets and other ornaments of massive gold.

The night coming on, Columbus ordered that the ships should lie to, as the navigation was difficult and dangerous among these unknown islands, and he feared to venture upon a strange coast in the dark. In the morning they again made sail, but meeting with counter currents it was not until sunset that they anchored at the island. The next morning (16th) they went on shore, and Columbus took solemn possession, giving the island the name of Santa Maria de la Concepcion. The same scene occurred with the inhabitants as with those of San Salvador. They manifested the same astonishment and awe, the same gentleness and simplicity, and the same nakedness and absence of wealth. Columbus looked in vain for bracelets and anklets of gold, or for any other precious articles; they had been either fictions of his Indian guides or his own misinterpretations.

Returning on board, he prepared to make sail, when one of the Indians of San Salvador, who was on board of the Nina, plunged into the sea and swam to a large canoe filled with natives. The boat of the caravel put off in pursuit, but the Indians managed in their light bark with too much velocity to be overtaken, and, reaching the land, fled to the woods. The sailors took the canoe as a prize, and returned on board the caravel. Shortly afterward a small canoe approached one of the ships, from a different part of the island, with a single Indian on board, who came to offer a ball of cotton in exchange for hawks' bells. As he paused when close to the vessel, and feared to enter, several sailors threw themselves into the sea and took him prisoner.

Columbus having seen all that passed from his station on the high poop of the vessel, ordered the captive to be brought to him. He came trembling with fear and humbly offered his ball of cotton as a gift. The admiral received him with the utmost benignity, and declining his offering put a colored cap upon his head, strings of green beads around his arms, and hawks' bells in his ears, then ordering him and his ball of cotton to be replaced in the canoe, dismissed him, astonished and overjoyed. He ordered that the canoe, also, which had been seized and was fastened to the Nina, should be cast loose, to be regained by its proprietors. When the Indian reached the shore, his countrymen thronged around him, examining and admiring his finery, and listening to his account of the kind treatment he experienced.

Such were the gentle and sage precautions continually taken by Columbus to impress the natives favorably. Another instance of the kind occurred after leaving the island of Conception, when the caravels stood for the larger island, several leagues to the west. Midway between the two islands they overtook a single Indian in a canoe. He had a mere morsel of cassava bread and a calabash of water for sea stores, and a little red paint, like dragon's blood, for personal decoration when he should land. A string of glass beads, such as had been given to the natives of San Salvador, showed that he had come thence, and was probably passing from island to island, to give notice of the ships. Columbus admired the hardihood of this simple navigator, making such an extensive voyage in so frail a bark. As the island was still distant, he ordered that both the Indian and his canoe should be taken on board, where he treated him with the greatest kindness, giving him bread and honey to eat and wine to drink. The weather being very calm, they did not reach the island until too dark to anchor, through fear of cutting their cables with rocks. The sea about these islands was so transparent that in the daytime they could see the bottom and choose their ground, and so deep that at two gunshot distance there was no anchorage. Hoisting out the canoe of their Indian voyager, therefore, and restoring to him all his effects, they sent him joyfully ashore, to prepare the natives for their arrival, while the ships lay to until morning.

This kindness had the desired effect. The natives surrounded the ships in their canoes during the night, bringing fruits and roots and the pure water of their springs. Columbus distributed trifling presents among them, and to those who came on board he gave sugar and honey.

Landing the next morning he gave to this island the name of Fernandina, in honor of the king. It is the same at present called Exuma. The inhabitants were similar in every respect to those of the preceding islands, excepting that they appeared more ingenious and intelligent. Some of the women wore mantles and aprons of cotton but for the most part, they were entirely naked. Their habitations were constructed in the form of a pavilion or high circular tent, of branches of trees, of reeds and palm leaves. They were kept very clean and neat and sheltered under spreading trees. For beds they had nets of cotton extended from two posts, which they called hamacs, a name since in universal use among seamen.

In endeavoring to circumnavigate the island, Columbus found, within two leagues of the northwest cape, a noble harbor, sufficient to hold a hundred ships, with two entrances formed by an island which lay in the mouth of it. Here, while the men landed with the casks in search of water, he reposed under the shade of the groves, which he says were more beautiful than any he had ever beheld; "the country was as fresh and green as in the month of May in Andalusia; the trees, the fruits, the herbs, the flowers, the very stones for the most part, as different from those of Spain as night from day." The inhabitants gave the same proofs as the other islanders, of being totally unaccustomed to the sight of civilized man. They regarded the Spaniards with awe and admiration, approached them with propitiatory offerings of whatever their poverty, or rather their simple and natural mode of life afforded; the fruits of their fields and groves, the cotton, which was their article of greatest value, and their domesticated parrots. They took those who were in search of water to the coolest springs, the sweetest and freshest runs, filling their casks and rolling them to the boats, thus seeking in every way to gratify their celestial visitors.

However pleasing this state of primeval poverty might be to the imagination of the poet, it was a source of continued disappointment to the Spaniards, whose avarice had been whetted to the quick by scanty specimens of gold and by the information of golden islands continually given by the Indians.

Leaving Fernandina on the 19th day of October they steered to the southeast in quest of an island called Saometo, where Columbus understood from the signs of the guides there was a mine of gold and a king, the sovereign of all the surrounding islands, who dwelt in a large city and possessed great treasures, wearing rich clothing and jewels of gold. They found the island, but neither the monarch nor the mine; either Columbus had misunderstood the natives or they, meaning things by their own poverty, had exaggerated the paltry state and trivial ornaments of some savage chieftain. Delightful as the other islands had appeared, Columbus declared that this surpassed them all. Like those, it was covered with trees and shrubs and herbs of unknown kind. The climate had the same soft temperature; the air was delicate and balmy; the land was higher, with a fine verdant hill; the coast of a fine sand, gently laved by transparent billows.

At the southwest end of the island he found fine lakes of fresh water, overhung with groves and surrounded by banks covered with herbage. Here he ordered all the casks of the ships to be filled. "Here are large lakes," says he in his journal, "and the groves about them are marvelous, and here and in all the island everything is green, as in April in Andalusia. The singing of the birds is such that it seems as if one would never desire to depart hence. There are flocks of parrots which obscure the sun, and other birds, large and small, of so many kinds all different from ours that it is wonderful; besides, there are trees of a thousand species, each having its particular fruit and all of marvelous flavor, so that I am in the greatest trouble in the world not to know them; for I am very certain that they are each of great value. I shall bring home some of them as specimens, and also some of the herbs." To this beautiful island he gave the name of his royal patroness, Isabella; it is the same at present called Isla Larga and Exumeta. Columbus was intent on discovering the drugs and spices of the east, and on approaching this island had fancied he perceived in the air the spicy odors said to be wafted from the islands of the Indian seas. "As I arrived at this cape," says he, "there came thence a fragrance so good and soft of the flowers or trees of the land that it was the sweetest thing in the world. I believe there are here many herbs and trees which would be of great price in Spain for tinctures, medicines and spices, but I know nothing of them, which gives me great concern."

The fish which abounded in these seas partook of the novelty which characterized most of the objects in this New World. They rivaled the birds in tropical brilliancy of color, the scales of some of them glancing back the rays of light like precious stones; as they sported about the ships they flashed gleams of gold and silver through the clear waves; and the dolphins, taken out of their element, delighted the eye with the changes of colors ascribed in fable to the chameleon.

No animals were seen in these islands, excepting a species of dog which never barked, a kind of coney or rabbit called "utia" by the natives, together with numerous lizards and guanas. The last were regarded with disgust and horror by the Spaniards, supposing them to be fierce and noxious serpents; but they were found afterward to be perfectly harmless, and their flesh to be esteemed a great delicacy by the Indians.

For several days Columbus hovered about this island, seeking in vain to find its imaginary monarch, or to establish a communication with him, until at length he reluctantly became convinced of his error. No sooner, however, did one delusion fade away than another succeeded. In reply to the continual inquiries made by the Spaniards after the source whence they procured their gold, the natives uniformly pointed to the south. Columbus now began to hear of an island in that direction called Cuba, but all that he could collect concerning it from the signs of the natives was colored by his imagination. He understood it to be of great extent, abounding in gold and pearls and spices, and carrying on an extensive commerce in those precious articles, and that large merchant ships came to trade with its inhabitants.

Comparing these misinterpreted accounts with the coast of Asia as laid down on the map after the descriptions of Marco Polo, he concluded that this island must be Cipango, and the merchant ships mentioned must be those of the grand khan, who maintained an extensive commerce in these seas. He form[illegible] this plan accordingly, determined to sail immediately for this island and make himself acquainted with its ports, cities and productions for the purpose of establishing relations of traffic. He would then seek another great island called Babeca, of which the natives gave likewise marvelous accounts. His sojourn in those islands would depend upon the quantities of gold, spices, precious stones and other objects of oriental trade which he should find there. After this he would proceed to the mainland of India, which must be within ten days' sail, seek the city Quinsai, which, according to Marco Polo, was one of the most magnificent capitals in the world; he would then deliver in person the letters of the Castilian sovereigns to the grand khan and when he received his reply return triumphantly to Spain with this document to prove that he had accomplished the great object of his voyage.

Such was the splendid scheme with which Columbus fed his imagination when about to leave the Bahamas in quest of the island of Cuba.

[CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.]

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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

DENVER & RIO GRANDE R. R.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Sept. 27, 1891.

No. 1—California Fast Mail		12.15 pm
No. 3—Pacific Coast Limited		9.45 pm
No. 5—California, Colorado and New Mexico Express		7.10 pm
No. 7—Trinidad and La Veta Passenger		1.25 pm
No. 9—Pueblo and Utah Passenger and Mail		10.17 am
No. 11—Canon City and St. Louis Ex.		4.23 pm
NORTH OR EAST.		
No. 2—California and Eastern Express		2.35 pm
No. 4—Atlantic Coast Limited		4.10 am
No. 6—California, Colorado and New Mexico		5.00 am
No. 8—Pueblo and Denver Accommodation		8.32 am
No. 12—Canon City, Florence City and St. Louis Express		10.42 am
No. 10—Trinidad, La Veta and Canyon City Express		5.11 pm

THE MANITOU BRANCH.

TO MANITOU.—Leaves at: 8.25 a. m., 10.50 a. m., 12.23 p. m., 2.40 p. m., 5.15 p. m., 8.00 p. m.

FROM MANITOU.—Arrives at: 8.10 a. m., 10.35 a. m., 12.08 p. m., 2.25 p. m., 4.55 p. m., 7.40 p. m.

Through tickets for sale to all principal cities east at the depot and No. 18 North Tejon street. Parties can select their own route.

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J. M. ELLISON, General Agent.
16 North Tejon st.

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE AND COLORADO MIDLAND R. R.

Sept. 6, 1891.

West-bound	Arrives.	Leaves.
No. 3 Chicago to Denver	8.00 am	8.05 am
No. 7 Kansas City to Denver	1.25 am	1.45 am
No. 601 Salt Lake to Denver	4.17 am	4.25 am
No. 635 La Junta to Denver	4.47 pm	5.35 pm
East-bound.		
No. 6 Denver to Chicago	7.45 pm	7.35 pm
No. 8 Denver to Kansas City	2.30 am	2.40 am
No. 604 Denver to Salt Lake	10.15 pm	10.25 pm
No. 636 Denver to La Junta	10.40 am	10.45 am

Trains Nos. 5 and 6 are solid vestibule trains between Denver and Chicago without change. Carry Pullman Palace sleeping cars, library, smoking, chair and dining cars. Connect at La Junta for New Mexico and California, and at Burton, Kas., for St. Louis, via St. Louis and San Francisco railway, and at Newton, Kas., for Galveston, Tex.

Trains Nos. 7 and 8 run through between Colorado Springs and Kansas City.

Trains Nos. 601 and 604 run through between Denver and all points on the Colorado Midland, and carry through Pullman sleepers and tourist cars for California.

Trains 635 and 636 are the well known "Nellie Bly," running between Denver and La Junta and connect at Pueblo with trains to and from Kansas City.

City ticket office, Opera House block. Telephone 54.

C. L. HOTT, Agent.

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UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 21 Denver Express ..... 3.00 pm

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 22 Fort Worth Express ..... 11.30 am

BRANCH TRAINS.

No. 19 Arrive from Denver ..... 12.30 pm
No. 21 Arrive from Pueblo ..... 3.35 pm

To connect with New York steamers via New Orleans, leave Colorado Springs Sundays and Wednesdays at 11.30 a. m.

To connect with New York steamers via Galveston, leave Colorado Springs Sundays at 11.30 a. m.

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COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY.

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE DEPOT, August 2, 1891.

Arrive from Denver	10.15 pm
Leave for Leadville, Aspen, Glenwood Ogden and San Francisco	10.25 pm
Arrive from Leadville, Aspen, Glenwood, Ogden and San Francisco	4.17 am
Leave for Denver	4.25 am

Through tickets sold to all points east.

G. C. HOYT, Agent.

Suburban Time Table.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Sept. 14, 1891.

GOING WEST.

LEAVE—	
Colorado Springs	10.00 a.m.
Colorado City	11.07 a.m.
Manitou	11.15 a.m.
Iron Springs	11.20 a.m.
Cascade	11.26 a.m.
Ute Park	11.45 a.m.
Green Mt. Falls	11.51 a.m.
Woodland Park	12.06 p.m.
Florissant	12.35 p.m.

COMING EAST.

LEAVE—	
Florissant	2.30 p.m.
Woodland Park	3.24 p.m.
Green Mt. Falls	3.39 p.m.
Ute Park	3.44 p.m.
Cascade	3.52 p.m.
Iron Springs	4.12 p.m.
Manitou	4.15 p.m.
Colorado City	4.25 p.m.
Colorado Springs	4.40 p.m.

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

	DEPART
No. 14 Vestibule limited to Chicago, Kansas City and St. Joe	7.30 p m
No. 16 Fast express Chicago, Kansas City and St. Joe	7.40 a m
No. 18 Limited to Denver	9.30 a m
No. 39 " "	4.45 p m
No. 13 Limited to Pueblo	7.35 a m
No. 15 " "	7.30 pm
	ARRI
No. 13 Vestibule Limited from Chicago	2.10 am
No. 15 Fast express from Chicago	1.00

No. 13 and 14 are solid vestibule trains between Chicago and Colorado Springs via St. Joseph and Kansas City without change. Tickets on sale and baggage checked through to all points east and west at 12 Pike's Peak avenue or Union depot.

THE SOUTH SEAS.

STEVENSON'S LETTER FROM A LEISURELY TRAVELER.

Invited to the King's Summer House—A Barbaric Opera—A Native Who Made a Flying Machine—Things That Must Have Happened, Because They Were Pictured.

[Copyright 1891 by S. S. McClure.]

Thursday, July 25. The street was this day much enlivened by the presence of the men from Little Makin. They average taller than Butaritarians, and, being on a holiday, went wreathed with yellow leaves and gorgeous in vivid colors. They are said to be no more savage and to be proud of the distinction. Indeed, it seemed to us they swaggered in the town like kilted Highlanders upon the streets of Inverness, conscious of barbaric virtues.

In the afternoon the summer parlor was observed to be packed with people, others standing outside and stooping to peer under the eaves, like children at home about a circus. It was the Makin company rehearsing for the day of competition. Karaitch sat in the front row, close to the singers, where we were summoned (I suppose in honor of Queen Victoria) to join him. A strong breathless heat reigned under the iron roof, and the air was heavy with the scent of wreaths. The singers, with fine mats about their loins, cocoanut feathers set in rings upon their fingers, and their heads crowned with yellow leaves, sat on the floor by companies. A varying number of soloists stood up for different songs, and these bore the chief part in the music. But the full force of the chorus, even when not singing, contributed continuously to the effect, and marked the ictus of the measure, miming, grimacing, casting up their heads and eyes, fluttering the feathers on their fingers, clapping hands, or beating loud on a bottle drum) on the left breast. The time was exquisite, the music barbarous but full of conscious art. I noted some devices constantly employed. A change would be introduced (I think of key) with no break of the measure, but emphasized by a sudden dramatic heightening of the voice and a swinging, general gesticulation. The voices of the soloists would begin far apart in a rude discord, and gradually draw together to a unison, which when they had reached they were joined and drowned by the full chorus. The ordinary, hurried, barking, unmelodious movement of the voice would at times be broken and glorified by a psalm-like strain of melody, often well constructed, or seeming so by contrast. There was much variety of measure, and toward the end of each piece, when the fun became fast and furious, a recurrence to this figure:

It is difficult to conceive what fire and docility they get into this hammering finale; all go together, voices, hands, eyes, leaves, and fluttering finger rings; the chorus swings to the eye, the song throbs on the ear, the face are convulsed with enthusiasm and effort.

Presently the troupe stood up in a body, the chorus forming a half circle for the soloists, who were sometimes five or even more in number. The songs that followed were highly dramatic, though I had none to give me any explanation. I could at times make out some shadowy but decisive outline of a plot, and I was continually reminded of certain quarrelsome concerted scenes in grand operas at home. Just so the single voices issue from and fall again into the general volume; just so do the performers separate and crowd together, brandish the raised hand, and roll the eye to heaven or the gallery. Already this is beyond the Thespian model; the art of this people is already past the embryo. Song, dance, chorus, quartet, and solo—it is the lyrical drama full developed although still in miniature. Of all the so called dancing in the South Seas, that which I saw in Butaritari stands easily the first. The "hula," as it may be viewed by the speedy globe trotter in Honolulu, is surely the most dull of man's inventions, and spectator yawns under its length as at a lecture or a preliminary debate. But the Gilbert Island dance leads on the mind; it thrills, rouses, subjugates; it has the essence of all art, an unexplored, imminent significance. Where so many are engaged, and where all must take (at at a given moment) the same swift, elaborate, and often arbitrary movement, the toil of rehearsal is of course extreme. But they begin as children. A child and a man may often be seen together in a moniap. The man sings and gesticulates, the child stands before him with streaming tears and tremulously copies him in act and sound. It is the Gilbert Island artist learning, as all artists must, his art in sorrow.

I may seem to praise too much; here is a passage from my wife's diary, which proves that I was not alone to be moved, and completes the picture: "The conductor gave the cue, and all the dancers, waving their arms, swaying their bodies, and clapping their breasts in perfect time, opened with an introductory. The performers remained seated, except two, and once three and twice a single soloist. These stood in the group, making a slight movement with the feet and rythmical quiver of the body as they sang. There was a pause after the introductory, and then the real business of the opera, for it was no less, began: an opera where every singer was an accomplished actor. The leading man, in an impassioned ecstacy which possessed him from head to foot, seemed transfigured; once it was as though a strong wind had swept over the stage, the arms, the feathered fingers thrilling with the emotion that shook my nerves as well; heads and bodies followed like a field of grain before a gust. My blood came hot and cold, tears pricked my eyes, my head whirled, I felt an almost irresistible impulse to join the dancers. One drama we think I very nearly understood. A young and handsome old man took the solo part. He sang of the birth of a prince, and how he was tenderly rocked in his mother's arms; of his boyhood, when he excelled his fellows in swimming, climbing, and all athletic sports; of his youth, when he went out to sea with his boat and fished, of his manhood, when he married a wife who cradled a son of his own in her arms. Then came the alarm of war and a great battle, of which for a time the issue was doubtful; but the hero conquered, as he always did, and with a tremendous burst of the victors the piece closed.

There were also comic pieces which caused great amusement. During one an old man behind me clutched me by the arm, shook his finger in my face with a roguish smile, and said something with a chuckle which I took to be the equivalent of "Oh, you women, you women, it is true of you all!" I fear it was not complimentary. At no time was there the least sign of the ugly indecency of the eastern islands. All was poetry, pure and simple. The music itself was as complex as fair own, though constructed on an entirely different basis; once or twice I was startled by a bit of something very like the best English sacred music, but it was only for an instant. At bottom there was a longer pause, and this time the dancers were all on the effect. As the drama went on the interest grew. The performers appealed to each other, to the audience, to the heaven above; they took counsel with each other; the conspirators drew together in a knot; it was just an opera, the chorus coming in at proper intervals, the tenor, baritone, and bass all where they should be except that the voices were all of the same caliber. A woman once sang from the back row, with a very fine contralto voice spoilt by being made artificially nasal; I notice all the women affect that unpleasantness. At one time a boy of angelic beauty was the soloist, and at another a child of 6 or 8, doubtless an infant phenomenon, being trained, was placed in the center. The little fellow was desperately frightened and embarrassed at first, but toward the close warmed up to his work and showed much dramatic talent. The changing expressions on the faces of the dancers were so speaking that it seemed a great stupidity not to understand them.

Our neighbor at the performance, Karaitch—it should be written Koraiti, but I spell it for sound—somewhat favors Butaritarian majesty in shape and feature, being, like him, portly, bearded, and Oriental. In character he seems the reverse, alert, smiling, jovial, jocular, industrious. At home in his own island he labors himself like a slave, and bounds like a driver. He takes an interest in everything. George, the trader, told him about flying machines. "Is that true, George?" he asked. "It is in the papers," replied George. "Well," said Karaitch, "if that man can do it with machinery, I can do it without," and he designed and made a pair of wings, strapped them on his shoulders, went to the end of a pier, launched himself into space, and fell hullabaloo into the sea. His wives fished him out, for his wings hindered him in swimming. "George," said he, pausing as he went up to change, "I tell you, you lie." He has eight wives, for his small realm still follows ancient customs, but he showed embarrassment when this was mentioned to my wife.

"Tell her I have only brought one here," he said, anxiously. Altogether the Black Douglass pleased us much; and as we heard fresh details of the king's uneasiness, and saw for ourselves that all the weapons in the summer parlor had been hid, we watched with the more admiration the cause of all this, mother rolling on his big legs with his big smiling face, apparently unarmed, and certainly unattended, through the hostile town. The Red Douglass, pot-bellied Kuma, having perhaps heard word of the debauch, remained upon his fief; his vassals thus came uncommanded to the feast, and swelled the following of Karaitch.

Friday, July 26.—At night in the dark the singers of Little Makin paraded in the road before our house and sang the song of the Princess. "This is the day, she was born to day, Nei Kamaunaue was born to day, a beautiful princess, Queen of Butaritari" so I was told it went, in endless iteration. The song was of course of season, and the performance only a rehearsal. But it was a serenade besides; a delicate attention to ourselves from our new friend, Karaitch.

Saturday, July 27.—We had announced a performance of a magic lantern tonight in church, and this brought the king to visit us. In honor of the Black Douglass, I suppose, his usual two guardsmen were now increased to four, and the squad made an outlandish figure as they straggled after him in straw hats, kilts and jackets. Three carried their arms reversed, the butts over their shoulders, the muzzles menacing the king's plump back. The fourth had passed his weapon behind his neck, and held it there with arms extended like a black board. The visit was extraordinarily long. The king, no longer galvanized with gin, said and did nothing. He sat collapsed in a chair, and let a cigar go out. It was hot, it was sleepy, it was cruel dull; there was no resource but to spy in the coutenance of Tebureimoa for some remaining trait of Mr. Corpse, the butcher. His hawk nose, crudely depressed and flattened at the point, did truly seem to us to smell of midnight murder. From the rest of his gross person nothing breathed but buredonn. When he took his leave, Maka bade me observe him going down the stair (or rather ladder) from the veranda. "Old man!" said Maka. "Yes," said I, "and yet I suppose not old man." "Young man," returned Maka, "perhaps forty." And I have heard since he is most likely younger.—The tedium of that visit, painfully supported by ourselves, courted, and seemingly enjoyed by our guest, explained to me not only some of the doings of Mr. Corpse, but the premature senility of his changeling, Tebureimoa.

While the magic lantern was shoging I skulked without in the dark. The voice of Maka, excitedly expatiating the scripture stories, seemed to fill not the church only, but the neighborhood. All else was silent. Presently a distant sound of singing arose and approached, and a procession, like along the road, the hot, clean smell of the men and women stalking in my face delightfully. At the corner, arrested by the voice of Maka and the lightening and darkening of the church, they paused. They had no mind to go nearer, that was plain. They were Makin people, I believe, probably staunch Leaguers, contemners of the missionary and his work. Of a sudden, however, a man broke from their company, took to his heels, and fled into the church, next moment three had followed him, the next it was a score of near a score, all pelting for their lives. So the little band of the heathen paused irresolute at the corner, and melted before the attraction of a magic lantern, like a glacier. The more staunch—only twelve—joined the deserters; these fled in guilty silence, but collected; and when at length the leader found the wit or the authority to get his troop in motion and revive the singing, it was with much diminished forces that they passed musically on up the dark road.

Meanwhile, inside the luminous picture brightened and faded. I stood for some while unobserved in the rear of the spectators, when I could hear just in front of me a pair of lovers following the show with interest, the male playing the part of interpreter, and (like Adam) mingling caresses with his lecture. The wild animals, a tiger in particular, and that old school-treat favorite, the sleeper and the mouse, were hailed with joy; but the chief marvel and delight was in the Gospel series. Maka, in the opinion of his aggrieved wife, did not properly rise to the occasion. "What is the matter with the man? Why can't he talk?" she cried. The matter with the man, I think, was the greatness of the opportunity; he reeled under the good fortune; and whether he did ill or well, the exposure of these pious "phantoms" did, as a matter of fact, silence in all that part of the island the voice of the scoffer. "Why, then," the word went round, "why, then, the Bible is true!" And on our return afterwards we were told the impression was yet lively, and those who had seen might be heard telling those who had not: "Oh, yes, it is all true; these things all happened; we have seen the pictures." The argument is not so childish as it seems, for I doubt if these islanders are acquainted with any other mode of representation but photography; so that the picture of an event (on the old melodrama principle that "the camera cannot lie, Joseph,") would appear strong proof of its occurrence. The fact amused us the more, because our slides were, some of them, ludicrously silly, and Lone Christ before Pilate was received with shouts of merriment in which even Maka was constrained to join.

DANCE IN BUTARITARI.

Sunday, July 27.—Karaitch came to ask for a repetition of the "phantoms." This was the accepted word; and, having received a promise, turned and left my humble roof without the shadow of a salutation. I felt it impolitic to have the least appearance of pocketing a slight; the times had been too difficult and were still too doubtful, and Queen Victoria's son was bound to maintain the honor of his house. Na Karaitch was accordingly summoned that evening to the Ricks, where Mrs. Rick fell foul of him in words, and Queen Victoria's son assailed him with indignant looks. I was the ass with the lion's skin; I could not roar in the language of the Gilbert Islands, but I could stare. Karaitch declared he meant no offense, apologized in a round, hearty, gentlemanly manner, and became at once at his ease. He had a dagger to examine, and announced he would come to price it on the morrow, to-day being Sunday. This nicety in a heathen with eight wives surprised me. The dagger was "good for killing fish," he said, roguishly, and was supposed to have his eye upon fish upon two legs. It is at least odd that eastern Polynesia "fish" was the accepted euphemism for the human sacrifice. Asked as to the population of his island, Karaitch called to his vassals, who sat waiting him outside the door, and they put it at 150, but (added Karaitch jovially) there will soon be plenty more, for all the women are in the family way. Long before we separated, I had quite forgotten his offense. He, however, still bore it in mind, and, with a very courteous inspiration, returned early on the next day, paid us a long visit, and punctiliously said farewell when he departed.

Monday, July 29. The great day came round at last. In the first hours the night was startled by the sound of clapping hands and the chant of Nei Kamaunaue, its melancholy, slow, and somewhat menacing measures broken at intervals by a formidable shout. The little morsel of humanity thus celebrated in the dark hours was observed at midday playing on the green entirely naked, and equally unobserved and unconcerned.

The summer parlor on its artificial islet, relieved against the shimmering lagoon and shimmering itself with sun and tinned iron, was all day crowded about by eager men and women. Within it was boxed full of islanders of any age and size, and in every degree of nudity and finery. So close we squatted, that at one time I had a mighty handsome woman on my knees, and two little naked urchins bracing their feet against my back. Here might be a dame in full attire of holku, and hat and flowers, and hat and flowers, and her next neighbor might the next moment strip some little rag of a shift from her fat shoulders and come out a monument of flesh, pointed rather than covered by the hair-breadth ridi. Little ladies, who thought themselves too great to appear undraped upon so high a festival, were seen to pass outside in the broad sunshine, their miniature ridis in their hands; a moment more and they were full dressed and entered the concert room.

At either end stood up to sing or sat down to rest the alternate companies of singers; Kuma and Little Makin on the north, Butaritari and its conquest hamlets to the south; both groups conspicuous in barbaric bravery. In the midst between these rival camps of tromba dours a bench was placed, and here the king and queen throned it, some two or three feet above the crowded audience on the floor. Tebureimoa, as usual, in his striped pajamas, with a satchel strapped across his shoulders (doubtless in the island fashion) to contain his pistols; the queen in a purple holoku, her copious hair let down, a fan in her hand. The bench was turned facing to the strangers; a piece of well considered civility; and which it was the fun of Butaritari to sing, the pair must front round on the bench lean their elbows on the rail, and turn to us the spectacle of their broad backs. The royal couple occasionally solaced themselves with a clay pipe, and the pomp of state was further heightened by the rifles of a packet of the guard.

With this kingly countenance and ourselves squatted on the ground, we heard several songs from one side or the other. Then royalty and its guards withdrew, and Queen Victoria's son and daughter-in-law were summoned by acclamation to the vacant throne. Our pride was, perhaps, a little modified when we were joined on our high places by a certain thriftless loafer of a white; and yet I was glad, too, for the man had a smattering of native and could give me some idea of the subject of the songs. One was patriotic, and dared Tembinok' of Apemama, the terror of the group, to an invasion. One mimed the planting of taro and the harvest home. Some were historical and commemorated kings and the illustrious chances of their time, such as a bout of drinking or a war. One, at least, was a drama of domestic interest, excellently played by the troupe from Makin. It told the story of a man who has lost his wife, at first bewails her loss then cooks another. The earlier strains (or acts) are played exclusively by men; but toward the end a woman appears, who has just lost her husband; and I suppose the pair console each other, for the finale seemed of happy omen. Of some of the songs my informant told me briefly they were "like about the women;" this I could have guessed myself. Each side I should have said, was strengthened by one or two women. They were all soloists, did not very often join in the performance, but stood disengaged at the back part of the stage, and looked, in ridi, necklace, and dressed hair, for all the world like European ballet dancers. When the song was not way broad these ladies came, particularly to the front, and it was singular to see that, after each entry, the "premiere danseuse" pretended to be overcome by shame, as though led on beyond what she had meant, and her male assistant made a feint of driving her away like one who had disgraced herself. Similar affectations accompany the truly obscene dances of Samoa, where they are very well in place. Here it was different. The words perhaps in this free spoken world were gross enough to make a carter blush; but the most suggestive feature was this feint of shame. For such parts the women showed some disposition; they were jerk, they were neat, they were acrobatic, they were at times really amusing, and some of them were pretty. But this is not the artists' field; there is the whole width of heaven between such capering and ogling, and the strange rhythmic gestures and strange rapturous frenzied faces with which the beat of the male dancers held us spellbound through a Gilbert Island ballad.

TRYING TO PERSUADE DANCERS TO DANCE.

Almost from the first it was apparent that the people of the city were defeated. I might have thought them even good, only I had the other troop before my eyes to correct my standard, and remind me continually of "the little more and how much it is." Forgetting themselves worsted, the choir of Butaritari grew confused, blundered and broke down; amid this hubbub of unfamiliar intervals, I should not myself have recognized the slip, but the audience were quick to catch it, and to jeer. To crown all, the Makin company began a dance of truly superlative merit. I know not what it was about. I was too much absorbed to ask. In one act a part of the chorus squealing in some strange falsetto, produced very much the effect of our orchestra; in another, the dancers, leaping like jumping jacks, with arms extended, passed through and through each other's ranks with extraordinary speed, concinnity and humor. A more laughable effect I never saw; in any European theater it would have brought the house down, and the island audience roared with laughter and applause. This filled the measure of the rival company, and they forgot themselves and decency. After each act or figure of the ballad, the performers pause a moment standing, and the next is latently led by the clapping of hands in triplets. Not until the end of the whole ballad do they sit down, which is the signal for the rivals to stand up. But now all rules were to be broken. During the interval following on this great applause the company of Butaritari leaped suddenly to their feet and most unhandsomely began a performance of their own. It was strange to see the men of Makin staring; I have seen a leper in Europe stare with the same black dignity into a hissing theater. Presently to my surprise they selected a man, gave up the unsung remainder of their ballad, resumed their seats and suffered their ungallant adversaries to go on and finish. Nothing would suffice. Again at the first interval Tebureimoa unhandsomely sat in. Maka, irritated in turn, followed the example, and the two sets of dancers remained persistently facing, continuously clapping hands, and regularly cutting across each other at each pause. I expected blows to begin, with any moment; and our position in the midst was highly unstrategical. But the Makin people had a better thought, and upon a fresh interruption, formed and trooped out of the house. We followed them, first, I, with the ladies, second, lest they were guests and had been seriously affronted. A large portion of our neighbors did the same, so far the causeway was filled from end to end by the procession of deserters, and the Butaritari choir was left to sing for its own pleasure in an empty house, having gained the point and lost the audience. It was surely fortunate that there was no rage drunk, but drunk or sober, where else would a scene so irritating have concluded without blows?

The last stage and glory of this auspicious day was of our own providing; the second, and positively the last, appearance of the phantoms. All round the church groups sat outside, in the night, where they could see nothing, perhaps ashamed to enter, certainly finding some shadowy pleasure in the mere proximity. Within about one-half of the great shed was densely packed with people. In the midst, on the royal dais, the lantern luminously smoked; chance rays of light struck out the earnest countenance of our Chinaman grinding the hand organ; a fainter glimmer showed the rafters and their shadows in the hollow of the roof, the pictures shown and vanished on the screen, and as each appeared there would run a hush, a whisper, a strong shuddering rustle, and a chorus of small cries among the crowd. There sat by me the mate of a wrecked schooner. "They would think this a strange sight in Europe or the states," said he, "going on in a building like this, all tied with bits of string."

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

THE NOVELIST AT HIS SUMMER RESIDENCE.

A French Author Much Interested in Contemporary German Literature—His Characters Taken From Living Models—A Poet Who Resented.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—The "at homes" of Daudet, Sarcey and Pailleron are considered some of the leading attractions of Paris of to-day. Not that they differ so much from other afternoon receptions in the way of amusements, which consists in a conversation flitting from one subject to another as one turns from guest to guest, and the serving of refreshments interrupted by an occasional piano recital or recitation.

It was on a disagreeable, rainy day that I was introduced to Daudet's Parisian home, his summer residence is in Champrosay, in the forest of Senard, with a beautiful view of the Seine and so the guests were not numerous.

There was Earnest Daudet, the brother of the novelist, a very clever journalist and amateur historian. Monsieur and Madame Lipman, the latter being Colette, the eldest daughter of Dumas fils. Her husband is the director of the arsenal of St. Etienne. There was Albert Wolff, the famous contributor of The Figaro; Paul Arene, who was at times a co-operator of Daudet's; Madame Théophile Bentzon, the writer of the reviews on American literature for The Revue des Deux Mondes, a great admirer of Walt Whitman, having translated his "Drum Taps" into French. Mounet Sully, the hero of the Comedie Francaise and as Hamlet, incomparable to the Parisians, besides a number of artists, dramatists, young noblemen and duchesses of more or less repute.

Though Alphonse Daudet had been pointed out to me on the street once before it was the first time I approached him near enough to make a satisfactory scrutiny.

The first impression he produced, as he sat comfortably in a divan chair, was that of something feminine, something Oriental pervading his person, which lent him a striking individuality. His fine spiritual face, winning amiability, his tender smiles and roguish glances, reminded one of the soft climate and cloudless skies of his native land, the Provence.

The conversation was about contemporary literature. Daudet is very much interested in German literature, much more than French authors generally allow themselves to be. He especially admired Spielhagen's writings and wished he could find a translator and publisher for them.

He remarked: "We Frenchmen also are ignorant of many things. We understand no other language, and only know something of modern Greece from literature; it surely has produced many things of instructive importance, but we only scan and generally read translations. I like Spielhagen, because, like myself, he writes his characters after living models with whom he is acquainted. But my wife does not think it always well to do so."

Madame Julia Daudet (nee Allard), a writer of some distinction herself, then took the word.

"Yes, that is Mr. Daudet's way of writing. Whatever he describes, he has actually seen, and he has known all the persons he introduces. Some are obscure people, others celebrities from whom the masks might be lifted by the whole world."

"But," continued Daudet, "I would rather renounce writing than not describe characters I know. If I have the good fortune to meet an original, interesting type of humanity, how can I resist describing it? It has been the cause of many annoyances to me." Daudet looked musingly at the floor. He was probably thinking of the scandal which his introduction of the Duc de Morny, half brother of Napoleon, in his "La Nabob," caused in aristocratic circles although he had been the duke's protege and secretary.

"In 'Jack,'" resumed his wife, "a servant woman from the forest of Senard, by the name of Sale, is described, the character, though flattered, is that of a real, existing Sale. One day, after 'Jack' had been published, my husband and Edmond Daudet took a walk in the same forest, when suddenly a peasant with a huge stick made his appearance, barricaded the way and asked, in an angry voice: 'Are you Monsier Laudet?'"

"Daudet, not Laudet," my husband replied.

"All the same, Laudet or Daudet. You put my wife in the newspapers. You'll pay for it," shouted the peasant, swinging his stick. "The infuriated wish was none other than Monsieur Sale himself!"

"Yes, and it took us a long time to calm him."

The guests were all highly amused.

"The same thing happened after publishing the adventures of 'Tatarin de Tarascon.' I was overwhelmed with threatening letters and I feel my life would not be safe if I went to the Guesoigne." And he drew his fingers through his abnormally long hair, falling almost to his shoulders.

Mounet Sully was asked to give a recitation. He excused himself on the plea that he was not prepared, and when his friends continued their persuasions he seized a book. It was Daudet's "Letters from My Windmill."

A large portion of these letters were written in an old windmill, situated amid wild, romantic fir-clad hills on the banks of the Rhone, which he had purchased to enjoy, in solitude and quiet, the dreams of his poet's fancy.

Sully sat leisurely in a chair by his side.

There was a chatting and carressing, a laughing and teasing and exquisite story telling in every one of Daudet's lines, which glittered and sparkled and wafted forth a delicious odor! There was joy and tears expressed in one breath! The picturesque side of the life of peasants, shepherds, millers, became animated with life!

And Mounet Sully read unaffectedly, as if to himself, with a natural simplicity, astonishing for an actor who generally recites in blank verse.

It was a rare treat!

One thing alone displeased me. It seemed like a discord in the otherwise so harmonious whole. That was Daudet himself. He sat with a monocle in his eye, which, together with his peculiar growth of hair and his particular style of dressing, almost dudish in its fastidiousness, made him appear a very eccentric character. Something disquieting, fluctuating, uncertain, signalized him as it does so often the characters which he describes, being overloaded with details like filagree work.

Later on I heard that his eyesight was exceedingly weak and that he had even to fear growing totally blind.

I saw him several times in the streets, generally with a double-breasted, short jacket and a slouched hat, entirely too small for the mass of hair. He always wears embroidered dicky shirts and would be delighted if he could use them instead of cuffs and collars, as he actually did at one time.

He is a hard and very conscientious worker and likes best to live comfortably in his own home, surrounded by his wife and children. His favorite poet during his youth was Victor Hugo, but now it is Flaubert. Of the living French writers he entertains the greatest respect for Zola.

"We are rivals," he said, "but good comrades, nevertheless, though we don't see one another as often now as we used to do in former times."

He likes to surround himself with Oriental rugs and armory, they recall to him the time when he was sent by the Duc de Morny to Corsica and Algiers, and was received by the Arabian chieftains with all oriental pomp. To the end of his life it be was the guest of the almighty Emperor of France.

Though he prized the friendship of men like Gambetta, Rochefort, Valle in his youth, when he lived with his brother in the fifth story of the Hotel du Senat, rue de Tournon, politics have not much attraction for him, being, neither a flat patriot. But he is a thorough poet and considers it his individual as well as social duty to do his work in peace.

Students who know Daudet only by his popular novels would be astonished at the versatility he displays in his dramatic works.

During my stay in Paris I had the opportunity of reading a little farce on an unique fable, which is now out of print and not contained in the complete edition of his works.

So it will be quite appropriate to describe the quaint extravagance and farcical ebullience of this little comedy.

Alexander the Great, son of Philip of Macedonia, spoken of as a boy of acquiring knowledge under the tutorage of the old philosopher Aristotle. But disliking the study of mathematics, the young rogue finds Briseis, the beautiful female slave, by far more interesting. As soon as the pedagogue turns his back, Alexander runs off to the fountain to help Briseis with her washing. He is surprised by Aristotle in the proceeding.

"Just wait, I'll let your papa know about it," threatened the pedagogue. "Now leave me, lovesick boy." And as for you, Briseis, I have a few serious words to say to you in private."

The cunning girl, however, knows how to make the best of this interview. Aristoteles cannot resist her coquetry and declared himself ready to do what she asks of him.

"Also, if it is really true that you love me, give me a little chariot, like the ladies of fashion have."

"My beautiful child. To morrow you shall have it."

"No, I want it this very moment!" And she pointed with her rosy fingers at a dainty golden chariot that happened to be standing near the fountain.

"But the horses are at work in the fields," answered Aristotelis.

"Here, you . . . in it and draw me," demanded his capricious sweetheart.

Aristotelis hesitated for a moment, but a glance from the seductive beauty causes him to forget all the wisdom of his philosophy—he takes the bit in his mouth and seizes the shafts.

"Forward!" cried Briseis, jumping into the chariot and swinging a whip.

And Aristoteles pulls and runs and gallops until he stops gasping for breath, as the burden seems to him to be doubled. Prince Alexander, who witnessed this whole scene from a hiding place, has also mounted the chariot and embraced his friend.

The tricked teacher does not know how he shall retreat from his embarrassing position, when the sound of bugles announces the arrival of King Philip.

"The King of Macedonia!" is shouted behind the scenes.

Alexander unfastens the embarrassed teacher on the conditions that he promise silence and leniency in the future.

Tableau!

Examine Your "Pinchbeck."

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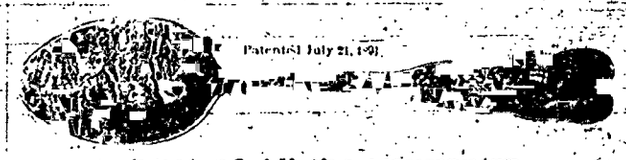
THE MANITOU SPOON!



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of dressing, almost dudish in its fastidiousness, made him appear a very eccentric character. Something disquieting, fluctuating, uncertain, signalized him as it does so often the characters which he describes, being overloaded with details like filagree work.

Later on I heard that his eyesight was exceedingly weak and that he had even to fear growing totally blind.

I saw him several times in the streets, generally with a double-breasted, short jacket and a slouched hat, entirely too small for the mass of hair. He always wears embroidered dicky shirts and would be delighted if he could use them instead of cuffs and collars, as he actually did at one time.

He is a hard and very conscientious worker and likes best to live comfortably in his own home, surrounded by his wife and children. His favorite poet during his youth was Victor Hugo, but now it is Flaubert. Of the living French writers he entertains the greatest respect for Zola.

"We are rivals," he said, "but good comrades, nevertheless, though we don't see one another as often now as we used to do in former times."

He likes to surround himself with Oriental rugs and armory, they recall to him the time when he was sent by the Duc de Morny to Corsica and Algiers, and was received by the Arabian chieftains with all oriental pomp. To the end of his life it be was the guest of the almighty Emperor of France.

Though he prized the friendship of men like Gambetta, Rochefort, Valle in his youth, when he lived with his brother in the fifth story of the Hotel du Senat, rue de Tournon, politics have not much attraction for him, being, neither a flat patriot. But he is a thorough poet and considers it his individual as well as social duty to do his work in peace.

Students who know Daudet only by his popular novels would be astonished at the versatility he displays in his dramatic works.

During my stay in Paris I had the opportunity of reading a little farce on an unique fable, which is now out of print and not contained in the complete edition of his works.

So it will be quite appropriate to describe the quaint extravagance and farcical ebullience of this little comedy.

Alexander the Great, son of Philip of Macedonia, spoken of as a boy of acquiring knowledge under the tutorage of the old philosopher Aristotle. But disliking the study of mathematics, the young rogue finds Briseis, the beautiful female slave, by far more interesting. As soon as the pedagogue turns his back, Alexander runs off to the fountain to help Briseis with her washing. He is surprised by Aristotle in the proceeding.

"Just wait, I'll let your papa know about it," threatened the pedagogue. "Now leave me, lovesick boy." And as for you, Briseis, I have a few serious words to say to you in private."

The cunning girl, however, knows how to make the best of this interview. Aristoteles cannot resist her coquetry and declared himself ready to do what she asks of him.

"Also, if it is really true that you love me, give me a little chariot, like the ladies of fashion have."

"My beautiful child. To morrow you shall have it."

"No, I want it this very moment!" And she pointed with her rosy fingers at a dainty golden chariot that happened to be standing near the fountain.

"But the horses are at work in the fields," answered Aristotelis.

"Here, you . . . in it and draw me," demanded his capricious sweetheart.

Aristotelis hesitated for a moment, but a glance from the seductive beauty causes him to forget all the wisdom of his philosophy—he takes the bit in his mouth and seizes the shafts.

"Forward!" cried Briseis, jumping into the chariot and swinging a whip.

And Aristoteles pulls and runs and gallops until he stops gasping for breath, as the burden seems to him to be doubled. Prince Alexander, who witnessed this whole scene from a hiding place, has also mounted the chariot and embraced his friend.

The tricked teacher does not know how he shall retreat from his embarrassing position, when the sound of bugles announces the arrival of King Philip.

"The King of Macedonia!" is shouted behind the scenes.

Alexander unfastens the embarrassed teacher on the conditions that he promise silence and leniency in the future.

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AN EGYPTIAN ELIXIR VITAE.

By Frank M. Bristow.

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"Thou couldst tell us, if that leathern tongue
Could tell what those dim, sightless eyes have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green."
Horace Smith.

I had been exploring a large rock tomb in the vicinity of Karnak for a number of weeks in the summer of 18. It was a comparatively old discovery, but owing to the remarkable character of the tomb I had thought it worth my while to glean for such details as might have escaped the notice of earlier visitors.

The opening to the sepulcher accidentally discovered, consisted of a straight passage, barely permitting of the entrance of a single individual at a time upon his hands and knees. Besides were of red granite, beautifully polished, which glittered dazzlingly in the light of the explorer's torch. This entrance ran straight back into the hill for a distance of some 90 feet, when it suddenly opened upon a large vaulted room of circular form, from which there branched numerous galleries of good proportions, leading to other chambers, in which had been found many sarcophagi, mummies and mummy cases, one of the sarcophagi being supposed to be that of Thothmes III, the most glorious monarch of Egyptian history, who erected the obelisk now in Central park, though no mummy had been found within it.

The walls of the passages and chambers were, like those of all of the grander Egyptian tombs, decorated with numerous spirited paintings, the bright colors of which still shone astrous and lustrous as if they had been laid on but yesterday. It was in this mysterious abode of death that I had been long engaged, copying inscriptions and paintings, searching for new passages; and re-exploring the old ones, with an enthusiasm which only an ardent Egyptologist can experience.

I had at length nearly finished my investigations, and, in fact, the day of which I am about to speak was to have been my last in the tomb, there remaining but one picture to copy, and that upon the wall of a remote gallery. Accordingly, at about noon, I found myself before the picture in question, palette in hand surrounded by a group of fellahin in my employ, the flickering light of whose torches gave their sombre faces a sufficiently Dantesque expression.

The picture I was copying was of a very common type, representing a train of long-haired captives defiling before a king whom I supposed to be Thotmes, but as the hieroglyphs connected with the picture were very obscure, this would take some time to determine. While painting away industriously, and sometimes reduced almost to despair in my attempts to mix colors as bright as those before me, I noticed that the paint had blistered, or peeled off, a little just at the point of the king's nose. As I had [illegible] a piece falling from other [illegible] I got up to examine the place. Taking hold of a projecting scale I gave it a slight pull, when, to my surprise, perhaps a square foot of the paint came away, revealing the granite wall behind, and in that wall a seam or joint.

A SQUARE FOOT OF THE PAINT CAME AWAY.

With a cry of pleasure I tore, pried and dug the paint away for a distance of some feet, and disclosed the outline of a door or passageway which had been filled with one immense stone, which fitted its place so closely that the point of a penknife could hardly have been inserted between the stone and solid rock of the gallery. Beyond an entrance so carefully closed and concealed there must be new and rare treasures, and it was with considerable excitement that I began to consider how to remove the obstacle in the passageway. Pressure, I found, had no effect upon it, and there remained no way but to blast it. I accordingly sent for drills and sledges, and soon had two gangs of fellahs at work sinking two holes on each side of the slab.

By taking advantage of the almost imperceptible interstices between the stone and the wall, the work was somewhat accelerated, and several hours' labor resulted in two holes some eight inches deep. These I half filled with powder, properly tamped the charges, inserted fuses in them and retired with due promptitude. The deep silence of perhaps a minute was at length broken by a deafening crash followed by interminable echoes and a strong blast of sulphurous air.

Allowing time for the fumes of the powder to dissipate, we returned, and found the great slab had been hurled inward, where it lay, broken into several pieces, upon the floor of a noble corridor of great width and height.

Seizing a torch from one of the bearers, I sprang forward into the newly-opened passage, without a thought of the possible presence of foul air or poisonous gases. Luckily, there was neither. A moment's examination satisfied me that this was the red or main tomb, to which the other had merely served as an ante-chamber, or perhaps had been placed there as a blind to deceive those who might search for the principal structure. Here the passages were unusually spacious and lofty, and were decorated with paintings far excelling, both in design and coloring, those I had been copying.

Nervously pressing on down the passage, which was crossed at intervals by others as lofty as itself, I came finally to an immense vaulted chamber of oblong form, in the midst of which stood a huge sarcophagus of highly polished granite. At its head there glittered a huge golden ibis, its long neck curved in graceful folds and the slender, curved bill pointing toward the place where the heart of the enclosed mummy would actually have been. About the sides of the sarcophagus stood eight other stone coffins, but smaller, and of red granite instead of syenite.

As the sight of these objects burst upon me by the flickering torchlight, I felt myself trembling with excessive emotion. Here was, it might be, the greatest Egyptological discovery since the finding of the Rosetta stone. No intruder before me had ever disturbed the silence of this most awful sepulcher. Nor Cambyses, nor Alexander, nor any of the long list of the conquerors of Egypt had penetrated the secret of this rock-hewn abode of the dead. Since the deep and solemn chorus of the departing priests of Osiris had died away in hollow echoes through the long corridors about them, no sound had broken the silence of the ancient dead. What if they were to wake and ask me of the doings of the world since they had slumbered there! Not history's self could answer them.

These and similar thoughts flashed through my mind, mixed with a triumphant feeling of exultation and self-gratulation. But it was already late, I had eaten nothing since morning, and my fellahin were tired and grumbling, so I was compelled to abandon my discoveries until the morrow, though sorely against my will. So jealous was I of my findings that, after seeing all of my workmen out of the tomb, I had my tent pitched before the outer entrance, in order that none might gain access to the new treasures which were within the inner chambers.

After a restless night I was up with the dawn, and, eating a hasty breakfast, hastened to the scene of my discovery, but before repairing thither I sent a messenger to Professor Bates, who was then considered the greatest living Egyptologist, and who was superintending some excavations at a point about ten miles from my camp, announcing my discovery and begging him to come to me at once. This was an unselfish act on my part, as I knew very well that the scientific world would be apt to give him entire credit for my discoveries if he were to arrive on the scene so soon, and should desire to appropriate my laurels, but my delight was so great that I felt the necessity of a companion to share it with me.

The first task I set for myself was the removal of the grand central sarcophagus. I had pretty well made up my mind that this was the real coffin of Thothmes III, and that the one found in the outer tomb had been merely a blind. I sent to my camp for tackle and a small derrick so constructed as to be capable of being taken apart in small pieces, and readily put together. While awaiting its arrival, I examined the great golden ibis closely. It was apparently of solid gold ten feet high, and the finest specimen of the goldsmith's art I had ever seen. The modelling was perfect, and the minuteness of the work remarkable. The tiniest feathers, the smallest scales on the slender legs, were reproduced with scrupulous exactness. "There has never been found anything to compare with it," I said exultantly to myself.

In a short time the men returned with the apparatus, the derrick was erected, and clamps were placed across the polished surface of the massive lid. At my command the men at the windlass began to turn, and the great slab rose slowly from its place, and was lowered carefully to the floor. Leaping upon a coil of rope at hand, I looked down into the sarcophagus. As I did so the light from my torch brilliantly reflected from a huge mummy case of apparently solid and massy gold. As is usual with mummy cases, the head of the case was modelled into the form of a face. These faces are supposed to be likenesses of the enclosed mummies as they looked in life. The face was that of a man still young, of pleasing and yet commanding presence. Two crystals inserted for eyes gave it a life-like and almost terrifying appearance. The case was carved with many and elaborate designs, and was studded with the bodies of many scarabaei, which were set deep in the gold.

These details I observed at a glance, but an object lying at the side of the case and partly upon it now attracted my attention. This was a large vase, or flask of the purest rock crystal, elaborately carved with mystical devices, which was filled with a limpid, colorless fluid—perhaps four or five quarts—which seemed to be luminous. At least, it reflected the torchlight with an intensity that was almost blinding. It was a wholly novel discovery. Sarcophagi and mummies were common enough, but never had I seen or heard of the finding of anything like this. Had I found it in a Grecian or Roman tomb I might have called it a lachrymal vase, but, so far as I knew, no such utensil was used by the Egyptians.

Reaching down into the great stone box I managed to grasp the flask, and take it up. As I held it aloft the fellahin set up a terrified shout, as the light of their torches were reflected from it in streams of dazzling brilliancy.

"Body of Bacchus! So you are neither crazy nor hearing."

It was the voice of my friend, Dr. Batesi, who entered the tomb at this moment.

Dr. Bates was an Italian, some 65 years of age, though yet vigorous, and of an extremely nervous temperament. His figure was tall, but thin and gaunt, and his meager face was decorated by a long and flowing white beard. His eyes were small, bright and restless. Any one would have readily known him as an enthusiast in whatever study he might be interested. He always spoke in a jerky, excitable manner, and his usually nervous demeanor was now heightened a dozen fold by the strange nature of our surroundings.

"No, you're not crazy. But great heavens! What a discovery!"

"Yes," I replied, striving hard to appear cool, "I think this is something of a find. See here," and I made way for him to stand upon the coil of rope in order that he might look down into the sarcophagus.

As the glittering mummy case met his sight he began a series of ejaculations in his native tongue, apparently unconscious of my presence. At length he somewhat regained his composure, and the crystal flask in my hand attracted his attention.

"What is that?" he demanded.

"I do not know. I found it inside the sarcophagus. Did you ever see anything like it before?"

He did not answer me, but, snatching the vase from my hand, began to examine it very closely, at the same time muttering excitedly to himself. His inspection lasted some time. Finally his face brightened and assumed an expression of decision.

"It may be. It is possible," he said, still speaking to himself. "Why not? Do not the records of Manetho say so? It is not so improbable, after all. Come, come, we shall soon know."

"Come," he said, turning to me, "we must open that mummy. Let us get the case out as soon as possible."

I gave the necessary orders to my men, and the derrick was once more called into requisition to lift the heavy case from the sarcophagus.

"Do you suppose this is Thothmes?" I inquired while the men were occupied with this task.

"It is no more Thothmes than you are," he replied. "Thus it is Habbakuk. It is No! Rah, a high priest of Osiris, of the eighteenth dynasty," pointing at the same time to a hieroglyphic carved on the massive case which I had overlooked by reason of its size, extending from one end of the case nearly to the other.

In a few moments the heavy case was on the stone floor and the massive golden cover was removed, revealing, not the ordinary swathed and bandaged mummy, but a naked body floating in an oily substance, which emitted an aromatic smell. If I had expected renewed evidence of excitement from the doctor I was disappointed. His features assumed a set expression, and he bent over the body without uttering a syllable.

"This liquid," I exclaimed excitedly, "is——"

"Honey," replied the doctor. Then continuing, as if to himself, "As I expected. Come, the agents were not all fools, nor all liars. It is 1 o'clock. A great day. A great day."

The body, as the mummy case had foretold, was that of a young man of pleasing appearance and majestic figure, the flesh still firm and plump, with no evidence of decay. The body appeared to have been unmutilated by the hands of the embalmers. There was no incision on the flank to evidence the removal of the viscera, and the plumpness of the closed eyelids led to the presumption that the eyes were still in their sockets. There was positively no evidence of death about the body, unless it were a certain rigidity, but otherwise it might have been mistaken for the person of some expert swimmer sleeping on the surface of his bath.

DOCTOR BATESI GOES MAD.

"Send your men for some food, a half dozen bottles of wine and plenty of water and towels," said the doctor in an unnatural voice.

I had overlooked the fact that it was past dinner time, and hastened to give the necessary orders to my men, though what the doctor wanted of towels I could not imagine. The required articles were soon brought.

"Now dismiss all your men," continued the doctor, in the same strained tone of voice.

I obeyed as unquestioningly as the Wedding Guest obeyed the Ancient Mariner, and the men, after depositing a number of lighted torches about, the chamber, retired. After their footsteps had died away in the long corridors, the doctor began to pace slowly up and down the room. Finally he spoke:

"How many kinds of mummies have you found in your discoveries?"

"Why," I replied, "three kinds, if you mean the manner of their preparation."

"And they were?"

"Why, the first class have all the viscera and the brains removed, the cavities filled with resins and spices, and have been steeped in natron for a long time. The second have only the brains removed, and the viscera injected with oil of cedar. These were also steeped in natron, as we suppose. The third kind were apparently just salted down for a certain length of time. These are all the kinds I am familiar with."

"And have you found and seen no other kind?"

"No."

"Well, there was a fourth kind. It is so written in the book of Manetho. I have always believed it to be a lie of the priests. We are about to see whether it was such in fact or not. The priests claimed to have a process by which they could arrest animation indefinitely, and that they could, after the lapse of ages, restore life to a body in which existence had been suspended, by the use of a certain liquor, if the body were kept from external injury. The only thing that has seemed to substantiate this claim has been the fact that a few bodies have been discovered at widely different times which bore none of the ordinary marks of embalming, from which the viscera and brain had not been removed, and which were nevertheless in a better state of preservation than mummies which had been carefully embalmed. I say such bodies have been discovered. I should say, rather, that it is claimed that they have been discovered, but as I never saw one, nor any one who had I have been inclined to doubt the fact. This body settles the matter. I doubt no more."

"I remember now that I have heard something to the same effect," I replied, "but I do not see that this substantiates the claim of the priests to be able to suspend animation and to restore it after the lapse of ages."

"There are none so blind as those who will not see," he replied, testily. "Do you not perceive that the reason that these bodies have never been restored to life is either that the knowledge of their resting places has been lost in the lapse of ages, or that the recipe by which they were to be revived has been forgotten."

"Well?" I said, stupidly.

"Well, is there anything more probable than that this is one of those bodies, and that the contents of this vase is the medicine by which it can be restored to life?"

I stared at my companion in amazement. His words sounded like nonsense, but his manner was calm—unusually calm—and after all, the idea was not absurd. There are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy dreams of. It might be as he said.

"You see," continued the doctor, "that this man was wise in his day and generation, and very prudently directed the medicine that was to restore him to life to be entombed with him."

"Do you suppose he began his long sleep, if it is one, voluntarily?"

"Hardly. It may have been a punishment for betraying some secret of the priesthood, or religious rite, the subject of which was selected by lot. But that is mere conjecture."

"Does it not seem impossible to you as a medical man?" I queried.

"My friend," was the reply, "it is only the student of mysteries who appreciates how little is known of the human body. It seems improbable, yes, wildly improbable, impossible, no."

"Very well, then," I exclaimed, filled with a feeling based and enthusiasm, let us try to reanimate this citizen of the primeval world."

"Try work!" ejaculated the doctor, turning to the body.

We first lifted it from the case and laid it upon a piece of canvas which was to have been our table cloth. In doing so we found it was not so stiff as we had supposed. It was, in fact, limp and yielding like that of a person in some forms of epilepsy. We then proceeded to wipe it dry with our towels. The flesh was firm and natural, though cold as the clods of the valley.

"But how shall we use the liquid?" I inquired.

"Which is a matter of use of using it, externally and internally. I can probably tell from the odor whether it is dangerous to give internally. There is enough of it, I should think, for both uses."

So saying, the doctor, after some difficulty, removed the stopper, which had been sealed with natron. As he did so a light, luminous vapor arose from the flask, filling the chamber with a delicate perfume, like mingled ether and crushed apple seeds. For a moment the scent made me giddy, but this soon passed away.

"We will first rub it with the liquid. After that I will try to pry its mouth open and pour some down its throat."

We began rubbing the body. For a long time we worked in silence. It was hard work, and the perspiration was soon flowing from us in streams. An hour had passed and no result was apparent.

"I'm afraid it's no use," I said at last. "I don't see any indication of life."

"Keep it up," said the doctor, sternly. "Do you suppose that ona is easily awakened after a sleep of thirty centuries?"

So we continued our work for some time. I was nearly exhausted, when a cry from the doctor attracted my attention.

"Look, look!" he cried, pointing to a place upon the right thigh of the body.

I looked at the place indicated. As I did so the doctor pressed upon the spot with some force. A paleness resulted, followed, as he removed his thumb, by a slow tide of returning color.

"Almighty God!" I cried. "He lives! He lives!"

The doctor was silent.

It would be impossible to describe my sensation on perceiving this indication of returning animation. Coupled with exultation at the success of our experiment and the magnitude of our discovery was a nameless horror at the thought of the personality of the being whom we were about to restore to life. Readers of DeQuincey's opium dreams will remember the horror with which "the tremendous, the horrible antiquity" of the countries of Asia inspired him, as vividly as they recall his "cancerous kisses of the crocodile." Such an indefinable horror now possessed me. The being before me had lived and loved, had thought and dreamed, had hoped and longed and feared before the dawn of history, when the earth was peopled with strange races whose very names have been forgotten long eons ago, when the flood was a matter of yesterday and the Tower of Babel an existing wonder of the world; and yet I now saw before my eyes the tide of life, stagnant for ages, once more beginning to course within his veins.

Long ere the process was ended he seemed to belong neither to the living nor the dead. He was a frightful anomaly. I sickened with horror, but still continued, mechanically, to chafe his limbs.

After the lapse of some minutes, which were accompanied by increasing evidences of the return of circulation, the doctor opened the firmly compressed lips, and with his penknife easily pried the teeth apart and poured several drops of the liquid down the throat of the body. The effect of this was evidenced by a very slight, but yet perceptible respiration. There was no longer room for doubt, if, indeed, there had been any before. The man lived.

The doctor was still silent, yet in the whirl of my thoughts I was incapable of speech. We renewed our rubbings with the liquor, and the respirations grew stronger and stronger. At last they were quite normal. The doctor poured a few drops of the cordial down the throat.

"We may rest now," he said.

I threw myself on the floor, and think I must have fainted from the exhaustive labor, the tumult of my thoughts and the heat of the chamber. At any rate, I was unconscious for some time.

When I regained consciousness, the Egyptian (for now that he was alive I suppose he should be properly so called) was breathing easily and naturally as though in a sound sleep. The doctor was seated on the floor, his back against a sarcophagus, looking intently at the crystal flask which he held in his hand. Its contents, about one half of which had been exhausted, sparkled brightly in the torchlight.

I arose and approached my friend. As I did so I noticed something alarming in his appearance. His features were set and drawn. While his eyes glittered with a light that was feared in the wild intensity of their glare. I hesitated to speak and stood looking irresolutely at him for some minutes. He seemed unconscious of my presence. From time to time he would mutter in a hoarse and inarticulate voice.

In the hope that he might become more composed if left to himself, and in order to distract my own excited thoughts, I turned my attention to the Egyptian. His respiration had become somewhat shorter, and a slight twitching of his eyelids was apparent. Sitting down beside him, and taking his head in my lap, I knocked off the neck of the bottle of wine and poured some of its contents down his throat, at the same time pinching the epiglottis, to make him swallow. The effect of the draught was soon evidenced by an increased color in the swarthy cheek, and in a few minutes, while I watched him closely, the eyelids trembled and two great eyes of intense blackness, stared solemnly into mine.

There could have been nothing more natural than for the man to have opened his eyes after having been restored to consciousness, yet this action, natural as it was, affected me more than the first discovered indications of life. A cold wave swept along my spine, and my heart paused until I thought it would never resume its pulsations.

On what prehistoric scenes had those inscrutable eyes last gazed before they looked into mine? What awful events, forgotten ere yet a pyramid was founded, what mystics rites, what mighty men of old, long sunk into oblivion, had been mirrored in those hideously ancient orbs?

It was as though the Sphynx had awakened from her granite sleep and looked upon me. Luckily for me I was not called upon to long endure that awesome gaze. The eyelids fell, and, as if exhausted by the effort of opening his eyes, the Egyptian's respiration soon evidenced that he was again sleeping. I laid his head upon a fold of the canvas and arose to my feet. As I did so a cry from the doctor attracted my attention. He had arisen and was pacing feverishly about the tomb.

"O fools and madmen!" he cried, "O blind and more than blind! Idiots and imbeciles! What have we done, what have we done?"

I stared at my friend in terror and amazement. His words were those of a madman, and the glitter of his eye, and the frenzy of his manner were in keeping. While I still stared he continued his ejaculations in a half-dozen languages, gesticulating wildly, throwing his hands aloft, and tearing his hair and darting about the chamber.

"Do you know what this is?" at length he cried, in a terrible voice, advancing toward me with the flask held aloft.

"Of course not," I replied, striving to appear calm and self-possessed.

"Of course you do not," he answered with a sneer. "Of course you do not. How should an idiot like you know what it is? What should it be? What is it, but the real elixir vitae, the elixir of life, the wine of youth, the medicine of immortality, so long sought and never found. That's what it is, and that's what we have been wasting on that muddy carcass there, instead of treasuring it for the preservation of our own lives through countless ages. And why not," he cried, his voice rising to a scream, as he turned fiercely to me, "for, in the long ages of existence that this will give us, shall we not be able to discover the ingredients of which it is made and the manner in which it is concocted? Eternity! Eternity!" he screamed. "An eternity of life is ours!"

A cold, icy horror seized me. There could be no doubt of my companion's insanity. He was a raving maniac. The exciting events of the last few hours had been too much for the highly wrought nervous system. I was alone with him, far from human aid, and where no sound or cry of mine could reach the ear of man. To what extremity might not this insanity drive him! I was unarmed, and, though a stronger man than he, yet I knew that insanity lends a strength almost superhuman. There was nothing to do but strive to appear calm, and if possible quiet him.

"So you really think this must be the elixir of life? I inquired calmly.

"Of course it is!" he cried. "Do you suppose it will restore life to that carcass there after thirty centuries or more, and not prolong the life of one already living? Yet, it is the true elixir, the true fountain of youth!" Here his ravings became incoherent, and so continued for some time.

"Well, it may be as you say, doctor," I said at length. "But let us first get this fellow fully resuscitated, and get out of here as soon as we can. Heavens! think what fame will be ours when we introduce to the world a living priest of the eighteenth dynasty."

"Resuscitate that dog!" he screamed. "Waste on him any more of the precious fluid which means thousands of years of life to us! No, no. Let him sleep as he has slept. All that a man has will he give for his life, and here is life! life! life! thousands of years of it."

"Why should you have any of it?" he continued, casting a look of deep malignity upon me. "Why should you enjoy what you did not discover? You would never have suspected the true nature of the liquor. You would have wasted it all on that carcass there. No, no. You have no right to it. It is all mine. Millions of years of life, and all mine!"

"You are welcome to it all, doctor, if you wish it," I managed to say. "I am not enamored with life enough to desire to prolong it indefinitely. I am satisfied with my allotted length of days. But now let us get out of here if you do not wish to carry our experiment further."

"Very well, then," he cried. "It is all mine. Eternity is mine! I must begin upon it now, before I am a moment older. From this moment I become as one of the gods. I drink," he said, lifting the flask to his lips, "to immortality!" A bright green glare shot from the vase as he held it aloft.

Powerful as I knew it was, I forward to intercept his draught, fully believing that a medicine so powerful as we had found this to be would be fatal to a living man, and determined to save my friend's life, at whatever risk to my own. I leaped forward, snatched the flask from his hands and flung it far down one of the unexplored corridors. For an instant he stood as if thunderstruck.

Then, with incredible quickness, and without uttering a word, he drew a stiletto from his breast, plunged it into my bosom and darted down the corridor. I fell fainting to the floor, but before I lost consciousness I heard a long, blood curdling scream followed by a deathly silence and I knew no more.

I returned to consciousness in the humble hut of a Fellah near the scene of my explorations, whither I had been conveyed by my men, who had found me insensible in the thick darkness of the vaulted chamber. I had hovered for weeks between life and death, but the anxious care of a physician whom the scientific society had sent me on hearing of my wound, finally restored me to consciousness and life. No tidings of Dr. Batesi had had been received.

As soon as I was able I revisited the tomb. Of its former treasures not an atom remained. The wretched Fellahin, who are not permitted to sell any of the treasures of antiquity which they may discover, had taken all away to dismember them at their leisure, in order to sell the fragments surreptitiously to tourists. The body of the priest had disappeared with the other contents of the tomb.

Feebly and disconsolately I crawled along one of the corridors which seemed to me to be the one down which I had thrown the crystal vase. Suddenly my torchbearer, who was in advance, started back with a cry of horror. Advancing cautiously, I found myself looking down into a wide pit which was sunk perpendicularly in the center of the passage. I threw a pebble down it, but no sound of its fall returned to my ears from the thick blackness below.

As I turned, weary and sick at heart, my foot struck a soft object. It was a light felt hat. I know it and its owner's fate.

The next day found me on my way to the dahabeah which was to take me down the Nile. After my litter had been placed on board, looking up the bank I chanced to see a tall, majestic figure, richly clad in garments of strange and ancient fashion, gazing intently upon the boat, and, as it seemed, at me.

"Who is that man?" I asked my servant.

"He is a stranger, Excellency. A newcomer. They call him Neffar. He is very wise, they say. Very wise and very rich, but he talks little. Some say he has the evil eye, but I do not know."

The dahabeah cast off from the shore, and with a favoring breeze shot swiftly down the stream. As we swept downward I kept my eyes on the grand, imposing figure of the stranger, as his gaze followed the boat until a bend in the river shut him from view.

"Strange," I said to the doctor at my side, "what hallucinations sick men have. Now I almost thought that"

"Yes, they are strange," he replied.

TRYING TO BE CLEVER.

His Intentions Were of the Best, but Were Not Appreciated.

Of course he wasn't to blame. He knew none of the circumstances. He only knew that his old college chum had married shortly after his graduation, three years before, and he wanted to show his interest. So when he met his former chum he wrung his hand and exclaimed:

"Well, by George! Where did you drop from?"

The chum edged away a little and said he was just passing through the city on his way west.

"Married, too, since I saw you last!" exclaimed the Chicagoan heartily. "How's your wife?"

"Very well, thank you," was the reply.

"Good! I'd like to meet her some time. I'll bet she's a stunner or she never would have caught you. You had the best eye for feminine loveliness of any man in college. Any children?"

"One."

The chum tried to move on, but the Chicagoan caught him by the hand again and cried:

"Bully boy! Only twenty-four and a papa. Boy or girl?"

"Girl."

"Better yet. Pretty as a peach, too. I'll bet."

"She's a very lovely girl, of course. But, really, you must excuse me; I must be going."

"Of course! Of course! George! But I'd like to hear her call you 'papa' once. Wouldn't it sound funny, though?"

"Yes, it would," said the young man desperately. "But she doesn't do it. Do you understand? She doesn't do it!"

"Excuse me, old man," said the Chicagoan. "I didn't stop to think. Too young to talk, I suppose. How old is she?"

"Nearly eighteen, you inspired idiot!" cried the young man. "Nearly eighteen. I married a widow, and if you live to be 1,000 years old you'll still be waiting to hear Alice call me 'papa.' Good day."

As the Chicagoan watched him disappear down the street he muttered:

"Why, hang me! I was trying to be real clever."—Chicago Tribune.

Dusky Geography.

There are perhaps no religious meetings which are conducted with more fervor and enthusiasm than those of our colored brethren. Sometimes, however, their theology, though no doubt sound at the core, becomes a little confused in its expression.

At a recent "praise meeting" one good old darky displayed a knowledge of geography which was, at least, not derived from the ordinary text book. He said:

"No matter whar yo' home is or whar yo' lib, bredren an sisters, you'll fin members oh de same fambly what we all belongs to! An yo' nebber need t' feel lonesome on dis account.

"Yo' go to le norf pole an twine yo'self roun de norf pole, an yo' ax dem Christians whar dey was borned, an dey'll say, 'I was borned in Zion.' Yo' go to le south pole an twine yo'self roun dat, an ax 'em dar whar dey was borned, an dey'll say, 'I was borned in Zion.' Den yo' go to d' east pole an twine yo'self roun d' east pole, an yo' ax 'em whar dey was borned, an dey'll say, 'I was borned in Zion.' An, lastly yo' go afar off to de west pole an twine yo'self roun dat, an ax 'em whar dey was borned, an dey'll say, 'I was borned in Zion.'"—Youth's Companion.

True Love.

"Ah, Bertha, I am awfully unhappy! You know how deeply in love I am with Mr. Drawtooth, the dentist. Well, I've tried everything to make him aware of my passion. I've already allowed him to pull out six good teeth, and still he has not yet made any sign of proposing."—Fliegende Blatter.

TO PARIS BY RAIL.

A Scheme to Unite the World with Bands of Steel.

The Russians Want to Build a Road to Alaska and Bridge the Behring Straits—Construction Not Impossible, But Very Improbable.

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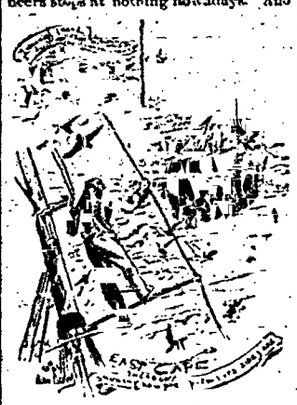
Within the past year a great deal has been said and written about the cosmopolitan railway, as it is often called, a railway that shall connect the great centers of commerce and trade in the United States with the similar centers in Asia and Europe. In other words, it is proposed to extend the railway system of America and of Asia so that they shall reach the shores of Behring straits, and then the two systems are to be united by a bridge across the straits, so that the traveler can, if he wishes, start from New York and in a few days land in Paris without change of cars.

This may be a feasible scheme on paper, but is it possible of accomplishment? It looks reasonable that modern engineering skill should be able to construct such a road. A visionary railroad enthusiast with a map before him and a pencil in his hand can easily lay out a road to connect either the Northern Pacific or the Canadian Pacific railway with Cape Prince of Wales. In the same way a road can be built from the Siberian Pacific railway across northeastern Siberia to East Cape. Bridges would, of course, be in the way, as those acquainted with the country would know, but these would probably not appear any greater to him than those that engineering skill has already overcome in other parts of the world, not even excepting the greatest barrier, that of bridging the straits.

It would, I think, be comparatively easy to construct a railway through the great Northwest territory of British America to the borders of Alaska. Such a road would open up to the world a vast region, rich in agricultural possibilities and timber and mining resources, and such a road, or most of it, will probably be built within a few years. Such a road, too, could probably be extended from the borders of Alaska at least to the Yukon river, and perhaps even to Cape Prince of Wales, without encountering great difficulties in construction. There would be vast mountain ranges to go around or tunnel through, and there would be great river courses to bridge. But modern skill is equal to these things.

Ignoring the question of cost the engineering work on the American section of the Cosmopolitan railway can be accomplished. But it is not alone a question of the construction of this road, the question of maintenance is really the vital question, for the daring of engineers stops at nothing nowadays. And in this question of maintenance have the promoters of the scheme thought of one barrier sufficiently, that of the snow? At times the volume of the snowfall in extreme northwestern Alaska is beyond all possible estimate of those who have not seen it. The year I was there the captain of our vessel went up into the country—and it was in a section that the proposed railroad would pass through—to examine a silver mine in which he had an interest. The mine was well situated on a southerly slope, and as the visit was made the first week in July he naturally expected to find the snow practically all gone. Instead, however, he found his mine under fifty feet or more of snow, as the fall of the previous winter had been a very heavy one.



It is an important fact that the Esquimaux understand the nature of this snowfall so well that they never build their habitations under a lee or in a protected place, for they know that to do so would be to insure burial under the snow nearly every winter. Some winters this snowfall is so heavy as to practically prevent the natives from hunting for weeks at a time, and it not infrequently drives the deer and other animals that subsist on vegetation to extreme measures to secure food. Now this railroad would of necessity have to run through river basins, valleys and other low places, and along mountain sides. And in doing this it could not escape being buried under vast deposits of snow frequently for months at a time and not improbably for occasional periods of fifteen to twenty months' duration. Neither snow sheds nor any other protection of man's invention that human skill can at present devise could withstand these immense snowfalls of the arctic regions. Then with the melting snow of springtime it would be impossible to protect any railway against torrents that I have seen on hillsides and in lowlands in these regions.

So though the railroad may be possible of construction even to Cape Prince of Wales, I do not believe it could be possible of maintenance and operation except at rare intervals, and then only by constant and expensive repairs.

And what is true of the nature of the country of northwestern Alaska is equally true of northeastern Siberia. A large expanse in the heart of Siberia consists of steppes or plains, which at times are buried deep under the snow and swept by fierce and terrific arctic winds.

Another by far the greatest barrier of all has not been dwelt upon, and that is bridging the straits.

From cape to cape the distance across Behring straits is about thirty-eight miles. Near the center of the straits are two islands, the larger of which, Ratmanoff island, would be in the line of the proposed bridge, and Gis n would save five to eight miles of bridge building. But it would be equally as expensive as the bridge in w[illegible] it is a mountain of rock and would have to be tunnelled or cut extensively for the railway to cross it. In addition to snow barrier would be even greater here than on either shore. Still, it cross the island is possible. And as the straits are not deep, hardly reaching thirty fathoms in any place, piers for the bridge could be built without encountering insurmountable difficulties. Hence the bridge like the rail[illegible] possible of construction. But how [illegible] the maintenance of it?

In summer the winds in the straits are almost invariably from the south and the currents have, therefore, a northerly trend. On the other hand in winter the winds are mostly from the north, and the currents, therefore, flow southerly. With a wind blowing from the south ice floes go northward, while with the winds from the northeast floes of ice are carried down through the straits. At times the mass of ice is immense and irresistible in progress. When one of the dread terrific northern gales of winter is blowing and floes of hundreds of square miles in area of heavy arctic ice are running before the wind and jamming their way through the straits with practically all the pressure of the vast and measureless north pack back of it, it is not within the limits of human ingenuity to build piers massive or strong enough to withstand this pressure. During a fearful gale this pressure is beyond all possible conception. Nothing but the solid earth itself, like the mountain peaks, on the islands and on the adjacent shores could withstand it, and even they tremble under it.

As for a ferry instead of a bridge at the straits, it could only be operated during about three months in the year, and then there would be occasional intervals of days at a time when crossing from shore to shore would be impossible on account of the ice jams and floes. Such a scheme as this Cosmopolitan railway is of no use to the world of today if it is not practicable, and I think I have shown conclusively that it is not practicable. The commercial and other needs of the world do not call for the building of such a road now, but when these needs do call for such a road some far more feasible scheme will supercede it just as the Atlantic cable prevented the building of the overland telegraph line.

HERBERT L. ALDRICH.

CARRIES HIS OWN TOOLS.

A Mysterious Old Gentleman who Brings the Tableware with Him.

There is an old man who frequents a Clark street restaurant who carries his own knife and fork. Exactly at twelve o'clock each day he appears. A seat in the corner is always reserved for him. Having this one eccentricity, says the Chicago Tribune, the old man's behavior is that of a perfect gentleman. A polite bow to the cashier, a nod to the waiter, and then he sits down with a great deal of deliberation. The knife and fork he carries in a small leather bag, which has been a faithful companion for years. It's something of a ceremony, opening the bag and placing the contents on the table. The waiters know his habits and never place a knife and fork near his plate. A green waiter once was guilty of this offense, and the old man staid away for a whole week.

No one knows what he does for a living, for he is taciturn and never says much. It is surmised that he is a clerk in a law office, but he has evidently seen better days. Some of the people about the place say that he is an Englishman of a noble family, but as he never said so himself this story is not generally believed. They base their belief on having noticed a family crest stamped on the knife and fork. The implements are of old-fashioned make and have silver handles. The working part is steel in both instances. This in turn has led other people who are not romantic in their tendencies to conjecture that the old man is not a discarded scion of a noble family at all, but simply and solely an honest American citizen with bad teeth who finds a steel knife and fork more helpful than the silver-plated tools furnished by the restaurants.

Would Do Just as Well.

Visitor—I have often wanted to visit a lunatic asylum, but I suppose there is none in the city.

Resident—No, but we've got a board of trade. (Proudly) Come along, it will do just as well.—Chicago Tribune.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO

This settled in Baker county, Oregon, near what is now Baker City, a man who has since become identified with the resources and development of that country. This man is no other than Mr. John Stewart, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens in the county. In a recent letter he says: "I had been suffering from pains in my back and general kidney complaint for some time, and had used many remedies without any but temporary relief. The pains in my back had become so severe that I was prevented from attending to my work and could not move about without the use of a cane. Hearing, through a friend, of the wonderful cures effected by Oregon Kidney Tea, I was induced to try a box, and from that the first dose I found instant relief, and before using half the contents of the box the pains in my back entirely disappeared. I have every faith in the virtues of the Oregon Kidney Tea, and can conscientiously recommend it to my friends. I would not be without it for anything."

Oregon Kidney Tea cures backache, inflammation of urine, brick dust sediment, burning or scalding sensation while urinating, and all affections of the kidneys or urinary organs.

Rio Grande Southern RAILROAD

The New All Rail Line to Telluride, Placerville, Ft. Lewis, Moncos and Hiro.

NOW COMPLETED AND OPEN FOR BUSINESS From Ridgeway, To Telluride.

Is the line of the Denver & Rio Grande R. R.

And will be [illegible] completion to Durango and [illegible] the most wonderful [illegible] Rocky Mountains, here [illegible] the Famous Montezuma and Shenandoah Valleys.

The Great Agricultural Region of the DOLORES RIVER.

This new line will bring the Tourist within easy reach of the cool Homes of the Cliff Dwellers.

Immediate connections are made at Ridgway with trains of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to and from Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs for Placerville and Telluride.

Stage Connections from Telluride to Rico.

As fast as road is completed, train service will be extended with stage connections from terminus to Rico.

OTTO MEARS, General Manager.

JACK'S BUDDING HOPES.

HE ASKS BILL NYE WHAT HE MUST DO TO BE EMINENT.

William Tells Him a Story of a Young Man Who Suddenly Rose to a Great Height. Try It, Asterisk, and Jump On When You Get There.

[Copyrighted, 1891, by Edgar W. Nye.]

CHATO Y-NOS, Buncombe Co., N. C., October, 1891.

The following letter has been waiting for some time, but other matters have interfered with a prompt reply:

ORANGE, Ark., Aug. 18, 1891.

Edgar W. Nye, Asheville, N. C.:

DEAR SIR—For several years I have been a reader of your excellent "Bill Nye" articles, and being now a bit young and literarily inclined, have longed for a bit of advice from your high standing, which the delegation are urging just as soon as you can spare it. If you could send a few "Nye" nuggets into my receptacle and they would never be lost.

AT THE ELEVATOR

I have never heard that you encouraged young scribblers to indulge in writing to you by answering their tiresome sheets by return mail, as unfortunately you were prepared to do. Unknowingly I make the experiment.

How would you advise a young man of a literary bent and possessing a keen sense for that which is unusual or humorous? How shall he find the market without money or influence? Is humorous writing remunerative? Can you cite an instance in regard to your gaining literary notoriety?

Please don't despair at this. It is nearly the introduction of what a bore can do. Possibly [illegible] will close on the opportunity presented. Please comply. Very sincerely.

The above letter is written by a young man who needs information about as severely as any one with whom I have ever met up. I put three asterisks in place of his name in order to shield his family. This is only a specimen of one kind of correspondent out of a list of a great many hundreds. I pause to wonder where they all come from.

Passing over the first paragraph, which is kind, flattering and fulsome, let us come at once to what Mr. Asterisk—Mr. Jack Asterisk, if you please—really wants to know.

In the first place, Jack, as often and as lucidly and pellucidly as I can with what few talents I may embrace, answer the inquirers who have something to inquire for, if I am able to supply the information. First then, Jack, you should know what you want to inquire for, and, secondly, you should know how to spell it. Then any one would be glad to drop the information into your receptacle.

Undoubtedly!

Now comes the query, "How would you advise a young man of a literary bent and possessing a keen sense for that which is unusual or humorous?"

I would advise such an one to avail himself of it and enjoy it. Few people are blest with a keen sense of the unusual. It should be fostered.

You ask next, "How shall he find the market without money or influence?" He will naturally have great difficulty. The market for a keen sense of the unusual was never more panicky than it is now. Without money or influence you will have quite a long search before you will get your price. To tell you the honest and never dying truth, Asterisk, there is no market for a keen sense for the unusual or humorous. It is a good thing to have, for your life will be longer and sweeter for having it. Don't market it at all, any more than you would market your keen relish for what is good or beautiful. You doubtless want to find a market, not for your keen sense of the unusual, but for your ability to describe such things in an entertaining way, and you cannot deliver the goods at present, I fear.

Learn first to write good English. Write at a mark for eight or nine years and let up on busy people, if you please. I once knew a young man who decided to go to New York and to try to get a job on the metropolitan press. He had practiced on a country paper for several years, and had received a cyclopedia and a reversible wall map as a reward for his genius and toil. So he said to himself: "I will go to New York. This life is killing me. It is time to call a halt." He did not take a trunk because he said it would only be a burden to him, and one hot day when the sun was beaming out all the hidden fragrance that a century has concealed between the heated paving stones of Newspaper row, he found the door which led into the inhospitable dwelling of the great newspaper upon which he had decided to bestow himself.

Everybody about him looked so cool and superior that he hated himself because he perspired so, and he knew that even the elevator boy looked down on him. He felt homesick, and when he took out his handkerchief to wipe his brow he accidentally pulled out a little photograph that his sister gave him when he started for town. It smote on his heart very heavily, Mr. Asterisk, and he compared the welcome he generally got at home with the chilly glare he got when he came to town.

When he mustered the courage, he took a deep breath and stepped into the elevator; the elevator boy pushed him back as I asked him whom he desired to see. Then it came over him that he did not know the editor and that, probably he never would. The elevator boy gave him a blank replevin to fill out, stating who he wished to see and also on what business, whether friendly or otherwise, whether married or single, and if so, how he agreed with him.

He sent this up to the editor and got word that the editor had gone to Honolulu to start a branch office, but would be back in the spring.

He did not believe this. So he lingered and pretty soon he saw a clergyman with the manuscript of a sermon under his arm and heard him ask to see Mr. Must. This gave him an idea. He would also ask to see Mr. Must as soon as the clergyman came back. So he took out his second papers, and, where the clergyman erred regarding what he wished to see Mr. Must for he wrote, "Wish to see Mr. Must regarding scoop."

Then he was bidden to come. He thought all the way up trying to think of an idea, for the paper offered as much as $2.75 apiece for ideas at that time. When he got there he was scared almost to death, but the editor greeted him rather kindly and said:

"Scoop" with a rising inflection.

I had an idea in the elevator," said Ambrose, for that was the name of our hero, "that it would be a good idea to send a map down to Coney Island and let him write it up."

"For the paper?" asked the editor, pounding on the wall with the drawhead from a wrench which he once participated in.

"Yes, for the paper," said Ambrose "for the first page."

"Well," said the editor, "I have thought of that. I thought of it eighteen years ago. We have had spells of thinking of it ever since. So have the other papers. Are you a native of New York?"

"No, sir; I am a native of Bellefonte, Ohio. I got here early this morning."

"I judged that you had not lived here always. You are too considerate of other people's feelings to pass for a native of New York. But you can acquire that metropolitan air if you try. If you go up to the slaughter house and drink hot blood for a month, then come and ride on the elevated road, you will get that man-about-town air."

"Yes, sir."

"But you look fatigued, and your clothes are old. Look at your trousers. Now they look at the knee."

"Yes, I am tired that way, sir, but one cannot let one's way from Chicago have to keep the crease in both legs of one's pantes and leave them drape alike when he arrives here. Folks tell me that they are taller out at Chicago, sir, [illegible] (Gad! they cover a warm heart.

"I see," said the editor, "that you have a wonderful command of language. I will give you a chance, though the office is full of idle men. You would think that the office sought seek the man, Ambrose; but it is not so here. I will give you an assignment. Go to the top of Trinity spire and write it up. Bring your stuff tomorrow. At the elevator give the good hailing sign, and repeat the word 'Mesopotamia.' You will be admitted."

Ambrose knew that this was only a polite way of getting rid of him, but he asked a policeman to show him Trinity church, and he went up in the spire alone. He cried a little up there, for as he looked out over the big, smoky city he thought that in that great swarming "human hive," as he had called it at home in The Advance, he had no friend. Here, even under the golden cross of the church, he was alone. It was a pitiful thought, and Ambrose hungered for his home away in Ohio; but with a big sob in his throat he shortened his pencil and looked about him, for he had a keen sense for the unusual.

Cut with a knife on the little window frame by his side he read:

MORTIMER
and
DOROTHY.
July 4.

That was all; but he took those two names and wove around them a story of tender possibility and humanity. He

AN INSTANCE OF LITERARY NOTORIETY.

put in the high flights of happiness and the shadows of sorrow as they must come, dear Asterisk, to all of us. He wrote on as the sun went down, and thought not of his hunger and the homeless, pitiless, sexless night that was coming on. He wrote while the shadows lengthened in the churchyard and the roar of business along Broadway died down to a sort of mercantile purr.

Then he took his "copy" and went up the Bowery to where one may abide all night for fifteen cents. There he abode the night. But he did not care. He was happy. He did not have to sleep there any more. The editor read his little story aloud till his voice got husky and then he read it to himself.

Now Ambrose is himself a managing editor, and has engraved visiting cards with "Master" on them.

You ask if I can cite an instance in regard to my gaining literary notoriety, and I reply with my hand on my heart that, so far as I know, I cannot.

And now, if I have been of service to you or any one who may read these lines, if there be in this brief note a grain of goodness which you may pick up and file away, I am repaid—that is, of course, figuratively speaking—and with this, and hoping that possibly I, too, may be eminent some day, and in lieu of this great impossibility, will close, as the opportunity presents. Very sincerely,

Bill Nye.

By Invitation.

Mrs. Binks—Why didn't you come home to dinner?

Small I'd had my dinner, ma. I took dinner with Willie Minks.

"Did Mrs. Minks invite you?"

"Yes, ma. I smelled apple dumplings cooking, and I told her I liked apple dumplings awful."

Oh, you did?"

"Yes'm. Then she said maybe if I went home I'd find you had apple dumplings for dinner too."

"Humph!"

"Yes'm. But I told her yours was always so heavy pa wouldn't let me eat any, an then she invited me to sit down."—Good News.

The Wrong Place.

Bingo. How is the new servant girl getting on?

Mrs. Bingo. She's gone.

Bingo. Gone. Why, what's the matter?

Mrs. Bingo. My dresses didn't fit her.—Cloak Review.

A Question of Attitude.

Clara—Say, dear, I've changed milliners.

Maude. Oh, what did you do that for?

Clara—Well, you see, my old one was only five feet high, and I've got to have some new theater hats.—Cloak Review.

Guaranteed.

Always the same. A notice in a late issue of a Berlin paper:

"Isaac Goldskin and his wife respectfully invite their friends to be present at their guaranteed pure silver wedding, etc."—Fliegende Blatter.

To Take the Curse Off.

Ellen is said to have invented an automatic piano player. This won't do. If we have to listen to the piano let us have a pretty girl to operate it.

BUT MEN ARE DIFFERENT

A Story of the Gentle Courtesies of Rapid Transit.

The Thoughtlessness of Woman and the Ready Helpfulness of Man as They Are Observed by Howard Fielding, Humorist and Philosopher.

Scene: Corner station on the New York "L" road at Park place station. Hurry this [illegible]. Make it any car on any road leaving station. Make it a Brooklyn car, if you wish; should be the 1 Rock [illegible] car, but [illegible] or a Philadelphia [illegible] car, should rather be full of a dry goods lady [illegible]; but in reality has as many seats as [illegible]. Yes, and as many people here on the platform as there be [illegible]. It is all the same. [illegible] company that a man [illegible] to it belong to this world.

Time: [illegible] rush hour. But this is not a [illegible] of a car. It is location on the "L" road and upon the particular point [illegible] which the officials of the road are going to explain. However, to make it a little more definite we will stick to the "L" road, the Park place station and five o'clock in the afternoon.

CONVERSATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Enter Tom, Dick and Harry by the R. U. B. of the second car.

Tom—I see three seats in the first car. (He dives under the arm of the conductor, who, in the act of ringing the bell, hits Tom twice on the back of the head and knocks his hat off with the bell rope. Tom stoops for his hat. Dick and Harry fall over him. They pick themselves up and make a break for the seats, Tom in the lead).

Woman (with girl baby in her arms and bundle on the floor)—Here! you've put your foot through my bundle!

Her Friend—You may thank goodness it wasn't the baby. What an awkward brute.

(Tom reaches the seats and dodges back and forth in front of them, preventing anybody from sitting down there till Dick and Harry arrive).

Tom—Women in elevated cars don't seem to have any sense. Did you see that one with her big bundle out in the aisle?

Dick—Yes; I fell over her head as I came along. Say, was you trying to pick up what was left of a dozen lamp chimneys after you'd stopped on them.

Harry (to Tom)—Did you hear her friend's polite reference to yourself?

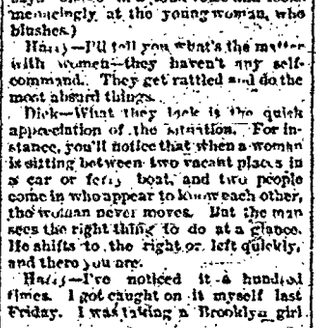
Tom—It didn't surprise me any. I never expect courtesy from women on the road.

Harry—Courtesy? Well, I should say not. You won't get much courtesy from women anywhere. (Woman facing Harry sniffs disdainfully. Young woman to the left of Harry drops bundle. She stoops to pick it up and drops parasol. Gathers them both up hastily and drops a book. It hits on Harry's foot. He says "blarey" in a loud voice and looks meaningly at the young woman, who blushes.)

Harry—I'll tell you what's the matter with women—they haven't any self-command. They get rattled and do the most absurd things.

Dick—What they lack is the quick appreciation of the situation. For instance, you'll notice that when a woman is sitting between two vacant places in a car or ferry boat, and two people come in who appear to know each other, the woman never moves. But the man sees the right thing to do at a glance. He shifts to the right or left quickly, and there you are.

Harry—I've noticed it a hundred times. I got caught on it myself last Friday. I was taking a Brooklyn girl



I NEVER WAS THANKFUL BUT ONCE

to the theater. Infernal nuisance, but I had to do it. She lives on the outskirts, somewhere between Fire Island and Queenstown, I should say, by the length of time it takes to get there. But she's rather a bright girl, as girls go, and so long as I had to ride a thousand or so miles with her, I wanted the consolation of talking to her. Well, the only two seats in the car had a woman between them as usual. There she sat with her face alike a loaf of bread, and didn't move. My girl dropped into one seat, and I into the other. Conversation languished. Then we tried to talk in front of the woman, but I couldn't stand it. Every time I said a really good thing the woman put on that tired expression, and it made me feel like a gibbering idiot. People in the car got to noticing it, and some of them grinned. I had to quit. Then I tried to talk round behind in a subdued tone of voice but she put her head back against the window frame and gently fell asleep. It was too much for me. I didn't say a word after that till we got to the bridge.

Tom—It has been my experience that men are almost uniformly courteous. For my part, I always give my seat to a woman if I think she needs it more than I do. Thanks? Well, I guess not. I never was thanked but once in my life, and then, when I tried to get up a flirtation with the girl she wouldn't have it. The female soul is too small to hold the emotion of gratitude.

Harry—I've had the same luck, but still I always give my seat to a woman, even if she's old enough to be my mother. One must be a gentleman.

Dick—Yes; a fellow simply has to give up his seat to some woman. If he doesn't they just stand in front of him and fix their hard, cold eyes on him, and wait and wait for him, just as a turkey buzzard sits on a dead limb watching a sick cow. Five minutes of that would kill me, and so I weaken. I'd rather give her my seat than bequeath it to her.

(A woman with four bundles forces her way through the crowd and stands in front of them. They pretend not to see her. The woman sighs heavily. Tom, Dick and Harry rise simultaneously; then, each feeling that the others are getting up, they all sit down again promptly. The woman fixes her hard, cold eye on Dick, and he weakens. The car is now entirely full, nevertheless, twenty more people get aboard at Grand street. Various internal convulsions occur in the mob. They tread on each others' toes. A pretty girl is pushed in front of Harry. He hastily gives up his seat. Harry and Dick stare at her. Tom nudges her with his elbow, but obtains no response. She stores her mind with useful information from the pages of "That Silly Young Girl" until Fifty-ninth street is reached, when she leaves the car. The woman on the other side of Tom also gets out.)

Young Man (to his best girl)—You take that seat and I'll take this one.

The Best Girl—We can't we get two together? (She prepares to sit down. Tom remembers his remarks about the ready courtesy of men, and hastily moves into the right seat. The best girl sits in his lap. She rises hastily. Tom, embarrassed, tries to slip back into his own place. A thin, elderly female has arrived there, before him. He sits in her lap. She leaves hastily.)

The Best Girl—He did it on purpose.

Young Man—I'll put a head on you, young fellow. (He puts a head on.)

Elderly Female (punching Tom with her umbrella)—Get off!

Conductor Willful Slender Jukes—Here; what's all this row about?

Tom (slipping a quarter into the conductor's hand)—He began it; put him off.

THE CALM DIGNITY OF MAN.

Young Man (giving conductor half a dollar)—He's drunk and disorderly!

Conductor Jukes (pocketing both coins)—Young fellies, keep quiet now, or there'll be trouble, see? (To small boy)—What yer laughing at? (Cuffs him.) Seventy-second street. Step lively, now!

HOWARD FIELDING.

HE WOULDN'T MOVE.

But When the Engine Came Along He Took a Flier.

About a mile from Calera, Ala., we came to a place where the railroad track crossed a public highway, and stuck on the track was mule hitched to a rickety old wagon loaded with wood. The front wheels had stopped at the rail, and the mule was fair across the metals. He stood there with his head down and his ears lazily working, and lying on the grass near by was an old negro man smoking a pipe.

"What's the matter?" I asked, as we drew up.

"Dat sheert has dun gi' out back," he replied.

"Do you mean he won't pull his load over the track?"

"Zactly, sah—zactly. He kin do it if he wants ter, but he jest won't. He's de obstinatest critter in dis hull stait."

One of our party got down and took the animal by the bit and tried to start him up, but he hung back until he almost sat down.

"It hain't no use tryin," said the owner as he came forward. "He's one of dem breed of mewls who gits set once in awhile, an when dat fit strikes him he's bound to stay right dar."

"But if you don't get him off he'll be struck by a train."

"Can't help it, sah. He's dun his wantin to see dat train fur a long time an now I'm go'ine to let him."

We were going to raise the wagon and boost the whole outfit over, but the colonel said if the "nigger" didn't care it was no funeral of ours. We heard a train coming and got back out of the way, and the negro waved his hand and shouted to the mule:

"Git out eye of yours now an see dem kivered kyars! You've dun gin crazy to git nigh dat bullgine an see if it was alive, an you'll soon know all about it!"

It was a heavy freight train coming on a down grade. The engineer tooted as he rounded the curve, but the mule never raised his head. Instead of trying to stop more steam was put on, and next moment that mule went twenty feet high, while it rained wagon wheels and pine knots all over the township. As the train passed on we found the mule in the bushes thirty feet from the track. He was all there, but dead as a door nail. The negro came slowly up, took a long look, and then shook his fist at the dead animal and said:

"I dun told yo' dat bullgine was alive, but yo' wouldn't believe it! I hope yo' feel better now! Yo' has went an got yourself killed off, de wagon busted up an left me to go to de porehouse, an mebbe de next mewl I has will bey some sense in his head!"—New York World.

By the Sad Sea Waves.

Boys—An did yer ever see a whale?

Old Timer—A whale, is it? Why, when I was in the Mediterranean, in '6, aboard the Whopper, our lookout cried land ahead! an sure enough, right over on our larboard side, there was an island as no one ever seed afore, an which our skipper said warn't down on none o' his charts. We hove to right in the eye of a biting wind an six of us was sent out in the skipper's gig to make observations. We made direck for the island an landed an wandered about for an future morning without diskivrin no signs o' humanid life or vegetation. We got chilled through an proceeded to build a fire, which we had scarcely lighted when the island began to squirm an to sink as if by magic. To make a long story short what we took for an island was a whale. I guess he couldn't stand the hot fire in the small of his back, so he sank to the bottom of the ocean. We all escaped except one cox'n, poor Tommy Bilge, he fell into the hole the fire made into the whale's back an was drowned. (Contemptuously) Have I seen whales?—Life.

A Distinction.

Cholly—What's the difference, old chappie, between a woman and a lady? I've heard, don't you know, but I can't remember.

Dicky—My dear boy, a lady is a sort of a woman we are acquainted with while a woman is a sort of a lady other people are acquainted with.—New York Herald.

A Good Man to Destroy.

"No," said the stern father, "I shall not permit you to marry young Fanshaw. In the first place he is too careless of the future."

"Why, pa! He's not a bit careless of the future. He has nearly 300 oyster beds written up for the winter market."

THE SEAMSTRESS.

A Charming Sketch by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

An Interesting Bit That Was Written More Than Fifty Years Ago, But Has Never Been Published in Any Collection of Her Works.

[illegible]

E. B. S.

However [illegible] in a sentimental [illegible] have been the poetic [illegible] from this gifted writer, we think we have never seen anything [illegible] source that could be more [illegible] of her than the little relief from which the above verses are taken. They show that the accomplished lady possessed, not merely a knowledge of the dreamy, ideal wants of human hearts, but of those more pressing and homely ones which the fastidious and poetical are often the last to appreciate. The sufferings of poverty are not confined to those of the common, squalid, everyday poor, inured to hardships, and [illegible] will open hand to receive charity [illegible] it come to them as it will. There is another class on whom it presses with still heavier power. The generous, the decent, the self-respecting, who have struggled with their lot in silence; "bearing all things, hoping all things," and willing to endure all things rather than to breathe a word of complaint, or acknowledge even to themselves that their efforts will not be sufficient for their own necessities.

Pause with me awhile at the door of yonder small room, whose solitary window overlooks a little court below. It is inhabited by a widow and her daughter; dependent entirely on the labors of the needle and those other slight precarious resources which are all that remainto woman when left to struggle her way through "this bleak world" alone. It contains all their small earthly store, and there is scarcely an article of its small stock of furniture that has not been thought of, and toiled for, and its price calculated over and over again, before everything could come square for its purchase. Every neatness is arranged with the utmost neatness and care; nor is the most costly furniture of a fashionable parlor more sacredly protected from dust, more sedulously guarded from a scratch or rub, than is that brightly varnished bureau, and that cherry tea-table and bedstead. The floor, too, boasts of once a carpet, but old Time has been at busy work with it, picking a hole here and making a thin place there, and though the old fellow has been followed by the most industrious [illegible] of darning, the marks of his relentless fingers are too plain to be mistaken. It is true, a kindly neighbor has given a faded piece of baize, which has been neatly clipped and bound, and spread down over a large and awkward unmanageable hole in front of the fire place; and other places have been repaired with pieces of different colors; and yet, after all, it is evident that the poor carpet is not long for this world. But the best face is put upon everything. The little cupboard in the corner, that contains a few china cups and one or two antiquated silver spoons, relics of better days, is arranged with jealous neatness; and the white muslin window curtain, albeit the muslin be old, has been carefully starched and ironed and put up with exact precision; and on the bureau, covered with a snowy cloth, are arranged a few books and other memorials of former times, and a faded miniature, which, though it says little about it to intimate a stranger, is more precious to the poor widow than everything besides. Mrs. A is seated in her rocking chair supported by a pillow, and busy cutting out work, while her daughter, a slender, sickly-looking girl, is sitting at the window intent on some fine stitching.

Mrs. A was in former times the wife of a prosperous merchant, the mistress of a genteel and commodious house, and the mother of an affectionate family. But evil fortune had followed her with a steadiness which seemed more like the stern decree of some adverse fate, than the ordinary dealings of a merciful Providence. First came a heavy run of losses in business; then long and expensive sickness in the family and the death of children. Then there was the selling of the large house and elegant furniture, to retire to a humbler style of living; and finally the sale of all the property, with a view of quitting the shores of a native country and commencing life again in a new one. But scarcely had the exiled family found themselves in the ports of a foreign land, when the father was suddenly smitten down by the hand of death, and his solitary grave made in a [illegible] of strangers. The widow, broken-hearted and discouraged, had still a wearisome distance before her, ere she could find herself among friends. With her two daughters, entirely unattended, and with her finances impoverished by the detention and expenses of sickness, she performed the tedious remainder of the journey.

Arrived at the place of her destination, she found herself not only without immediate resources but considerably in debt to a relative, who had advanced money for her traveling expense. With silent endurance she met the necessities of her situation. Her daughters, delicately reared and hitherto carefully educated, were placed out at service; and Mrs. A herself sought employment as a nurse. The younger child soon fell sick, and the hard earnings of a mother were all exhausted in the care of her; and, though she recovered in part, she was declared by the physician to be the victim of a disease which would never leave her till it terminated her life. As soon, however, as her daughter was so far restored as not to need her immediate care, Mrs. A resumed her laborious employment. Scarcely had she been able in this way to discharge the debts of her journey and to furnish the small room we have described, when the hand of disease was heavily laid upon herself. Too resolute and persevering to give way to the first attacks of pain and weakness, she still continued her fatiguing labor till her system was entirely prostrated. Thus all possibility of her pursuing her business was cut off, and nothing remained but what could be accomplished by her own and her daughter's dexterity at the needle. It was at such a time as this that we ask you to look in and see.

Mrs. A is sitting up to-day, the first time for a week, and even to-day she is scarcely fit to do so; but she has thought that the month is coming round, and that her rent will soon be due; and even to her feebleness she will stretch every nerve to meet her engagements with punctilious exactness.

Wearied at length with cutting out and measuring, and drawing threads, she leans back in her chair, and her eyes rest on the pale face of her daughter, who has been sitting for two hours past, intent upon her stitching.

"Ellen, my child, your head aches; don't work so steadily."

"O, no, indeed; it don't ache much," says the poor girl, too conscious of looking very much tired. Poor Nelly! had she remained in the situation in which she was born, she would perhaps now have been skipping about and enjoying life as the other young girls of fifteen do; but now there is no choice of employment for her; no youthful companion; no visiting; no fresh walks in the outdoor air. Evening or morning it is all the same; headache or side ache, 'tis all one. She must hold on with her monotonous, enervating task; a weary, weary thing for a girl of fifteen!

But see, the door opens, and Mrs. A's pale face brightens as her other daughter enters. Mary is a domestic in a neighboring family, where her faithfulness and kindness of heart have caused her to be regarded more as a daughter than as an hireling servant.

"Here, mother, why [illegible] money? she exclaims [illegible] work and rest awhile. I can get enough to pay it the next time before the month comes round again."

"Dear child! I do wish you would ever think of getting anything for yourself," replied Mrs. A. "I will consent to take up all your earnings, as I have done lately, and all Ellen's too, if you can have a new dress this spring, and that bonnet of yours is indecent any longer."

"O, as to that, mother, I have fixed over my old blue satin, and could be surprised to see how well it looks; and to be sure my best frock is thin, but if I wash it, and darn it, I can make it hold together; and as to my bonnet, Mrs. G has given me a ribbon, and I can get it whitened up, and it will look very well; and so," she added, "I bought you some wine this afternoon; you know the doctor says you must take wine."

"Dear child! I want to see you take some comfort of your money yourself."

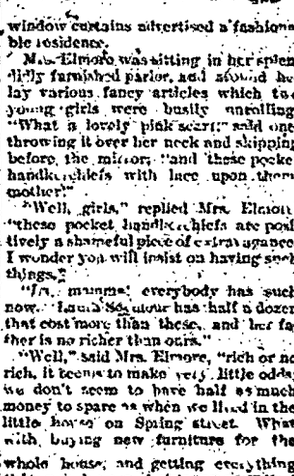
"Well, I do take comfort of it, mother. It's more comfort to be able to help you than to wear all the French collars and silk dresses that other girls buy."

Two months from this dialogue found our little family still more straitened and perplexed. Mrs. A had been confined all the time with sickness, and the greater part of Ellen's time and strength were occupied with attending to her. Very little sewing could the poor child do in the broken intervals that remained to her; and the wages of Mary were not only spent as fast as earned, but she had anticipated two months in advance.

Mrs. A had been better for a day or two, and had been sitting up, exerting all her strength to finish a set of shirts which had been sent in to make. "This money for them will just pay our rent," sighed she, "and if we can do a little more this week—"

"Dear mother, you are so tired," said Ellen; "do lie down and not worry any more till I come back."

Ellen stopped at the door of a splendid house, whose delicate and [illegible]



window curtains advertised a fashionable residence.

Mrs. Elmore was sitting in her splendidly furnished parlor, and around her lay various fancy articles which two young girls were busily unrolling. "What a lovely pink scarf," said one, throwing it over her neck and skipping before the mirror; "and these pocket handkerchiefs with lace upon them, mother!"

"Well, girls," replied Mrs. Elmore, "these pocket handkerchiefs are positively a shameful piece of extravagance. I wonder you will insist on having such things."

"Ha, mamma! everybody has such now. Laura Seymour has half a dozen that cost more than these, and her father is no richer than ours."

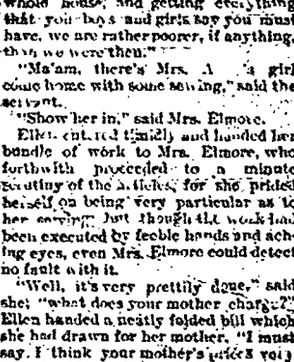
"Well," said Mrs. Elmore, "rich or no rich, it seems to make very little odds; we don't seem to have half as much money to spare as when we lived in the little house on Spring street. What with buying new furniture for the whole house, and getting everything that you boys and girls say you must have, we are rather poorer, if anything, than we were then."

"Ma'am, there's Mrs. A a girl come home with some sewing," said the servant.

"Show her in," said Mrs. Elmore.

Ellen entered timidly and handed her bundle of work to Mrs. Elmore, who forthwith proceeded to a minute scrutiny of the articles, for she prided herself on being very particular as to her sewing. But though the work had been executed by feeble hands and aching eyes, even Mrs. Elmore could detect no fault with it.

"Well, it's very prettily done," said she; "what does your mother charge?" Ellen handed a neatly folded bill which she had drawn for her mother. "I must say, I think your mother's prices very high," said Mrs. Elmore, rummaging in her nearly emptied purse; "everything is getting so dear that one hardly knows how to live." Ellen looked at the fancy articles in the chair and glanced round the room with an air of astonishment. "Ah," said Mrs. Elmore, "I dare say it seems to you as if persons in our situation had no need of economy; but for my part, I feel the need of it more and more every day." As she spoke she handed Ellen the three dollars, which, though it was not one-tenth the price of one of the handkerchiefs, was all the money that she and her sick mother



could claim in the world. "There," said she, "tell your mother that I like her work very much; but I don't know that I can afford to employ her if I can find anyone to work cheaper." Now Mrs. Elmore was not a hard-hearted woman, and if Ellen had come as a beggar to solicit charity for her sick mother Mrs. Elmore would have filled out a basket of provisions and sent a bottle of wine and a bundle of old clothes and all the comforts of sick chamber but the sight of a *bill* always aroused all the instinctive sharpness of her business-like education. She never had the dawning of an idea that it was her duty to pay anybody more than she could possibly help; hay, she had an hallucinated notion that it was her duty as an economist, to make everybody take as little as she possibly could. When she and her daughters lived in the little house in Spring street, to which she had alluded, they used to spend the greater part of the time at home, and the family sewing was commonly done among themselves. But since they had moved into a large house and set up a carriage, and addressed themselves to being genteel, the girls found that they had altogether too much to do to attend to their own sewing, much less to perform any for their father and brothers; and their mother found her hands abundantly full in overhauling her large house, in taking care of her expensive furniture, and superintending her increased session of servants. The sewing therefore, was to be put out; and Mrs. Elmore felt it a duty, she said, to get it done the cheapest way she could. Nevertheless, Mrs. Elmore was too notable a lady, and her sons and daughters were altogether too fastidious as to the make and quality of their clothing, to admit the idea of its being done in any but the most complete and perfect manner. Mrs. Elmore never excused herself of want of charity for the poor; but she had never considered that the best class of the poor are those who never ask charity. She did not consider that by paying liberally, those who were honestly and independently struggling for themselves, she was really doing a greater charity than by giving indiscriminately to a dozen applicants.

"Don't you think, mother, she says we charge too high for our work," said Ellen when she returned. "I'm sure she can't have thought how much work we put on those shirts, she says she can't give us any more; she must look out somebody to do it cheaper. I don't see how it is that people who live in such houses and have so many beautiful things, do feel that they cannot afford to pay for sewing."

"Well, child, they are more apt to feel so than people who live plainer."

"Well, I'm sure," said Ellen, "we can't afford to spend as much of our time as we have to spare upon sewing for less money."

"Never mind, child," replied her mother, soothingly. "Here is a bundle of work that another lady has sent to, and if we get it done we shall have enough for our rent, and something over to buy bread with."

It is needless to carry our readers over all the process of gathering and stitching necessary for making up six shirts. Suffice to say that on Saturday evening all but one were finished, and Ellen proceeded to carry them home, promising to bring the remaining one on Tuesday. The lady examined the work and gave Ellen the money for it; but on Tuesday, when the child returned with the remaining work, she found her in high ill humor. Upon the reconsideration of the shirts, she had discovered that in several respects they differed from the directions that she meant to have given, and accordingly she vented her displeasure upon Ellen.

"Why didn't you make the shirts by the pattern I sent you?" said she, sharply.

"We did," replied Ellen, mildly; "mother measured by the pattern every part, and cut them herself."

"Your mother must be a fool, then, to make such a piece of work. I wish you'd just take them all back and alter them over;" and the lady proceeded with various minute directions, of which neither Ellen nor her mother had till then had any intimation. Unused to such language, the frightened Ellen took up her work and slowly walked homeward. "O! dear me, how my head does ache," she thought to herself; "and poor mother, she said this morning that one of her sick spells was coming on, and we have all this to rip out."

"See here, mother" she said, as with a discouraged air she entered their little room. "Mrs. R says she must take out all these buttons, and take off these collars and fix them quite another way. She says they are not like the pattern she sent; but she must have forgotten, for here it is; look, mother, exactly as we have made them."

"Well, then, child! go and early back the pattern, and show her that it is so."

"Indeed, mother, she was so cross to me, and looked at me so, and spoke so about you, that I really don't feel as if I *could* go back."

"I will go for you then," said the kind Maria Stephens, who had been sitting with Mrs. A while Ellen was out. "I will take the pattern and the shirts both back, and tell her the exact truth about it; I'm not afraid of her." Maria Stephens was a tailoress who rented a room on the same floor with Mrs. A; a cheerful, resolute, go forward little body, and ready always to give a helping hand to a neighbor in trouble; and she took the shirts and the pattern, and set out resolutely on her mission.

But poor Mrs. A though she professed to take a right view of the matter, and was very emphatic in showing Ellen why she ought not to distress herself about it, still felt a shivering sense of the hardness and unkindness of the world coming over her. The bitter tears would spring to her eyes in spite of every effort to suppress them, as she stood mournfully gazing on the little faded miniature, which we have before noticed. "When he was alive, I never knew what trouble or poverty was," was the thought that constantly passed through her mind; and how many a poor forlorn one has thought the same. Poor Mrs. A was confined to her bed for most of that week. The doctor gave absolute directions that she should do nothing, and keep entirely quiet. A direction very sensible indeed in the chamber of ease and competence, but hard to be observed in poverty and want.

Poor Ellen! What pains she took that week to make her mother easy. How often did she reply to her anxious questions: "That she felt quite well; that her head did not ache *much*," and various other things in which the child tried to persuade herself she was almost speaking the truth; and during the short snatches of time when her mother was asleep, in the day or evening, she accomplished one or two pieces of plain work, with the price of which she expected to surprise her mother.

It was toward evening, when Ellen took her finished work to the elegant dwelling of Mrs. P——. "I shall get a dollar for this," she said, "enough to buy mother's wine and medicine."

"The work is done very neatly," said Mrs. P "and here is some more I should like to have finished in the same way." Ellen looked up wistfully, to see if Mrs. P was about to pay her for the last work; but Mrs. P was merely rummaging a drawer for a pattern, which she put into Ellen's hands; having explained how she wished it fitted, she dismissed her without a word of the expected dollar.

Poor Ellen tried half a dozen times as she was going out to turn round and speak to her, but she was a timid girl, and [illegible] could think of any [illegible] for [illegible] and found herself in the street.

Mrs. P was as amiable, [illegible]

[illegible] and Ellen had not known how many an affair a single one night was in some people. For the same [illegible] after Ellen had worked incessantly at the new work put into her hands, that she might get the money for all together, she again disappointed her in payment.

"I'll send the money round to-morrow," said she, when Ellen at length found courage to ask for it; but the money never came, and Ellen was forgotten; nor was it till after one or two applications more that the small sum was paid.

But these sketches are already long enough, and let us hasten now to close them. Mrs. A found liberal friends, who could appreciate her integrity of principle and her real worth of character, and by their assistance she was spared to see more prosperous days; and she, and the delicate Ellen, and the warm-hearted Mary were enabled once more to have a home and fireside of their own, and to enjoy something like a return of their former prosperity.

We have written these sketches because we think that there is in general too little consideration on the part of those who give employment to the similarly situated. The giving of employment is a very important branch of charity, inasmuch as it assists that class of the poor who are the most deserving of assistance. It should be looked at in this light and the arrangements of the family so made that a sufficient compensation can be given, without the dread of transgressing economy.

It is better to teach our daughters to do without expensive ornaments or fashionable apparel; better even to deny ourselves the pleasure of large donations, or direct subscriptions to public charities, than to curtail the small stipend of the female who "candle goeth not out by night," and who labors diligently with her needle, to earn a subsistence for herself and the helpless dear ones dependent on her exertions.

Cincinnati, O., 1839.

THE JOKER-NUGGET.

Sensational Particulars of Its Discovery.

No man who was on the field at the time will forget the excitement that was aroused when the joker was found in Teetulpa. No other yet been obtained on Teetulpa that [illegible] the government [illegible] the [illegible] hundred and twenty pounds [illegible]. In size and shape it resembled a man's hand; it was thick at the wrist and tapered off toward the fingers.

The claim had been a good one from the first, and the owner was just the healthy men of Teetulpa. So on a day, reclining full length [illegible] one arm the man searched for nuggets. He made a sweep with his hand to push back some of the gravel and his eye caught sight of the joker. He at once covered it with his [illegible] rather wondering how he was to secure the treasure without [illegible]. If the find became known every man in the field would tramp to the spot and parade his claim, and so [illegible] the working. A [illegible] looked up.

"Found anything?" he asked.

"No. Seen the color, thirsty? Pitch my coat over to me, will you? It's lying near you there. I want a smoke."

"What's the matter? Not sick? Don't you feel right?"

"I'm all right; only the sun is a bit hot."

He was struggling with an inclination to laugh; but he got [illegible] over the nugget and scraped [illegible] the top of it. Then laughter overpowered him and he began [illegible] his head about in wonderment, but [illegible] the sun had affected him. In a little while he gained his composure and decided to go to his tent. In lifting [illegible] cost he managed to take up the [illegible] of gold, and no one knew that he had found anything.

It was not until ten days had [illegible] that the fact was noised abroad, and even then few knew the claim where the Joker came. Cornelius Pietas [illegible] Australia.

Harry Co. [illegible]

Edison is of the opinion that [illegible] ately the house will be lighted and heated for sixty cents a [illegible].

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POETS LAUREATE.

ALFRED TENNYSON AND HIS WOULD-BE SUCCESSORS.

It Is to be Many Claimants for the Position, Which is the Gift of the Queen and Lord Salisbury, Who Both Have Favorites—Other Gifted Poets Laureate.

LONDON, Sept. 17.—Who will succeed Tennyson as laureate?

That is the question that is agitating all England, particularly literary London, at the present moment. Lord Tennyson is a very old man and very feeble, and in the natural order of things must soon go the way of all flesh. Indeed, there has been some very serious talk here of the old poet's intention of resigning the office of laureate, since he himself has said that the labor of writing has become irksome to him.

However this may be, one thing is certain. The question of his successor is being actively and seriously debated and, what is more, there are several candidates for his mantle already in the field. Any one who watches the course of the discussion can but come to the conclusion that the whole affair is, to use the expression of Stephen Blackpoole, "raw a muddle." As it stands, the queen has a candidate, Lord Salisbury has a candidate, the literary world has a couple of candidates, but as it is the queen and the prime minister who have the naming of the laureate, the opinions of the literary world will not count for what they are really worth.

If Browning were still alive the whole matter might be somewhat simplified. But, he is dead, and the list is reduced to four or five poets, no one of whom can be called great.

"There is Swinburne!" the reader exclaims.

Yes, to be sure there is Swinburne, but such are the conditions under which the laureateship is gained that his chances of getting it are much poorer than are those of much inferior poets. It is the custom of certain knowing English writers to laugh at Americans and allege that they can't get a dinner ready without introducing politics in the bill of fare. However, there will be there is a good deal of politics about the appointment of a poet laureate of England. It is not the greatest poet who makes the most acceptable poet laureate. Indeed, if in the long list of poets laureate such names as Spenser, Dryden, Southey, Wordsworth and Tennyson occur, it is just as true that some of the poets laureate have been pretty mean specimens both of men and poets.

The queen and the prime minister, as I have said, have the making of the poet laureate, so it will be seen that it depends a good deal upon which party is in power. If Tennyson should outlive the present government, as he may, the poet might be important to some Englishman, but if Lord Salisbury should go to the country and return well spanked by the people, some of the candidates who are now very much in it would be very much out of it, for the Grand Old Man would have none of them, even at the queen's behest.

As it stands now the queen has a candidate and so has Lord Salisbury, and these are important quantities. The queen has written a book or so and has a pretty settled idea of her ability in the way of writing pieces. Lord Salisbury, when he was Robert Cecil, was a pretty bright newspaper man, not too awfully bright, though. Between them they ought to pick out a pretty fair poet to fill up his soul in song whenever a royal baby comes along for the benefit of the British taxpayer, or whenever Princess Battenburg happens to fall over the fire.

But who is the queen's candidate? you say. Well, he is a dear, sweet, lovable creature who represents the name of Lewis Morris. He is no relation of William Morris, by the way, of whom you all have heard. William Morris is a genius and a poet. As much can scarcely be honestly said of Lewis Morris. The latter person is a respectable gentleman, well along in the seventies of life, who was a lawyer until he got tired of that unpoetical profession, when he retired to Wales, took up the pursuits of a country gentleman, obtained a seat in the council of education for Wales and incidentally became a poet. From 1871 to 1875 he published the "Songs of Two Worlds" and in 1876 the "Epic of Hades." The queen thinks a great deal of these works, so much so, indeed, that she would like to see their author made poet laureate. That anyone else feels the same way is very improbable, certainly Lord Salisbury does not, and he is a very important personage in the matter just now.

Lord Salisbury has a candidate himself, for Tennyson's shoes, who is not at all dismayed because they are many sizes too large for him. The prime minister's candidate is Alfred Austin, who is not so colorless a man as is the queen's favorite. In fact, without being a great poet, he writes some verse very nearly. But he is too much inclined to be a political hack to satisfy the British public and he is not at all popular. He is somewhere in the 60 years old and is a Roman Catholic. This fact might keep him from Lord Salisbury's favor were he not such a thorough-paced political time-server to the Conservative party. Yet in the "Dictionary of National Biography," in which you will find the record of every British worthy of any consequence, the name of Alfred Austin does not appear. His works are better known, indeed, in America than here. In 1861 he wrote a work called "The Seasons," in which he pitched into the world in great shape. But the world did not seem to mind it all. There is one line in it that has been more or less quoted. It was that in which he describes a ball room, saying it is a place

"Where the half-drunk lean over the half-dressed."

Later he wrote "Tony Homer," which was remarkable chiefly for a considerable amount of indecent abuse of Gladstone, that probably pleased Lord Salisbury. Then he has written some acceptable album verses, he represented The Standard in the Franco-Prussian war and latterly has published some "Lyrical Poems." He is a disciple of Wordsworth and these latter poems are the best things that he has done. The best one is the concluding one of a series called "The Lover's Song," and are in the manner of his style:

White sickles ply among the wheat,
Then trundle home the sheaves,
And there's a rustling of the feet
Through early fallen leaves:
Rosies her where the orchard glows
With apples plump and tart,
And tell her this is the thing she knows,
And ask her for her heart.
For autumn is the season, boy,
To gather what we sow:
If you be bold, she won't be coy,
Nor even say you no.
Say no.
Nor even say you no.

When woodmen clear the coppice lands,
And arch the hornbeam drive,
And stamp their feet and chafe their hands
To keep their blood alive,
Then lead her where, when rows are heard,
The church bells peal and swing,
And, as the parson speaks the word,
Then see her clap the ring:
For winter is a cheerless time
To live, and live alone;
For what to him is snow or rime
Who calls his love his own.
His own,
Who calls his love his own!

Of course neither of these men approaches Swinburne in the matter of genius. What Swinburne is you know. It is unnecessary here to speak at length of him. Had he been less of a radical he might have a better chance of becoming poet laureate. It may be that he realized this, for in his later poems he has preached freedom for all the world except Ireland, and has bitterly attacked Mr. Gladstone because that gentleman insisted that what was good for the rest of the world should be good for Ireland too. This doubtless atoned for many sins of commission in the eyes of the queen and Lord Salisbury. Still the queen has an excellent memory and she must remember many occasions when Swinburne pounded away at kings and queens and princes and popes and thrones in a way that to her seemed thoroughly unnecessary. So her black mark may be opposite his name yet.

Certainly the queen can scarcely forget Swinburne's outbreak on the occasion of the assassination of Alexander II. of Russia when he, in a sense, glorified the work of the anarchists. So the poet's attempt to win Gladstone are not at all certain to give him the place now held by Tennyson.

As for that other genius, William Morris, he is amply fitted for the post of poet laureate, because that he is no time server. But he is not likely to get the place. He is rich, but he is an out-and-out Socialist; John Burns and Hyndman and Annie Besant are his friends and his favorite song is of labor oppressed. He is a great poet, but a Socialist, even if he is a great poet, a Socialist is not wanted at Windsor Castle. Who knows but that he might smother some of the royal babies?

It is somewhat interesting to look back over the list of the men who have been poets laureate and note what a poor lot the most of them are. In all the other countries poets laureate or "royal poets" were selected solely for merit. England has not followed that plan. "Rare Ben Jonson" is called a poet laureate, but it does not seem clear that he, any more than Spenser, was officially invested with that title. Johnson got £300 per year and a cert-in amount of Canary wine, and Elizabeth gave Spenser a pension of £250 per year, but he was not known as laureate.

Henry III. paid one Henry de Franchas 100 shillings per annum to write the rhymes praising him. One Walo praised Henry I. and Berton sang the glories of Richard I. That the profited much by it is very doubtful. During the life of Spenser there were poets laureate. They were Charles Edwards and Samuel Daniel. John Shelton is alleged to have been another. He made Cardinal Wolsey the butt of his wit and was forever disgraced.

Richard Edwards seems to have been the first laureate when a title was clearly set forth. In letters patent he is named "laureate, poet, player, musician and buffoon to Mary and Elizabeth." His poetry would not read well in these more refined days. Then came the Samuel Daniel before mentioned, whose poems are said to have been written by Ben Jonson. In 1637 came Sir William Davenant, who so singularly resembled Shakespeare that he was said to have been his natural son. He died in 1668 and was succeeded by the first of the great laureates, John Dryden. In 1692, when Addison was king in the literary world, Nahum Tate was made laureate. He is said to have "robbed Milton" and "mutilated Shakespeare." He didn't do much else of consequence, except die, in 1714. Nicholas Rowe succeeded him. He imitated Shakespeare and did it badly, was a high favorite at court and died in 1718. Rev. Lawrence Eusdon came next, and his highest title to fame rests on the fact that Pope mentioned him in the Dunciad. Colly Cibber was also savagely lampooned by Pope. But Cibber was a clever man in many ways, and he is not yet forgotten, as most of the laureates are. Wm. Whitehead came after Cibber. The position was offered to Gray, but in addition to being a great poet he was a sensible man. He declined it and said he thought it a "lamentable thing that there lived people who could envy a poet laureate." Whitehead died in 1785, and James Wharton was appointed. Johnson said of him that he was a man of genius, and the only man of genius he ever met who had no heart. He was succeeded in 1790 by Henry James Pye. You couldn't look for much poetry in the soul of a man with such a name as that. At any rate, he wasn't very poetical. But neither were the Hanoverian kings, whose praises he was supposed to sing, so it didn't much matter.

Southey was the next laureate and demeaned himself in taking the post. He made one reform in it. He exchanged the allowance of wine that went with it for £300 per year. Then came Wordsworth in 1843 and in 1850 Tennyson, who has held the position for more than forty years and has honored it as no one has before him, more indeed than it has honored him.

It isn't an impressive list when you look it over. Take Dryden and Tennyson and Southey out of it, and the rest are, in the main, a poor lot. It would look as if the real poets of England had been purposely kept out of it. You see in it no Shakespeare, no Milton, or Goldsmith, or Gray, or Pope, or Addison, or Byron. Not at all, and if Great Britain can do nothing better in the way poets laureate in the future than it has done in the past, it would not be a bad idea to go out of the business. Tennyson has shed luster on the position, but when he shall mercifully still be in the saddle again.

Indeed, there are not a few who feel over here who say that Tennyson, the greatest of poets laureate, will be the last one. The average Englishman is growing to be a more radical animal every day. He pays for the support of the royal family, but he growls mightily about it, and when it comes to extras he objects openly. What the queen and her numerous progeny would have demanded as a right not so many years ago, they now hesitate to ask as a favor. It is all very well to say, as some party organs here do, that no one about government circles takes Mr. Labouchere seriously. This may be true, but the fact remains that the English voter takes him seriously, and that is more important. The people lean in his direction, and as they read their Reynolds and other weekly newspapers that take but little stock in either kings or thrones, and discuss the utterances of the member from Northampton, the things they say about affairs in general would not sound nice in royal ears.

It is very certain that these men don't care much about poets laureate. William Morris they know and respect. He is a true poet, but he is also one of them selves. But poets who are kept "loafing about the throne" to lift up their voices in song in accompaniment to the howling of a new Hanoverian baby every time one comes along to assist in raising the taxes, which is often enough, the radicals want none of such poets. They do not say anything against Tennyson. His fame is too great and is the pride of most Englishmen.

But man for man they love Alfred Tennyson, the poet, better than Lord Tennyson, the peer. Labouchere and others ridicule all poets laureate, and no one seriously defends them, although the candidates trust to Lord Salisbury's known conservatism and regard for old usages to keep the thing going on.

But then Lord Salisbury may not be prime minister when Tennyson dies, and in that case, the position of poet laureate is likely to be abolished. Well, who cares? No one over here except a couple of men who want the job.

Speaking of Tennyson's predecessors and possible successor, I had the rare pleasure of seeing the old poet in London the other day, rare, for the reason that as he grows older he seems to dislike the city more and more and he never visits it except when some important business takes him there.

It was at the Athenaeum club, a group of men were chatting, when their attention was drawn to two men who were slowly passing on the opposite side of Pall Mall.

One of these was a sturdy enough man approaching middle age, but looking young indeed beside the man who walked arm in arm with him, for the latter was a veritable patriarch in appearance. He was moreover a man who would attract attention in any assemblage. His tall frame was bent with years and covered with a wondrously ill-fitting suit of some gray material. He wore a hat like, and yet unlike, the American slouch. His boots were wide and stout, almost coarse, his collar ill-fitting and his cravat carelessly arranged. But you forgot all about his dress when you looked at his face, so calm and strong, it was set off by a great shaggy head of white hair, and a beard such as the patriarchs are supposed to have worn.

"Picturesque looking old chap that," one of the loungers in the club window remarked carelessly.

Another of the loungers who had been watching the pair closely, turned and looked closely and curiously at the speaker.

"Perhaps," he said, with just a trifle of sarcasm in his voice, "you don't know who that picturesque chap is."

"Haven't the slightest idea," the other one drawled.

"Well, that picturesque old chap, as you call him, is Alfred Tennyson, and that is his son Hallam with him. Take a good look at the laureate while you have a chance. He doesn't come often London now, and at his age any of the trips may easily be the last one."

And the group did look at the old man with all their eyes, until he slowly passed beyond their gaze leaning on the arm of his son.

The idlers in the window had witnessed a sight rare indeed in London, for it is only at long intervals that the poet laureate allows himself to be drawn within hearing of the noise and din of the great overgrown city. All his life he has loved the hills and long low downs, the sea and the solitude of the country far more than he has cared for towns. Indeed, it is doubtful if the old poet would give up his beautiful home at Haslemere, on the Isle of Wight, for the costliest palace London could offer him.

Besides, the poet is now a very old man. He is going on 83 years of age and he has been writing poetry nearly seventy years. Not for five centuries has any English poet of renown lived to such an age. But one, indeed, has lived more than eighty years. That was William Wordsworth, Tennyson's immediate predecessor in the leadership. He lived sixteen days beyond his 80th year. But Wordsworth at 80 was but the wreck of a man in mind and body. Tennyson at 82 is still comparatively a vigorous old man. True, he does not sing with as full a throat as he once did, but that we may well overlook.

No Trappist monk ever lived more out of the world than Tennyson lives now, and yet in all London, and for that matter, in all the three kingdoms, there is no man who is so sought after as is the laureate. He knows little of this and cares less. It is the constant care of his family to keep him from all care and annoyance. It is the sole work of his son to see to this. Letters of all kinds pour in upon the poet, by the cart load almost. There are requests for autographs, there are books that the authors hope the poet may find it in his heart to notice. Indeed there are all sorts of letters, some from wise men, and a great many from fools.

Tennyson himself sees none of these. His son opens and reads them. He answers such as call for an answer, and throws the rest in the waste-basket. It must be an important communication, indeed, that reaches the old poet himself. As for visitors, he wants none, and sees none except a few very close friends. He has never been over-companionable. His pipe, his books and his thoughts have been enough. One of those who are numbered among his friends now tells how he won Tennyson's esteem. It was on the occasion of his first visit. The poet received him in his library. He was sitting by the fire, his huge jar of tobacco by his side, his beloved pipe in his mouth. Without speaking he waved his visitor to a seat on the other side of the fire, at the same time handing him a well-filled pipe. Then without speaking he went on smoking. The visitor knowing of nothing else to do, fell to smoking too, and for two long hours the two men sat there over the fire, sending up clouds of tobacco smoke until they could scarcely see each other's face, and all the while saying not a word. At the end of this time the visitor arose to go. The poet went to the door with him, shook him heartily by the hand and assured him that he had rarely passed a more pleasant evening. And he doubtless meant it, for he took the visitor into his friendship thereafter. Probably he looked upon him as a man of tact and sense, who could pay a visit and smoke a friendly pipe without annoying with useless conversation.

Outside visitors Tennyson will not see. They journey from all over the world to the Isle of Wight in the hope of obtaining an audience with the laureate, but they are disappointed. They may, perhaps, get a glimpse of him walking in the shaded lanes near his home, for he is still a famous pedestrian, but even in these walks he is accompanied by his son, who sees to it that he is not approached by the curious rabble.

Such is the great living master of song, the poet who stands solitary and alone in his greatness at 82. His life work is done. He has written more continuously and with greater and more unwearying excellence than any other poet of his time. To use the language of the poet critic Gosse he has not headed a single moral reform nor inaugurated a single revolution of opinion; he has never pointed the way to undiscovered regions of thought; he has never stood on tip-toe to discover new worlds, that his fellows were not tall enough to discover ahead. In all these directions he has been prompt to follow, quick to apprehend, but never himself a pioneer."

Still the English people look upon him as being the greatest master of English verse with a single exception since Milton. All his life he has been a poet, for we are told that from the time when he, a mere youth, chose the making of poetry for his profession, he has done not one day's work of any other kind for his living, and yet he was poor enough at first.

He is living very quietly now. His wife is still with him and spends much of her time in setting her husband's verses to music. And, indeed, these lyrics form the most interesting feature of London drawing room entertainments nowadays.

Meanwhile the glorious old man sits in his quiet study at Haslemere, surrounded by his books his tobacco jar by his side, his beloved pipe near, where he can look out through his open window over glen and wood and hill to where the sea glistens silver-like in the distance. And, perchance, he may light his pipe and through the clouds of smoke see visions beyond our ken. So let us leave him calmly living out the evening of his life. When it closes, all England may well mourn, for it may be long before his like may again be seen.

An Interview with Josh Billings.

While in Saratoga, a year before Josh Billings died, we went up to my room and spent an entire afternoon on an interview. The interview was a mutual production, and was not to be published till he died. I now give it to the public.

"Mr. Billings," I commenced, "where were you educated?"

"Pordunk, Pa."

"How old are you?"

"I was born 150 years old—and have been growing young ever since."

"Are you married?"

"Once."

"How many children have you?"

"Doublets."

"What other vices have you?"

"None."

"What is your profession?"

"Agriculture and almanacing."

"How do you account for your deficient knowledge in spelling?"

"Bad spells during infancy, and poor memory."

"What things are you the most liable to forget?"

"Sermons and debts."

"What professions do you like best?"

"Auctioneering, baseball and theology."

"What was the best thing said by our old friend Artemus Ward?"

"All the pretty girls in Utah marry Young."

"Do you believe in the final salvation of all men?"

"I do—let me pick the men!"

In the evening Josh and I reviewed the interview and pronounced it faithfully rendered, and then he gave me the following specimen of his handwriting:

There is 12 things in this world
for which I never, never fully
prepared a mat 12 times=
—Yours Sincerely Josh Billings

There is only one thing that can be said in favor of books.
—They make a man forgiveable
his other sorrows=Josh Billings

—Eli Perkins' Thirty Years of Wit.

Thought as the Banker Did.

A banker, while talking to one of his clerks, said, "Arthur, a man never amounts to much in this life until he gets married."

"I think so myself, sir," the young man replied.

"Glad you are so ready to agree with me, Arthur, for I have taken quite a liking to you. How old are you?"

"Twenty-one, sir."

"Plenty old to marry, Arthur, and I would advise you to begin looking around."

"I have been looking around, and I have found a young lady, and she has promised to be my wife."

"Good. I hope she is worthy of you."

"I think she is, sir."

"Glad you think so. Who is she, Arthur?"

"Your daughter, sir."

The young fellow does not work at the bank now.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Why Oysters Have to Be Cultivated.

The oyster, though a very prolific shellfish and widely distributed, has so many enemies and is so helpless to defend itself when young and tender, that its chance of escaping extinction rests almost wholly upon its cultivation and care by artificial methods. This fact has come to be so generally recognized in recent times that all nations whose shores this delicious bivalve grows have legislated on its behalf and made many experiments for increasing its numbers. In spite, however, of all this has been done for it, there is still a curious diversity of opinion as to its nature and habits. Whether it is hermaphroditic or bisexual has been warmly discussed, each contention having earnest adherents. Joel Benton in Drake's Magazine.

WILLIAM'S LETTERS.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

How It Is Secretly Arranged by a Corps of Trusted Employes—Numerous Petitions of Various Classes—Why an Emperor Refused a Dressing Gown.

BERLIN, Sept. 23.—The answering of letters addressed to his majesty the German emperor, occupies a special department, which arranges these matters in perfect secrecy. This department is officially named in Prussia "Secret Cabinet of His Majesty, the King, for Civil Affairs."

A superintendent is placed at the head of this cabinet, which employs several reporting councillors, besides a whole row of privy councillors, registrars, inspectors and all manner of officials, for it embraces a large field of labor. As only private matters are treated, which are seldom brought into publicity, it might be interesting to know a few of its particulars.

Thousands of inexperienced people in the city and country turn in their little cares and troubles with petitions to the German emperor, who appears to them as the summit of all power and glory, something like the caliph, Harun-al-Raschid, in the fairy tale, and who is therefore able, without trouble, to satisfy all the wishes of his subjects. The consequence is that the emperor is overwhelmed with an incredible number of entreaties and applications of every description.

First there are the petitions for pardon which form an important item in the cabinet's work. The emperor, as the head of the state has the right to pardon in certain cases, and, as king of Prussia, he can revoke death sentences and reduce punishments. Death sentences, however, necessitating the emperor's signature to be put into execution, belong to the ministry of justice, while other, non-military, requests for pardon to the emperor go to the secret cabinet.

It often happens as the emperor travels, and sometimes in Berlin, that people throw their petitions into the carriage; these are collected and opened by the adjutants on duty and also handed over to the civil cabinet.

If pardon is demanded for a judicial punishment, the respective court of justice or the state attorneyship is questioned on the matter and have to decide whether the petitioner is worthy or not, for unless it is an extraordinary case in which for example, an honest man is driven to crime by poverty and adverse circumstances, the petition cannot be considered.

Besides these petitions for pardons a considerable number of requests are sent in to the civil cabinet, which are generally shameless demands for money, varying from small sums to hundreds and thousands of marks. People of all ranks and conditions, from the poorest laborer to members of the best and first families, beg for a temporary assistance from the emperor, now in a tone of humble entreaty, again in an arrogant, even threatening manner. Asking the kaiser for 30,000 marks to set up some mercantile business, which would be paid back to the emperor from the profits, is not the worst of such petitions. If these requests were granted without further ceremony twenty to thirty millions a year would not suffice to satisfy them.

So each request for pecuniary aid is carefully examined by the civil cabinet, which secures the services of the land, provincial and district courts, of the police, clergy, etc., in the matter.

If it is really a question of undeserved misfortune or urgent need, the case is laid before the emperor, who decides the sum to be given.

Of course it is only a matter of small sums, shameless demands of thousands of marks cannot be taken into consideration. But they are none the less very numerous.

The petitioners never allow an important any occasion of any kind, a sad or joyful event in the royal house, to pass by without making themselves heard. On the emperor's birthday he is overwhelmed with letters of entreaty, written under the semblance of congratulation but closing with a request.

There is the same begging going on on the birthday of the empress or one of the imperial princes, and it has been much aggravated by the amiability of William I., who, in his goodness of heart, could not refuse a petition. Each congratulator received at least a compensation of six marks if he declared himself in need of support, and in this way some people drew an annual income, writing a congratulation for the six marks so and so often a year.

Under William II. it was decided, as their number was increasing to be legion, not to pay them, and it was striking how soon they decreased.

What demands are made on a ruler can be seen in the following petitions, which I will reveal to you, in all confidence of course. On the occasion of the emperor's golden wedding an applicant wrote:

"Casting myself before the steps of the holy throne, overflowing with grace and mercy, on this rare event of a golden wedding, which, as yet, has not been noted in natural history and which will be discussed and quoted by our children's children in the twentieth generation, I beg your permission to the liberty I am about to take."

And an invalid, in need of a pension, gives the following analysis of his situation:

"It is certainly dreadful for me to be fed to death by the state, like a maimed reptile, but my case is one that should be known, as I have made both the campaigns. I am assured that your majesty is a good, noble man, for, pardon my saying it, majesty, you resemble my old uncle, and people, who bear any resemblance to him cannot but be good. But, most gracious majesty, allow me one question: What has become of the pension law of 1871 and its results? I have also deserved a medal. But the law has not done its duty, which has caused my family and myself to suffer the greatest tortures to this day. And so I beg you to help me to my rights, for it must surely be a relief to your majesty to get rid of my eternal correspondence so regard to my request."

The saddler, Peter L., is very plain in his demand for jingling coin. He closes with these words:

"And so I look to you for a speedy reply and beg your majesty's portrait, engraved on a medal, for my family. If it pleases your majesty, I should like to have the money in gold, as a true patriot and defender of my country could expect." PETER L.

A carpenter writes:

"Yes, your majesty, you can do everything if you please; one word from my all gracious emperor could destroy mountain and dale. If they were not in the right place. My address is as follows, etc., etc."

A fourth goes as far as the bold assertion:

"In the campaign of 1866 I contracted a dreadful affection on my feet through the kick of a horse. The wound is incurable and often bleeds, causing me sometimes to fear for my life. In addition a cancerous gout has deadened me completely. My thoughts often refer to the emperor and fatherland for which I have fought, bled and died."

The following is also very ingenious:

"My reduced circumstances compel me to ask a petition with your majesty for this once. I regard it as a merciful dispensation of providence and a good omen for my petition that, like your majesty, I was born on the 22d of March; that my Christian name is likewise William, and that my wife is also called Auguste, born Johnicke."

Another bewails:

"A four-fold, galloping consumption has completely run down my shattered body, so that I was recently forcibly turned out of the hospital and am now suffering from a cold on the lungs, which threatens to develop into a fifth galloping consumption. To your majesty twenty-five, thirty, or even forty marks would be nothing, but very much to me. I beg your majesty to graciously consider this."

These give a good idea of the general style of petitions.

The number of presents sent to the emperor during this year, not only on his birthday and on Christmas, but on every other occasion, is enormous.

Letters of thanks are managed by the court marshallate and not by the civil cabinet. Lately, however, the flood of presents have been treated with scant ceremony. They are not accepted at all, knowing that they are only made with the basest motives. The givers either expect presents in return or at least some recognition, which is then used as an advertisement.

The gifts are also quite valueless, very often, and only in order to push oneself forward or to induce the emperor to some demonstration to be made use of afterwards.

A law suit, which took place in the beginning of the present reign, in which Major Von Liebenum, the emperor's court marshal, was the accused, is very interesting. A petitioner had the impudence on the very day of Frederick III.'s death, to send a collection of poems, not his own productions, but copied from the works of distinguished writers, "submitting them to the gracious attention of the emperor." The manuscript was lost, and the sender was impertinent enough to sue for 1,200 marks damages, and bring an accusation against the emperor's court marshal. His accusation was, of course, not considered.

Emperor William II., who is known to put on his uniform the first thing in the morning and not take it off until he retires for the night, was once presented with a valuable dressing gown by a merchant. He returned it to the giver, however, with the words: "The Hohenzollerns do not wear dressing gowns." And in truth neither William II., Frederick III. nor the present emperor have ever possessed or worn a dressing gown.

The appointments, promotions and distribution of decorations give the emperor a great deal of work to do. The public generally cherishes rather queer ideas on distinctions, by promotions or the conferring of decorations or titles. It is in rare cases that the ruler of a land confers titles or honors according to personal conviction or choice; it is the different authorities and other athorized persons who propose the applicants, for it would be impossible in the numerous titles and decorations conferred yearly, that the emperor should know each recipient personally.

Promotions can be either simply honorary titles or connected with an office. All officials advance according to their time of service, and only particularly competent men, who must be recommended in addition are promoted before their time. If an official dies, is dismissed or is pensioned off, his successors move a step forward and generally the officials can decide accurately when they can expect a promotion. The lower officials generally receive their promotion from the highest administration, or the minister, the highest and first officials of the state are promoted by the emperor, the council cabinet making out a list of the advancements which, in the form of the so-called cabinet orders, are sent through the post to the candidates.

The cabinet orders are known in Prussia as the "Blue orders," because the envelopes used with them are of a dark blue color. The emperor signs these cabinet orders himself; they are addressed as yet with the old title, and it is supposed that the persons to be promoted only receive the new title in the moment they read the cabinet order.

The appointment of ministers which the emperor has to decide himself, also passes through the hands of the civil cabinet, which has, in addition, to confer honorary titles on scientists, inventors and private persons deserving publicity in one way or another.

The same is to be said of the decorations. Every year, before the Prussian Ordensfests, lists of candidates for decorations are sent in by the different authorities. This also happens at other times.

When an official celebrates a jubilee or any other particularly joyful festivity, like the golden wedding or the 70th and 80th birthday, the respective authorities petition the emperor to distinguish the person in question. But the civil cabinet has always the principal part of the work to do, in filing the lists and distributing the distinctions. For, however slight the honor or promotion may be that is to be conferred, the civil cabinet with the help of the police must make inquiries about the candidate's previous life, as no one who has failed against the laws can receive a distinction. Only when this is satisfactorily settled, can the candidate's name be put on the list.

The travels of the emperor in foreign countries keep the civil cabinet very busy. It is still customary with foreign rulers to make valuable presents to all persons coming in contact with them. Emperor William II., as well known, is very liberal in his travels abroad. The court marshallate arms itself with a number of gold watches, breastpins, rings and bracelets, which are distributed as present, while the civil cabinet furnishes numerous orders of the "Red Eagle" and the "Crown," to be ready for a demand at any moment, finishing the diplomas later on, which have to be signed by the emperor.

Whoever receives a higher order obtains a diploma with it, which is a beautifully executed piece of writing on strong paper or parchment, containing particulars of the distinction. During their stay in any particular country, the civil cabinet is again obliged to make a list of the persons who must invariably receive a decoration, but not at the hands of the emperor himself, during his stay. The finished list is taken into consideration, the king of the list, as also the foreign department of the country itself. During this distribution of decorations, which is connected with a vast amount of writing, the civil cabinet works incessantly for many days and nights.

Considering the bulk of its duties and the many private, interesting and even piquant affairs which the department has to settle in the course of a year, and which give the kaiser himself so much to do, the reader will understand that the title "Secret Cabinet for Civil Affairs" is quite appropriate.

WITH SARDOU.

INCIDENTS OF THE RECEPTION OF HIS FIRST PLAY.

His Early Efforts Met With Disaster, But His Perseverance, Confidence and Energy Overcame All Obstacles—A Critic's Honest View of His Labors Invited.

PARIS, Sept. 28.—Sardou wrote his first play "La Taverne des Etudiants" (The Students' Tavern), for the Odeon, the classic stage of all dramatic debutants of Quatier Latin.

He handed the neat-looking manuscript to the janitor of the theater who threw it carelessly on the table. Mlle. Bergugers, who had great influence with the manager, entered accidentally and turned over the leaves of the manuscript.

"Ah, just look! What a dainty handwriting! Genuine 'pattes de mouche!'"

On turning she perceived the author, smiling and blushing.

Two weeks later the play was accepted for a trial performance.

"You see," exclaimed Sardou, triumphantly, to his friends, "it is, after all, not so difficult to get an opening."

But the opening proved different to what he anticipated. It was the noisiest fiasco which the stage chronicles relate of the year 1854. The audience of the Odeon, mostly students, clapped their hands, whistled, hissed, howled and imitated the voices of various animals.

The manager risked a second performance. But during the scene which had been the hope of the author, a scene of glowing passion, when the lover sinks down on his knees—the gas suddenly went out, followed by a roar of laughter! It was only the second act, but the curtain fell for good and the play was not tried again.

Seven years passed by, during which Sardou led the life of a Bohemian, without a home [illegible] lessons for two francs, made commentaries and indexes for classic authors, and wrote hack articles. He worked hard, but his income did not even suffice to pay his rent and board and he borrowed to right and left.

Though he lived in a garret, he attempted to court Rachel, the famous tragedienne. He wrote a colossal tragedy in Alexandrian rhymes, "La Reine Ulfra," the scene being laid in Sweden. The tragedienne, who was as popular as she was capricious, answered that "Sweden was too cold for her, she preferred Greece."

Then he tried his luck with other goddesses of the stage. He turned from old Mlle. Dejazet to Madame Rose Cheri of the Gymnase.

He also tried to gain the protection of Scribe, the most popular dramatist at the time, in whose footsteps he was to follow.

Sardou was indefatigable. He possessed perseverance and energy, an incomparable diligence and activity, and an iron will power. He let no opportunity pass to cultivate his limited but genuine and peculiar talents. And at last his self-confidence triumphed.

He had written a new comedy, "Les Pattes de Mouche," and offered it to Mlle. Fanqueil for perusal. She gave it unread to the manager of the Vaudeville, who installed it likewise unread into his huge desk, where already hundreds of others slumbered, without fear of being disturbed.

But the author thought more of this play than of any other, and he induced his friend, Rose Cheri, to use her influence in the matter.

It was produced and proved a success!

A second and third followed and Sardou made the best of his victories, like a clever general according to all rules of strategy.

And since 1861 he has the reputation of being the greatest living dramatic virtuoso of his time. He can look back on three or four dozen plays, which have been translated into all European languages and have brought him an immense income.

So much for the part of Sardou's career which is most likely unknown to Americans.

I had spoved with a literary acquaintance of mine to visit the author of "Daniel Rochat" and "Fedora" at his castle, "Marly-Le Roy." (He has another castle in Cannes and a winter residence in Paris.)

So we set out on a beautiful summer morning.

My companion was G. M. Conrad, one of the most prominent representatives of the school of naturalism in Germany, a rare critical talent and now the editor of The Society, published in Munich.

On the way Conrad remarked: "You wish to know the reason of his phenomenal success? I will tell you. As soon as anything occurs in the social or political life, or in the clerical circle, he pricks his ears, runs to the scene, investigates the matter and produces a new play. He is the Paganini of the stage, who fiddles on his dramatic G string the most surprising variations on a few melodies. It is not always good music but develish clever and, in spite of its internal deficiencies, creates a pandemonium and so he became one of the immortals in 1878. You know, he is remarkably skillful in developing a plot, he makes intellectual summersaults, juggles with the most difficult situations and always ends with a stupefying cunningness!"

We were received with the utmost politeness and soon felt quite at ease in the luxuriously furnished parlor.

Sardou's is a slim, bent, little body, looking rather like a poor, effeminate divinity student than a successful Parisian, in spite of his Prince Albert coat, of the very best material and make. His little radiating eyes lend animation to the quiet energy of his clean shaven face, looking more submissively than proudly at his visitors. He wore a brown velvet jacket, with a white silken handkerchief about his throat; over his silvery hair a smoking cap was tightly drawn.

The kind old gentleman smilingly invited us out on the verandah from which we enjoyed a beautiful view of the surrounding country. He has most amiable, childlike manners, and moves with a celerity which reminds one of quicksilver.

My companion found occasion to whisper to me: "I am going to make him speak for himself."

And after discussing the beginning of an author's career, the delusions and vicissitudes he meets with, the author's faith in himself, which generally attains at last the long desired success, Sardou exclaimed:

"I was so certain of reaching the top, that one night when I had not even money enough for supper, I went quietly home and quite seriously deliberated how I would furnish my castle, which I wanted to buy as soon as I had a million. You see I now have a castle, though I am not quite a millionaire." And he smiled softly to himself.

Sardou is a wonderful entertainer. His geniality and courtesy would be the delight of any interviewer, it is hardly possible to give a description of the lively play of his physiognomy which he is speaking. And what elegant variations in his accents and his gestures!

"I still remember," he continued, "how another time I took a pencil and drew a book case of carved oakwood for my pastime. To-day a desk made after the same design is standing in my study in Paris, but it often happened to me that without a sous in my pocket I entered an antiquary's shop to examine some valuable objects, and on taking leave I said: "I will buy it later on when I am rich!" I have a beautiful oil painting of Bernard Pillasy inside it had to wait ten years for me!"

"It must be very pleasant to realize a wish which one has cherished for so many years," I remarked.

The little gentleman bent his head to one side with his small cunning fox eyes and long, smooth hair combed backwards and answered, the habitual smile playing around his lips which reminded me somewhat of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"I lived with a shoemaker at the time. It seems at this moment as if I could still smell the sticky atmosphere, the disagreeable odor of moist leather, pitch and glue. It did not have a very calming influence on my empty stomach. It was very nasty!" And he made a gesture of aversion. He has the reputation of possessing, in spite of his leanness, a genuine Rabelaisian appetite.

Then he turned to Conrad and said with a slight bow:

"I hear you are one of the rising critics. I would like to have some honest criticism on my work."

"Really honest?" and Conrad's eyes radiated with joy, but then he shook his beautiful head and laughed.

"Why not?" asked Sardou.

"You would not like to hear it."

"Why not?" insisted Sardou, with an inquiring look. "I like adverse criticisms!"

I began to feel a little embarrassed, as I knew Conrad's outspoken manner.

"Pardon me," he began again, "it would be impolite. You are our host, but if you insist. Your characters are like trees without roots."

"Why, why, what do you mean by that?"

"They are," continued Conrad, "built on a sandy basis and with the first gust of criticisms they hang like marionettes in the air, handled 'ad libitum' by the author. Pardon me for saying it, but is my opinion!"

Sardou looked a little stupefied for a moment, but then he smiled again.

"Oh, you want to prove that I only produce stage characters and not creations true to real life?"

Conrad nodded and then resumed. "I admire your brilliancy with the rest, your facility of managing the dialogue and your rare talent of developing characters without didactic explanations. I admire your comedies, but."

"Not my tragedies," interrupted Sardou. "Yet the dramatic author who respects his art, must tackle the social and philosophic questions of the day. It is my duty!—that you must know that I am not a novice. I have been a medical student, and have always taken a deep interest in positive sciences. I have knowledge enough to chat with Dr. Broca on molecules, and could dispute metaphysics with any philosopher. When I wrote "Daniel Rochat" I did not take the matter easy. I studied day and night; I read the Bible, St. Augustine, the fathers of the church, the theologians, the historians, the German philosophers. For almost three years I lived completely in the sixteenth century. That's what I have done! Unfortunately one cannot gain a living by such works, and so I have written plays for Sarah Bernhardt. Money is not the principal thing to me, you know, but I like to have plenty of bread and butter."

I saw that Conrad was preparing for a reply, but before he could fire off another broadside at our charming little host, with all the military bluntness of a German I asked:

"Do your ideas suggest themselves mainly while reading?"

"No—not exactly. I have stored away a mass of slumbering material which only needs an awakening to unfold itself. I like to dig up old reminiscences for nothing explains the present better than the past. But what beautiful weather we have to-day! I like the country and I love the sea! My other castle is situated on the shore."

Then a long pause ensued.

"I have," he began again, "also written articles on men and art works of the renaissance for an encyclopedia. It does not pay as well as successful plays but it is a work of love for me. Even my collection of bric

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Bad Weather Interferes with Both Track and Attendance.

When the many in this city who delight "in the legs of a man" and "the speed of a horse" arose this morning it did not look at all as if they were going to be able to enjoy the fall sports of the Athletic club that afternoon, for the sky was lowering and the streets were muddy. With the warm rays of our Colorado sun the outlook changed, for the dry air began to draw up the surplus moisture from the ground and the chances were favorable for at least a fair track. And so it proved to be, save for a little streak of mud where the grand stand shut out the sun from drying the track. About 250 people went through the gates and about 200 small boys had climbed over the fence, so there was plenty of life about the grounds.

The programmes were very neat in get up and were distributed freely and gratuitously about the crowd, an incident that was appreciated. They were almost exactly followed out too, which was another pleasing innovation.

At a little before 3 o'clock the sports began with the first heat of the 100 yard handicap. Lyle, Hart, McCreery, Davis and Mortimer started. McCreery had five yards start and kept his lead. Lyle had nearly caught him, but fifty feet from the tape his breath gave out and he had to stop. McCreery won. Time, 10.3-5 seconds. The second heat followed immediately. The starters were Hodge, Spring, Russell and Oppenheimer. Hodge ran out first in 10¾ seconds, with Spring close at his heels. The third heat was entered by Storer, Lloyd, Coulthard and Barnes. When the starter pulled the trigger of the revolver the first time it failed to make any report. Storer heard the click and started. A genuine report followed almost immediately and the rest followed, but they failed to close up Storer's lead and he won, with Bob Barnes close behind. A dispute arose and it was decided to settle it by having both Barnes and Storer run in the final heat, and this was satisfactory to all the runners.

The running broad jump has been King's especial property at every meeting of the Athletic club, and this one was no exception. He discartened his competitors by a jump of 17 feet 2 inches, the next being Wilfred Mortimer, of the Deaf-Blind school, with 16 feet 6 inches.

Storer was played out by his 100 yard heat and so did not enter in the final heat. Hodge won it, with McCreery second. Time 10 1-5.

The 440 yard race for boys under 13 years is always interesting and yesterday the entries were unusually numerous. Over thirty youngsters started and the finish was nearly ten seconds long as they scampered past the judges. A young man named Palmer captured the prize and spent the rest of the afternoon running races with those of his associates who doubled his athletics.

Three men entered for the one-mile bicycle race and drew cuts for position. McReynolds got the pole, Christie next and Stratton the extreme right next the mud puddle. He preferred therefore to start behind the others, and did so. At first they hung close together but McReynolds began to pull ahead and at the end of the second lap he led by forty yards. Stratton became discouraged or blown or both, and dropped out then. At the beginning of the fourth and last lap, Christie began to spurt and became very near catching up to McReynolds before reaching the tape. McReynolds won: time 3:30. This race created the most excitement of any of the events.

There were eleven entries for the 220 yard handicap, which was altogether too many for the width of the track, considering that there were two right angled turns. At the second turn Hodge tried to pass the man in front of him and "cut" a flag. This was an unfortunate accident as it forfeited the race according to the American Association rules. He won easily by 20 yards, but the race was given to McCreery who was second.

Spring, Mortimer, Lloyd and Kestner jumped for the standing broad jump supremacy. Spring jumped 9 feet 10 inches as against Lloyd's 8 feet 10 inches and got the prize.

King has always been the winner in throwing the 16-pound shot, but the 9-pounder, which was used yesterday, is too light for his muscle. McReynolds threw it 48 feet 3 inches and got the medal.

Kelly, Lyle, Smith, Atkinson and Mortimer started in the 440 yard handicap. Atkinson changed his mind and dropped out after running about fifty yards. Lyle got the lead and held it though Smith pressed him closely. Lyle won in 57 seconds.

The high jump proved a disastrous event to all who entered. Lloyd turned his ankle before taking his first jump. Spring hurt himself at 4 feet 10 inches and King lamed himself at 5 feet.

There were quite a number of hurdle entries but few of them wanted to start. Only one heat was run, therefore, in which Mortimer, Lloyd and King entered. The latter came in well in the lead, while the other two came behind and mowed down the hurdles.

The ring tilting was one of the most interesting events. Three iron rings of about two inches diameter were suspended from small gallows like supports so that they were in a straight line, about fifty feet apart and eight feet from the ground. The contestants rode along the line on a gallop and tried to take the rings off on a long spear as they rode. Kennedy was an easy winner and by scientific riding too. The following are the records:

Strong	000 010 010—2
Stratman	001 000 000—1
Miller	000 001 101—3
Kennedy	011 100 110—3
Parker	011 000 000—2

Two cow punchers entered for the broncho riding contest. They had a sleepy-looking old "buckskin" to practice on but he woke up as soon as the first rider, a boy named Bodfish, bestrode him. He plunged and pranced, and reared and kicked but he wouldn't buck. It was decided to let Charlie Emerson keep the medal he won last year and to give Bodfish the second prize, an elegant pair of spurs.

The last event was a consolation race, run as the crowd was filing out of the gate. It was 100 yards, from the scratch, and was won by Russell.

Kenmuir Stock Farm.

The most important deal which has been made in this state for many a day, developed in the incorporation of the Kenmuir Stock Farm company, of El Paso county, on Wednesday. The incorporators are James A. Skinner, D. T. Skinner, of Skinner Brothers & Wright, of this city, W. W. Porter, of the Porter Cattle company, and George L. Goulding, the well-known proprietor of the City stock yards. The capital stock of the company is $50,000, with the principal office in Denver. The object of this corporation is to breed extra weight draft horses and fine carriage teams. It has been one of Mr. Goulding's ideals to produce a typical carriage horse, an animal that shall combine the stylish appearance sought by the owners of city and park turnouts, with the endurance of the thoroughbred and the speed so greatly desired in gentlemen drivers. There is no doubt that the demand for such a horse is very great in all the large cities of this country, and the supply of such horses is very light. It is almost impossible at times to purchase a perfectly broken team or single driver which has both spirit and speed. It is to supply the great demand for these stylish and toppy drivers that the Kenmuir Stock Farm company is in the field, and with such a manager as Mr. Goulding the success of the enterprise is assured. The farm is located on the Fountain, four miles south of Colorado Springs, and embraces 11,000 acres under fence, a large portion of which is in cultivation. This farm, when fully under way, will be to Colorado what the Palo Alto is to California. At least this is the expressed intention of the projectors. The officers for the coming year are: D. T. Skinner, president; W. W. Porter, vice-president; James A. Skinner, secretary and president; George L. Goulding, general manager.

MANITOU.

Major Wm. Hulbert, a brother of Major John Hulbert, who has spent the summer at the Summit house, has returned to his home in Detroit.

An inch of snow was lying on the ground yesterday morning, but the sun soon melted it away.

James, seven-year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. Lewis died of mountain fever Friday night.

Bert Hutchinson, who has been solicitor, for the cog road all summer, has taken a position behind the desk at the Continental hotel.

A telegram for Mr. Edson Keith, Jr., announces that Chicago capitalists have subscribed half the money necessary for the new casino, and it will surely be built.

Three men forced the lock of Mrs. F. Redmon's grocery store Friday night.

Colorado Christian Missionary Society.

The tenth annual convention of the Colorado Christian Missionary society will be held in this city, beginning Tuesday morning. The following is the programme for the entire session:

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

2:00 p. m. Devotional exercises.
2:20 p. m. Address of welcome, by Rev. J. P. Lucas, of Colorado Springs. Response, by W. S. St. Clair, of Pueblo.
3:00 p. m. Enrollment of delegates. Appointment of committees.
3:15 p. m. Address, by W. H. Williams, of Ault.
3:40 p. m. Address, by J. E. Willis, of Canon City.

TUESDAY EVENING.

7:30 p. m. Devotional exercises.
8:00 p. m. Rhetorical address, by the president, Wm. Bayard Craig, of Denver.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

9:00 a. m. Devotional exercises.
9:20 a. m. Colorado as a mission field, and report of state evangelist, M. L. Streator, Helena, Mont.
10:00 a. m. Discussion.
11:00 a. m. The true missionary spirit essential to success in missionary work, J. H. Lamb, Denver.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Session of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions of Colorado.
2:00 p. m. Devotional exercises.
2:20 p. m. Annual address by the president, Mrs. Annie Moore, of Denver. Enrollment of delegates. Appointment of committees.
3:40 p. m. Report of secretary, Mrs. J. E. Barnum, of Denver. Reports from auxiliaries of the C. W. B. M. Young people's work. Paper by Miss Nora Redford, of Denver. Recitation by children. Reminiscences. Paper by Mrs. Goodell, of Colorado Springs.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

7:30 p. m. Devotional exercises.
8:00 p. m. Woman's Work in the Church. Paper by Miss Brown, of Trinidad. Short Speeches. By Wm. Bayard Craig, of Denver; John C. Hay, of Pueblo, and others. Reports of committees.

THURSDAY MORNING.

9:30 a. m. Devotional exercises.
9:40 a. m. Reports of committees.
10:00 a. m. Election of Officers. Miscellaneous exercises.
11:30 a. m. Means the Missionary. Address by Dr. A. J. Clark, of Loveland.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

2:00 p. m. Devotional exercises.
2:20 p. m. Miscellaneous and unfinished business.
3:00 p. m. The work of the Sunday school. Opening address by J. H. Matthews, of Denver. General discussion of Sunday school work.
3:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor work. Opening address by John C. Hay, of Pueblo. General discussion of Christian Endeavor work.

THURSDAY EVENING.

7:30 p. m. Service of song. Led by M. P. Gittens, of Denver.
8:00 p. m. Sermon, by B. J. Radford, of Denver.

Some Prophecies of Evil.

Lieutenant Totten, the American forecaster of the world's end, millenium and so on, has a rival in the person of M. Dorient, of Berlin, who has just issued a pamphlet fixing April 11, 1901, as the date of the earth's destruction. He says that before that final consummation arrives Europe within the next two years is to see several great wars and revolutions, leading up to the founding of ten "allied kingdoms" (Germany alone escaping the same fate and maintaining her independence—which kingdoms will shortly after cede their power to the "antichrist." This antichrist, who will first turn up in 1893 as a petty prince in the orient, is no less a person than Prince Louis Jerome Napoleon, younger son of the late Prince Napoleon, at present serving as colonel of a Russian regiment in the Caucasus. He will be king of Syria from 1894 to 1897, in which year the rule of the Bonapartes will once more extend over Europe, and in all probability also become the mahdi of the Mohammedans.

Things a Prince Has to Know.

It takes considerable study to qualify an heir apparent for the position of ruler of Russia. In a recent conversation with an American official, the czarowitch spoke of the long years of preparation, the many studies, the necessity of acquiring not only several foreign languages, but also of becoming more or less acquainted with the numerous dialects of his own people. He has to know something of the habits and aims of the roving Tartars on the steppes of Asia and of the quiet Finns of the north. Since he became sixteen years of age he has regularly attended the sessions of the council of state. He has learned how to command an army and has familiarized himself with the proper evolutions of a naval squadron. He assured the American auditor that the pathway of a future Russian czar was by no means strewn with roses.

Cost of a Pigeon Corps.

The French are losing no chance for making their military establishments effective. Carrier pigeons now form a regular official department of the army. The Paris pigeon corps alone costs $1,000 a year for food, which comprises the best qualities of dried peas, beans, oats and barley.

STATE LEAGUES

Stars Now Shining in the Minor Firmaments.

State leagues have shown a disposition to topple over this year. The song little organization in the land of woodchucks was the first to yield to the cruel decree of fate. Indiana followed. Lost in Illinois and New York and Pennsylvania were the last to succumb. Up among the Badgers however, baseball has thrived all the year, and three of the six clubs of the Wisconsin league are having a neck and neck race for the pennant. The hitch is over Green Bay, Marinette and Appleton have been swapping places in the first division for a fortnight. Twenty points have been sufficient to cover them, while Oshkosh, Fond du Lac and Oconto, in the second division, are not very far behind the leaders. The rivalry evinced is intense, and the hopeful clubs have secured the best talent for talent with the expectation that an eleventh hour rush may bring them success and the coveted flag.

The Wisconsin league, however, is entering upon a ruinous campaign that will kill the game there after the first flushes of enthusiasm die out. In baseball the road to glory and bankruptcy is often the same, and especially is that the case in minor leagues. While the cheers for the victors are heard, stifling pride for the home team, the cry "Hang the expenses" is generally adopted. The reaction is ruinous. Even Detroit, with a team that had won the world's championship, could not live, because their salary list was far in excess of the receipts. Lima and Canton, erstwhile winners in the Tristate league, paid dearly for the laurels, for the championships they won were gained at the cost of the life of professional ball in those cities.

History, then, is likely to be repeated in Wisconsin, which has proved a harbor for many of the players "let out" by the wreck of the Interstate league and Western association. No less a man than Elmer Foster, who began the season with the coming champions of the National league—Chicago—found a refuge there, but he found the pace too hot and was released. No metropolitan journal gives the scores of the games there, and even the sporting weeklies "skimp" the news from that active field, and yet men like Sam Laroque, Hart, the ex-St. Paul twirler, and Catchers Janitzen and Andy Sommers are on duty in the ranks. Joe Quest, the once famous League second baseman, is managing to escape death while acting as an umpire during the exciting series.

The Schoolff league is not the only organization that affects the half dollar tariff. Enthusiasts in the North Pacific league pay that much for their sport with bat and ball. While the fratricidal war of 1890 was in progress and the game languished in the east, professional ball was born in the new states. Oregon was the only pioneer to have representation in the new body, and Portland gave such royal support to a tail end club that the California league has grown coretous and would not be averse to seeing that city in their circuit. An Ohio boy—Jack Stenzel—is the present leader of the batting band in the North Pacific. Last year Captain Anson secured him at the same time that his old battery partner, Harry Luby, was secured from the Texas league. Stenzel's League life was brief, but he accepted a release in lieu of a contracted salary.

There are many other ex-League and ex-Association men engaged in the four cornered struggle for the North Pacific bunting. Portland, Seattle, Spokane and Tacoma are the members. George Borchers, once with Chicago, is on Spokane's flat. Shugneck, the great first baseman, is with Seattle. Glenalvin is chief of the Portlanders, and Arthur Sunday, once one of Ward's Wonders at Jamaica bay, is with Tacoma. Joe Ardner, the veteran second baseman, played most of the season with that club.

In these rambles through the minor leagues many a face once familiar in more pretentious company is recognized, and the truth of the assertion, "Once a ball player, always a ball player," is emphasized by overwhelming evidence. There have been exceptions, it is true, but they are remarkably few. Jim McCormick, the big Cleveland pitcher, is one of them. When he was awarded to Pittsburg he affirmed that he would retire before he played ball there, and he kept his word, deserting the diamond for the turf. John K. Tener retired to enter a mercantile life, and Will Sunday forsook the baseball field to assume the duties of an evangelist, and he is now laboring under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. at Chicago. You can count a tally of these exceptions on the fingers of one hand. Cincinnati pleaded hard for Sunday, but he preferred a life work for the Great Captain, and he will likely labor in that cause until the Ruler of the Universe calls him out.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

THE ANTLERS.

G. T. Anderson, wife and daughter, Cincinnati; C. P. Gardener, Mendota, Ill.; Mrs. Beece, Louis Searing, Denver; Tom Grant, San Francisco; Phil. Carey, Cincinnati; S. Black, Chicago; S. B. Woodward, Leonard Wheeler, Worcester, Mass.; C. A. Hyde, De Lancey Stone, S. Reuben, P. J. Searing, E. B. Wylie, New York; J. W. McLean, J. W. Mudge, Ute Park; Hamilton Griswold, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Geo. E. Raymond and maid, Miss Raymond, Miss Bat Raymond, Boston.

THE ALTAMO.

Mrs. J. M. Norris and daughter, Indianapolis; F. F. Bridges, Chicago; F. A. Franklin, C. H. Lee, W. N. Martin, A. A. Hipgrave, Denver, S. B. Sublette, Canon City; E. H. Mead, Detroit; C. P. Batchelder, Hutchinson, Kans.; W. E. Clark, Brooklyn; R. Z. Kuhlmacher, Ashland, Ky.

THE SANTA FE ROUTE

Makes rate of $1.75 for the round trip to Pueblo, October 2nd, on account of Forepaugh's circus. Tickets good to return on M.

OVERLAND PARK RACES.

The Denver and Rio Grande will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip. Selling days October 3d, 6th and 8th, good to return until and including October 12th. Choice of six daily trains. Ticket office 16 N. Tejon St.

CALIFORNIA.

THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE

Have two daily trains through to Salt Lake and San Francisco without change. Chair cars free. Latest improved Pullman sleepers. Broad gauge. Ticket office, 16 North Tejon street.

7:40 P. M.

Rock Island vestibuled limited for Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joe and all points east northeast and southeast leaves Colorado Springs 7:40 p. m.

TO DENVER

Rock Island fast trains to Denver; leave Colorado Springs at 9:30 a. m. and 4:45 p. m., arriving Denver 12 noon and 7 p. m. Returning leave Denver 8:45 a. m. and 3:45 p. m., arriving Colorado Springs 11:15 a. m. and 6:15 p. m. $4.50 for the round trip.

FOR ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS,

And all Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa and Wisconsin points. The new service of the Great Rock Island Route via Omaha is indeed a long-felt want properly provided for, as the traveler to any of these points can now dispense with the annoyance and waste of time of changing cars at Denver, and enjoy the very best train service and quickest route by availing himself of this line. Call and see what we can do for you. W. W. Wood, Ticket and Passenger Ag't 12 Pike's Peak avenue. Telephone 97.

The only line that does it!
Does what?
Runs Free reclining chair cars
and Pullman buffet sleeping cars
Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo
through to Kansas City and St. Louis.
What line?
The Missouri Pacific.
C. A. Tripp, General Western Passenger Ag't, 1661 Larimer street, Denver, Colo.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Colorado Springs, El Paso County, Colorado, for the week ending Oct. 3, 1891:

GENTLEMEN.

(One cent due on each.)

Alexander, J. M.	Lozar, Anton
Alexander, E. S.	Lloyd, John W.
Akins, Paul	Lincoln, J. L.
Allouf, Harvey	Lallibourg, A.
Baker, George W.	Lewis, John R.
Bromseguin, W. H.	Morris, Robert
Burns, F. C.	Maloy, Will
Bozeman, D. F.	Moore, C. H.
Burkholder, C. H.	McCord, Ed V.
Buckley, Homer V.	McGuire, Jupiter
Buck, C. L.	McCorley, J.
Burden, George H.	McCort, John
Bolles, William H.	McMillion, S. F.
Bolles, R. J.	Nay, Erasmus
Boges, W. V.	Osborn, N. C.
Billings, R.	O'Neil, Thomas
Benton, Hellmer	Patterson, Charles
Bizek, Chris.	Parker, J. P.
Bennett, W. A.	Phillips, Harmont L.
Baker, Prator	Phillips, R. H.
Crow, W. H.	Pierce, Howard
Coates, J. W.	Potter, J. Wall
Cokelaar, Leo	Price, Joseph
Cox, James	Payne, William
Clark, W. A.	Read, D. V.
Childers, Bowen	Rodgers, J. E.
Carmichael, Harry	Randall, M. H.
Calderon, Frank	Robinson, C. I.
Cody, Allon R.	Robinson, J. H.
Cameron, W. J.	Reeter, Wm. V.
Collins, W. A.	Riggs, B. F.
Collins, M. N.	Rittenhouse, Frank
Campbell, J. T.	Richmond, Jr.
Bailbach, J. H.	Ross, J. A.
Doyle, Joseph	Smith, C. A.
Donk, Charles S.	Stuart, Arthur
Dupont, J. M.	Sullivan, John
Davis, John S.	Sargeant, Clyde
Dayton, F. E.	Salmon, Jon
Eastvale, Edwards	Scoville, W. A.
French, F. P.	Scrimgeor, Steven
Forsyth, Harry H.	St. Clair, Edward
Fiesel, James	Smith, Walter
Fitzgerald, J.	Traxler, J. F.
Gould, Dr. John	Thornton, D. S.
Gilbert, E. V.	Tallman, Harry
Gilmore, Jack	Vogel, Barry
Geer, C. J.	Vierling, William F.
Gerry, W. J.	Vandervoort, H.
Gage, Frank D.	Walter, J.
Hernandez, S.	Wallace, William
Hooton, Fred	Wakefield, Will M.
Hildt, Sherman	Ward, Lindly
Hewitt, J. W.	Watt, Walter G.
Harrington, T. D.	Washington, Oliver
Hartman, Joe	Wetherald, Malo
Howard, Earle	Weinlich, Wilhelm
Joyl, John	Whitney, James
Knick, A. F.	Whelan, J. W.
Kennedy, Harry	Whitebeck, A. F.
Keeper, John	Wilber, Robt.
Kuyper, C. H.	Walker, B. D.
Kennett, C. A.	Woods, Wesley E.
Kuhnweiler, E. Oscar	Wood, George
Lyons, J. W.	Wright, B. C.
Lonser, Mr.	

LADIES.

(One cent due on each.)

Andrews, Miss Till	Leonard, Annie M.
Abell, Miss Lydo M.	Miller, Mrs. Alice
Allen, Miss Mary	Hanks, Mrs. S. V.
Bryan, Mrs. or Miss Lissey	Michal, Mrs. Cora
Burton, Mrs. Lulu	Minor, Mrs. E. S.
Bolam, Mrs.	Morley, Mrs.
Bell, Mrs. Mattie	Maxwell, Mrs. R. A.
Bell, Mrs. Eliza	Marshman, Mrs. J. M.
Brown, Miss Esther M.	Macheesney, Mrs. Anna
Bahnsle, Miss Nanna	Martain, Mrs. Getty
Craig, Mrs. J. H.	Moore, Miss Leah
Coe, Mrs. Jennie E.	Miller, Miss Sallie
Clark, Mrs. M.	Moore, Alma
Carr, Mrs. M. G.	Moore, Miss Pearl
Cornelius, Miss Ruby	Martain, Miss Gurtie
Carpenter, Miss Lottie E.	McFee, Miss May
Daly, Mrs. N. M.	McCrory, Miss Helen
Davis, Mrs. Geo. H.	Nectom, Mrs. A. G.
Dynan, Miss Maria	Nevens, Miss Susie
Donnelly, Miss Annie	Osborne, Mrs. Zemah
Dixon, Miss Eva	Patterson, Mrs. S. J.
Dick, Miss Sue	Parker, Mrs. Nathan
Edwards, Mrs. M. J.	Potts, Mrs. Sarah J.
Fuller, Mrs. Hattie E.	Potts, Mrs. W. Sherman
Ford, Mrs. E.	Peirson, Miss Stella
Forentz, Barbara	Platt, Miss Ella
Fields, Miss Lucy	Phillips, Miss Augusta
Fay, Miss Sadie	Robinson, Mrs. Linnie
Gaynes, Mrs. D. L.	Riley, Mrs. Susie
Graham, Miss Jennie	Richie, Mrs. Ida
Geisler, Miss Lena	Richardson, Mrs. H. O.
Hutchison, Mrs. Maggie	Reed, Miss Nellie
Hoyt, Mrs. Belle	Ramsey, Miss Rin
Holly, Miss Frances Glover	Riddle, Miss Cassie P.
Holleran, Miss Maud	Reynolds, Miss Ella
Roberts, Miss Emma	Reice, Miss Minnie
Hartzoff, Miss Matelle	Sweet, Mrs. Ellie
Jones, Mrs. Phil	Smith, Mrs. Fidra
Jones, Mrs. W. J.	Smith, Mrs. Chas.
Jones, Mrs. Nellie	Sands, Mrs. J. R.
Jones, Mrs. J. W.	Spence, Mrs. Thos.
Johnson, Miss Clara	Stuart, Miss Jennie
Jones, Miss Mary	Shields, Miss Anna
Knowlby, Mrs. J. E.	Simons, Miss Victoria
Kendall, Mrs. Lou	Thornton, Mrs. Lillie
Keller, Floyd	Trimble, Miss
Kelley, Miss Rosie	Williams, Mrs. E. B.
Keeney, Miss Mary (2)	Wilson, Mrs. Nora
Lund, Miss Matilda	Walker, Mrs. Kittie
	Woods, Mrs. Nannie M.
	Young, Mrs. Fannie

FIRMS.

Andrews, M. J.	Hooton, Mrs. Gus
Atkins, J. M.	Leete, Mrs. Percy
Benson, Miss E.	Lenarch, Louis
Bain, Henry	Walter, Hilda (2)
Brown, G. W. H.	Myers, Mrs. [illegible]
Clarke, Mrs.	Mutch, George (2)
Dawson, Miss Maggie	McIntosh, Frank
Gallup, Mrs. Edwin M.	Paton, Rev. F. W.
Hain, A. R.	

DEAD LETTERS.

Campbell, A. C.	Sandelmann, Geo.
Finke, Mike	Reply, Walt. A.
Farley, Mrs. J. D.	Rosenbauer, D. A.
Johnson, J. R.	Thornton, Ann E. F.
Keith, Mary Reid	White, Martin
Leavell, Mrs. J. N.	

PACKAGES.

Davis, Mrs. N. J.	Lynch, W. M.
Kurtz, L.	

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for "advertised letters," and give the date of this list. If not called for within two weeks they will be sent to the dead letter office.

M. W. EVERETT, P. M.

RIO GRANDE.

Trains to Denver 8:27 a. m., 10.42 a. m., 2.35 p. m. and 5.11 p. m., 4.10 a. m., 3.00 a. m. To Pueblo 10.47 a. m., 12.15 p. m., 4.30 p. m., 7.55 p. m., 9.45 p. m., connecting with all Eastern trains.

THE WABASH LINE.

It is the short line to St. Louis.

Runs free reclining chair cars.

Runs the most elegant stateroom cars on night trains and the most sumptuous drawing room cars on day trains of any line between Colorado and New York.

The Wabash makes direct connections at all points connecting its western terminal, for all points south, east, southeast and northeast.

The Wabash is the only line having its own track from the Missouri river to Detroit and Toledo.

The Wabash is the only line having its own steamer plying on Lake Erie.

The Wabash runs and operates the Niagara Falls Short Line, the only route giving a satisfactory view of the Falls by daylight, and its trains leave at a convenient hour for business men and tourists.

Ask any hotel clerk or ticket agent for time cards or maps of the Wabash, or address

C. M. HAMPSON,
Commercial Agent, 185 Seventeenth street, Denver, Colorado.

WORDS OF PRAISE

Are heard on every side, from the traveling public, for the unsurpassed service of the Santa Fe route. It is justly said that the Chicago vestibuled express is the finest train by all odds that comes into Colorado. The very latest improvements in palace cars, Unexcelled dining car service. No change of cars between Colorado Springs and Chicago.

The special Pullman sleeping car left at Colorado Springs, daily, in which space may be reserved at the city ticket office in the Opera House Block. Telephone 54. C. C. HOYT, Agent.

$8.00 DENVER AND RETURN. $8.00

On account of the races at Overland Park, the Santa Fe will sell tickets to Denver and return at one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale October 3d, 6th and 8th good to return to and including October 12th.

CHOOSE YOUR ROUTE.

If you are thinking of going to California call at the Santa Fe ticket office in the Opera House Block and get information of the cost. The same advice will apply if you are contemplating a trip to any point in Texas. The Santa Fe line extends through the states named and affords the best accommodations. Tourist rates to Pacific coast cities all the year around.

PARLOR CARS.

One citizen who have not tried the new parlor cars on the afternoon Santa Fe trains should do so. The cars are veritable parlors and the chairs as comfortable as the finest parlor chair, not to be compared with the ordinary chair cars; something entirely new. Trains carrying these leave for Pueblo at 10.45 a. m. and for Denver at 4.15 p. m.

20 rides between Colorado Springs and Manitou for $1.

A COLORADO GEM.

Is the Burlington Train No. 2, which leaves Denver at 8.00 p. m. every day in the year, arriving at Chicago at 8.00 a. m., St. Louis 7.30 a. m. second morning. This is a solid vestibule train with all modern improvements known to the civilized world. It is composed of Pullman Palace sleepers, chair cars, seats free, elegant day coaches and smoking cars. All chair cars have a porter in attendance whose duty it is to look after the comforts of passengers, especially ladies traveling alone. No change of cars of any class on this train between Denver, Lincoln, Omaha, Chicago, St. Joe and St. Louis. Parties traveling via this route destined to points beyond its line can have their sleeping car accommodations secured through to destination by applying to any ticket agent or G. W. Vallery, No. 1700 Larimer St., Denver, Colo.

A DAY IN DENVER.

In order to accomodate the Santa Fe train at 8.25 or 8.05 a. m., which will give you almost the whole day in Denver. Trains returning leave at 4.40 and 7.30 p. m. 11.20 p. m.

CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.

Leave Chicago via the Santa Fe Route every Thursday evening at 7:50 and Kansas City every Friday morning at 11:55 and arrive at La Junta every Saturday morning at 5:25. Parties from Colorado Springs desiring to join these can leave at 7:35 p. m. each Friday, connecting at La Junta next night or leave La Junta at 3:40 a. m. Saturday, making connection at La Junta the same morning. These excursions are personally conducted by salaried agents who conduct the excursions to destination to give personal attention to the comfort of passengers, especially aged persons, ladies and children without escort. Leaving Colorado Springs at 7:30 a. m., Saturday, the excursion will arrive at Los Angeles at 3:45 p. m., the following Monday and at San Diego at 8:35 p. m. at San Francisco the following Tuesday at 11:15 a. m. Inquire at city ticket office, Opera House block.

DON'T READ THIS.

With each succeeding day comes an increased demand for better service on the railways of our country. The Union Pacific and Missouri Pacific railways to the front as usual, have been leading in these lines of improvement for some time and running through Pullman sleepers between Salt Lake, City and St. Louis via Denver.

NEW SERVICE!! NEW TIME!!!

Today, August 16, The Great Rock Island Route inaugurates its new service via Omaha thus making a solid vestibule limited train service direct Colorado Springs to Chicago via Omaha, St. Jo, or Kansas City, leaving Colorado Springs 7:20 p. m., arriving Omaha 3:00 p. m.; St. Jo 5:20 p. m., Kansas City 5:30 p. m., and Chicago 7:35 a. m. second morning, making all connections at each of these junctions to all points in all directions. All meals served en route on our own magnificent dining cars. The trains in this service are models of beauty and excellence and are brand new, having been built throughout especially and held for the completion of this new line. For full particulars, maps, lowest rates, etc., call on or address W. W. Wood, Ticket and Passenger Ag't., 12 Pike's Peak avenue. Telephone 97.

WAGON WHEEL GAP

The Denver & Rio Grande are now running trains to Wagon Wheel Gap every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Fare from here to the Gap and return $10.00, parties of five $11.50. Limit 30 days. Ticket office 16 N. Tejon St.

Denver and Rio Grande R. R. six daily trains:
Round trip to Denver $4 50
Round trip to Pueblo 2 50
Through tickets to all points at the lowest rates. No. 16 North Tejon street, New Bank building.

CHANGE OF TIME.

Great Rock Island "Limited" now leaves Colorado Springs 7.20 p. m.

BELLEVUE SANITARIUM.

Accommodations can be obtained in this institution. Terms from $8 a week upward, according to room.

Apply to the Matron, at the Sanitarium, East Huerfano street.

A. H. PEALE & CO.

Employment, Real Estate and Live Stock Agents. Allen City Auction office. Will give immediate and careful attention to all business entrusted to our care. Business solicited. Office 1 S. Tejon, upstairs.

WANTED.

Help of all kind, both male and female at once.

I have a very competent lady who wants place as working housekeeper in city where she can take a child.

I have money to loan on good chattels.

J. H. BIRDS, Employment Ag't, 31 E. Pikes St.

WANTED.

WANTED—Purchaser for some fine property [illegible] Call on A. Hoskey, 25 E. Huerfano St.

WANTED—A good experienced cook, also a reliable woman to do housework and cooking. Apply Mrs. Riley, The Antlers, at 1:30, Monday a. m., after 10 o'clock.

WANTED—Position by a young lady, [illegible] Address [illegible]

WANTED—Position as housekeeper or companion. Address Mrs. S. Kuser, City.

WANTED—Situation as nurse in a private family. Address Maggie [illegible] general delivery, City.

WANTED—Position as girl to help [illegible] must come well recommended. 108 N. Cascade.

WANTED—Dressmaking by the day. Inquire at Rooms 18 [illegible]

WANTED—Boys, 15 to 18 years of age that by buying their shoes at Corbin's Row, they are liable to get a pair of shoes given them.

WANTED—By a practical man, a number of farms to sell for cash; good service guaranteed. Apply to Louis E. Furness, at Van Pelt's drug store.

WANTED—A good [illegible] Adams, of the Colorado City Gas Company.

WANTED—A miller who understands cutting millstone. Apply at works: The Ute Pass Paint Co., Colorado City.

WANTED—By experienced [illegible] and double entry [illegible] four or five hours each day. [illegible] P. O. box [illegible]

TO RENT.

TO RENT—Houses to [illegible] in all parts of city. A. H. [illegible]

TO RENT—One [illegible] bath, closet and [illegible] furnished house, bath, two blocks north of Pike's Peak Ave. Inquire at 22 E. Platte avenue.

TO RENT—Furnished room $4; light housekeeping, 406 S. Nevada avenue.

TO RENT—Three connecting front rooms, cheap; completely furnished for housekeeping; private family. 311 E. Huerfano St.

TO RENT—Cheap, furnished suite of rooms, down stairs, south front, two beds, with use of kitchen or board; also rooms upstairs at $8 and $7. Two stalls in barn. 502 High St., corner Oak St.

TO RENT—Two furnished rooms and tent for light housekeeping, $10 per month. 703 E. Kiowa.

TO RENT—Neatly furnished front rooms at 212 N. Tejon.

TO RENT—Desirable room with board, at Miss Woodbury's, 228 E. Pike's Peak Ave.

TO RENT—Rooms with board; new house, new furniture; all modern conveniences; with first class board. 29 E. Huerfano St.

TO RENT—Nicely furnished room at No. 5 South Weber.

TO RENT—House in rear of 113 S. Tejon St. Inquire Hermaway & Bish.

TO RENT—Two pleasant rooms, with board. Reasonable rates. 14 W. Pike's Peak St.

TO RENT—Two office rooms on second floor, in center of city; all tri[illegible] with elevator, etc. Low [illegible] Rhead Peale, 104 Pike's Peak ave.

TO RENT—Three or four rooms, [illegible] for partly furnished. Inquire at 18 E. Kiowa street.

TO RENT—Pleasant [illegible] with board at Mrs. Waring's, 18 E. Bijou.

TO RENT—[illegible] of three or four [illegible] blocks from business [illegible] painted and papered [illegible] tenants. 104 Pike's Peak avenue.

TO RENT—Square [illegible] sewing machines. All [illegible]

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—We have [illegible] lots in Ivywild on the [illegible] Colorado A. H. [illegible] 10 E. Bijou.

FOR SALE—Good [illegible] Pike's Peak avenue.

"BROADMOOR"

The Most Available Suburb of Colorado Springs!

A Perfect Pleasure and Health Resort,

Possessing a Complete Water System

Beautiful Walks! Wooded Parks!

Cheyenne Lake.

(The Largest Body of Water in the Vicinity.)

Telephone and Electric Motor Connections with the City, and Unsurpassed Views. The Best Opportunity for First-class Investments.

For Prices on Acre Lots, Blocks or Larger Blocks, Apply at

Company's Office, Opposite Postoffice,

North [illegible] Avenue,

Or to ANY REAL ESTATE AGENT.

The best located Property in Colorado Springs, either for homes or for investment is

NOB HILL

For prices and terms call on

A. A. McGOVNEY,

113 Kiowa Street,

Or any Agent in the City

Highest of all in Leavening Power. Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN—[illegible] first mortgage [illegible] per cent. Chas. W. Hills.

STRAYED.

STRAYED—One mare [illegible] Return to S. W. Fisher, Cheyenne Club, and receive reward.

HER FACE HER FORTUNE.

[illegible] ity said of [illegible] with artistic taste Windell's Parlors [illegible] to which nothing but the beauty of the [illegible] of the City can compare. The [illegible] Windell's Parlors [illegible] Tejon St. [illegible] P. FISHER, Secretary. Colorado Springs, Colo., October 31, 1891.

NOTICE OF ASSAULT.

[illegible] The City [illegible] Pike's Peak [illegible] of the [illegible] and such other [illegible] properly [illegible] Colorado Springs, Colo., October 31, 1891.

INSTRUCTORS.

[illegible] Dr. T. G. Rose, Vice Pr'sident. A. A. McGovney, Treasurer. J. A. [illegible] A. L. Humphrey. F. L.

THE GAZETTE.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1891.

Mrs. Whitlock's dancing school opened yesterday with a class of thirty-five children.

The Lutheran Sabbath school has secured a valuable library for the use of the school.

A man giving the name of George Bryan was arrested yesterday afternoon for drunkenness.

West side parents are complaining of the overcrowded condition of the Fifth ward schoolhouse.

Mr. J. Arthur Connell left on the Rock Island for New York last evening to be gone for some weeks.

Miss Gertrude Prentiss has returned from her vacation and will preside at the organ of the First Congregational church to-day.

Mr. Will West, who was formerly a well-known resident of this city, is spending a short time here visiting friends. Mr. West comes from Kentucky.

The Sunday school concert which was postponed from last week will be given this evening at 7 o'clock at the Second Congregational church.

The Colorado Springs Gardens company had from 107 acres of oats on its Fountain farm 7,851 bushels, and from one measured acre 100 bushels.

Richard O. Howard, the young editor of The Star, has received a diploma from the Pueblo State Fair association, as the youngest editor in Colorado.

Mr. William A. Benedict, a graduate of the Colorado Springs Business college, has accepted a position as book-keeper with the De La Vergne Furniture company.

The funeral of George Sharrock, the old man who took an accidental overdose of morphine in Green Mountain Falls, will occur at St. Andrew's chapel, Manitou, to-day.

Rev. T. A. Boyer, state evangelist of Illinois, assisted by a fine singer, will conduct a series of revival meetings at the Christian church, commencing next Friday evening, Oct. 9.

Lutheran church services to-day at 316 Huerfano street. Rev. Dr. Howbert will preach at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. will meet at 6:30 p. m.

Ex-Mayor Stillman, City engineer Reid and Water-commissioner Frost went up to Woodland Park yesterday at the request of the town company to inspect the new pipe system.

All Souls church—Antlers' pavilion. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Mellen, will preach at 11 o'clock. Subject of discourse, "Persistency in Well Doing." Sunday school at 12:15. The public cordially invited.

Harry Drexel, alias Harry Tetzill, charged with robbing a man at Prospect [illegible] some time ago, was brought before Justice Walker yesterday morning for trial. He was bound over in the sum of $1,000.

There are good prospects of having three large industries started in Colorado City in the near future. A fire clay brick company, a smelter, and an iron foundry and machine works are being talked of.

A lively young mouse has been placed in the glass case with the rattlesnake in Fred Horn's store. The snake as yet shows no desire to make a meal of its companion, and allows it to climb over it in the most friendly way.

[illegible] Hundley & Carlile closed the Pike's Peak Carriage line yesterday after a very successful season, having carried 2[illegible]00 persons to the summit of Pike's Peak. Mr. Hundley stated that there was four feet of snow in places.

A good time is promised all who attend the Manhattan social at the United Presbyterian church Monday evening. It is to be given by the Young Woman's Christian Temperance union, which has just been organized. Come, bring 10 cents, and enjoy the fun.

There will be preaching at the Christian church, 211 North Nevada avenue, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor, J. P. Lucas. Morning subject: "The [illegible] Meeting." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Young People's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Strangers are welcome.

The many old acquaintances of Glenalvin, the ball player whose star first rose in the Colorado Springs [illegible], will be glad to read in our [illegible] columns that the Portland club, of which he is captain, captured the pennant in the Northwestern league.

It has been decided to hold the meeting of the executive board of the Lutheran ministers home on the 27th of this month in Denver. The question of connecting a boys' school with the institution is being seriously thought of, and probably will be definitely decided on in the meeting.

Field and Farm says: "Count Pourtales, of the Broadmoor company at Colorado Springs, did a good turn for Colorado when he brought out Rosner's Hungarian orchestra, which has been playing in Denver lately. It is the finest musical organization that ever visited Colorado, and to miss it is like losing the best of one's life."

For a genuine intellectual and substantial feast a Conundrum Banquet is about the best thing we have heard of. The lunch tables are supplied with menu cards, on which are conundrums, the answers to which form the bill of fare. The excellence and variety of the meal depend on the ingenuity of the guesser. This novel entertainment will be given in the parlors of the Presbyterian church, Friday, October 9, from 5 to 10 p. m.

Rev. N. J. R. Taylor, D. D., father of the Rev. Livingston L. Taylor, pastor-elect of the First Presbyterian church of this city, arrived this morning and is stopping with his old friend, Mr. J. F. [illegible]. He will preach in the First Presbyterian church to-day—morning and evening. He is one of the ablest and most eloquent preachers in New York city, and it will be a great privilege for all to hear him who can possibly attend.

It will be learned with pleasure that Mrs. E. F. Welles has consented to take a limited number of pupils in music this winter. As teacher of the voice, piano and pipe organ, she will be found most competent, having received the highest honors in each of these branches at the leading musical institutions of the East. Mrs. Welles' vocal training was received from Prof. Rudolphsen, at the Cincinnati College of Music; her instructor on the piano was the great German teacher, Carl Hintz, himself a pupil of Mendelssohn; and she studied the organ with Prof. Geo. E. Whiting, of the Boston Conservatory of Music, the acknowledged head of the profession in this country.

Salvation Army Services.

The division of the Salvation army which is quartered in this city will hold grand welcome meetings to Captain Dreere, divisional officer, on the night of Oct. 7. On the night of Oct. 6, there will also be held an oyster supper, the proceeds of which will go to pay for the lumber used in building the barracks.

The second presentation of "A Parlor Match" demonstrated that Colorado Springs is as yet a one night town for the audience was very slim. The presentation was a little better than the night before and some new jokes were brought in. The audience was a little hard to warm up but they finally began to laugh at and encore everything that occurred.

Secured the Amos.

Silas Rodes was a strong, hard working farmer; his brother Amos was a confirmed invalid who, three or four times a year, had "spells" of expecting to die, but, nevertheless, always managed to live. Still, he was really ill, and many thought him to be in considerable danger.

But, while Amos was sick and expecting to die, it chanced that the strong Silas did actually die very suddenly. A messenger carried the sad news to his sister Elvira, a grim spinster, who lived in a distant part of the town.

She heard the message with some incredulity.

"Taint Silas ye mean; it's Amos," she said in reply.

"Why, no," answered the messenger, "I mean Silas. Amos is all right. It's Silas that is dead."

"Wal, p'r'aps it's so," was the reluctant rejoinder, "but I wouldn't ha' b'leeved it o' Silas; 't seems a good deal more like Amos."—Youth's Companion.

Water Is Cheap.

In the olden days when water was carried around on carts the price per barrel was nine cents. That price did not seem exorbitant; was thought cheap. Now the cost to the consumer is about one-third of a cent per barrel—thirty barrels for ten cents. And at that rate the city makes large profits. Out of these profits is paid the cost of pipe extensions and renewals and of various other matters, and still there remains untouched revenue amounting to nearly $330,000. The rate of profit will rapidly increase in the future, inasmuch as a great deal of piping has been done in advance of population. Vacant spaces will henceforth be filled in with improvements and people rather than new spaces acquired. Extensions of the water service in many directions and to extreme distances are therefore nearly complete and permanent.—Chicago Herald.

A Quartet of Comicalities.

Nine tailors, it is said, will make a man. Whoever started this statement ought to have finished. They will make a man a pauper.—Texas Siftings.

Some one says "poets are declining;" this is evidently a mistake. Every poet will tell you that it is the editors who are declining.—Richmond Recorder.

The woman you would call a poem is not the woman you would call in the morning to kindle the breakfast fire and fry the slapjacks.—Richmond Recorder.

"Well, Herr Professor, what do you think of my new drama?" "Splendid! The villains in particular are admirably portrayed. The very words they utter are stolen!"—Munchener Kalender.

Miseries of Suburban Life.

Mrs. Suburb—You are very late to-night. Supper was ready two hours ago.

Mr. Suburb—Yes, I missed the 5:17 train and had to take the 5:19.

Mrs. S.—But that is only two minutes.

Mr. S.—Yes, my dear, but the 5:17 comes straight through, and the 5:19 stops at 1[illegible]5 stations before it gets here.—Good News.

Cautious.

"I'll go to him myself," cried the infuriated shopkeeper. "I'll see whether he won't pay his debts! I'll tell him he's rascal, a swindler!"

"Father," remarked his more prudent son, grabbing him by the coat tails, "don't you think it would be wiser to talk that way to him through the telephone?"—Fliegende Blatter.

[illegible]

"Jones produced his new emotional drama last week, I hear."

"Yes."

"Much success?"

"Wasn't a dry eye in the house when the curtain went down."

"Indeed!"

"Sure. Wasn't a wet one either."—Washington Star.

One Only.

Penelope—He told me you were not nearly so good looking as I.

Perdita—Dear me. He told me you were not nearly so good looking as I.

Penelope—Then he has fibbed to both of us.

Perdita—Oh, no. Only to you, dear.—Life.

Judging from Associations.

"The old saying, 'Tell me a man's company and I'll tell you who he is,' doesn't apply to girls."

"Why?"

"Because if they have company they're only too glad to tell you who he is themselves."—Philadelphia Times.

What They Wanted.

"Did Smith produce his new play last night?"

"Yes."

"And did the audience call him before the curtain after the last act?"

"Yes, and demanded their money back."—Nashville Herald.

NOTICE.

I shall be a candidate for Superintendent of Schools of El Paso county, at the approaching election, subject to the decision of the voters at the polls. My reasons for taking this step will be published later on.

REUBEN BERREY.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Ten cents per line for first insertion; five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements to go in every other day, or on certain days of the week, ten cents per line for each insertion.

HALLETT & BAKER,
Undertakers.
No. 7 Cascade avenue. Telephone No. 18.

To my patrons:
I have retired from dental practice, and take pleasure in recommending to my patients, Dr. Henry B. Hayden, in whose professional ability I have unlimited confidence.
Signed, JOHN GRANNIS.
Sept. 19th, 1891.

DR. HENRY B. HAYDEN
Dentist,
Rooms 22, 24, 25 Hagerman Block.

Vorhes Bros., to advertise their shoes and business, will give every tenth pair of shoes sold each day to their customers.

KNABE, SCHOMACKER, BUSH & GERTS
And other first-class pianos at Hext & Williams' music store, [illegible] easy.

Remember we will call for and return feathers same day, cleaned, sewed up and ready for immediate use.
NATIONAL STEAM RENOVATING CO.

REMOVED.
Duncan's Music store to 317 W. Huerfano St. Pianos and organs for sale and for rent.

Artistic! H. S. Poley & Co's "Aristo" Photos.

To buy or sell stocks or interests in Aspen mines write B. Clark Wheeler, Aspen, Colorado.

We will be here one week longer.
NATIONAL STEAM RENOVATING CO.

See LENNOX'S ad.

SPECTACLES fitted accurately at Ashby's.

FINEST Photographic portraits at Clinton's, 30 Pike's Peak avenue. Fine stationery, choice confectionery, Colorado views and Flower books, latest novels.

MUSIC CLASS.
Mrs. A. C. Pearson has organized a class for primary piano pupils, with Miss Garney as teacher, who was very successful in this work at the East where she made it a specialty. Mr. Pearson will plan the course of study and review the work done each month. Application may be made at 130 San Rafael St., or to Miss Warner, 115 Willamette avenue.

FAIRVIEW HILL RANCH.
Ten miles from city. Cattle fifty cents per month, 5,000 acres; horses $1 per month, 1,500 acres. Apply to A. Healey, Falcon, Colo.

READ THIS.
The people will find that they can save money by buying their shoes from Vorhes Bros., who are leaders in low prices, and for a short time will give away every tenth pair of shoes sold. Nothing will be counted which does not exceed $1 in price.

THE CLUB COFFEE HOUSE.
First class in every respect. Hot meals, oysters and waffles; open every night till 12 o'clock; Hagerman block.

All practical housekeepers are having their feather beds and pillows cleaned and made better than new. No. 5 Pike's Peak Ave.

MALLOCH & PIERCE.
STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPEWRITERS
ROOM 31, BANK BUILDING.

ASPEN SHORT LINE RAILWAY COMPANY.
New York, September 2[illegible], 1891.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Aspen Short Line Railway company for the election of directors and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting, will be held at the office of the company at Colorado Springs, Colorado, at twelve o'clock noon on Monday, November 2nd, 1891.
The stock transfer books will be closed at 3 o'clock p. m. on October 30th, 1891, and will remain closed until three days after the final adjournment of said meeting.
OSCAR BUNKE, Secretary.

DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
And Kindergarten. Address
MISS L. WICKARD, 719 N. Cascade Ave.

Have the perspiration of years, together with all cause of disease removed from your homes by having your feather beds and pillows cleaned. No. 5 Pike's Peak Ave.

Artistic! H. S. Poley & Co's "Aristo" Photos.

W. A. Davis, Undertaking, 114 N. Tejon.

[illegible] & Headley, Leading Photographers.

Cleaning and Dyeing, 110 South Tejon.

Why do you sleep on dirty feather beds and pillows when you can have them cleaned? No. 5 Pike's Peak Ave.

[illegible] J. HADFIELD, northeast corner Nevada and Pike's Peak avenues.

HAVE YOUR FEATHER BEDS AND PILLOWS CLEANED.
Below will be found a few names of parties for whom the National Feather Renovating Co. have done work since their arrival here. Remember, they will be here one week longer at No. 5 Pike's Peak avenue.

Miss Church,	De La Vergne Furniture Co.,
Dr. Atkins,	Franklin Furniture Co.,
Miss Howbert,	Mrs. F. E. Robinson,
Mrs. Eldredge,	Dr. Kimball,
Mrs. Hayward,	Dr. Gardner,
Mrs. Kennedy,	Mrs. Thayer,
Mrs. Hatch,	Mrs. J. T. Humphrey,
Mrs. Workman,	Mrs. M. S. [illegible],
Mrs. Bartlett,	Mrs. Hobb,
Mrs. G. H. Jinkins,	Mrs. Ely,
Mrs. R. S. Barnes,	Mrs. Adamson,
Mrs. A. A. McGovney,	Dr. Christopher,
Mrs. Decker,	Mrs. [illegible],
Mrs. Edwards,	Mrs. Wiley,
Mrs. Duncan,	Mrs. [illegible],
Mrs. Kipple,	Mrs. [illegible],
Mrs. Geo. Carey,	
Clough Furniture Co.,	Miss Thompson.

Ladies desiring wraps and suits made in the latest style and at reasonable rates can be accommodated at 212 N. Tejon St.

"THE PRIDE OF THE EARTH."
THE LATEST SINGER SEWING MACHINE,
121 EAST HUERFANO.

See ASHBY'S special patterns in SOUVENIR SPOONS, Seven Falls, Signal [illegible], Balance Rock, etc., etc. A full stock of Axle Cut Pebble lenses. They are expensive but the best and coolest to the eye. D. ASHBY, Optician.

CLINTON—Photographer, removed to 30 Pike's Peak avenue. Choice stock of stationery, confectionery, Colorado views and Flower books.

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For District Attorney,
EDWIN T. HANNA,
For County Clerk,
WILLIAM J. MATHEWS,
For County Treasurer,
DANIEL W. ROBBINS,
For County Commissioner,
FRANK FINEGAN,
For County Assessor,
GEORGE W. MUSSER,
For Sheriff,
ROBERT A. MEIER,
For Superintendent of Schools,
VAN E. ROUSE,
For Surveyor,
FRANK E. BAXTER,
For Coroner,
DR. JULIAN A. SMITH.

One Large Room,
Second floor facing south, electric light, steam heat, for a couple $5 each; for one $10.
MRS M A BISPHAM
Kiowa St., west of Cascade Ave.

PASTURAGE.
Good pasture, abundant water, ten miles east. TERMS: Horses $1 per month, cattle 75 cents. Address
FURSMAN BROS.,
Box 585, City.

"Please the Eye and Ear AND You will win the HEART."

WE
Please your Eyes with choice goods. Please your Ears with low prices. Try to win your Heart by honesty. Hope thus to reach your pocket-book.
WISH YOU WOULD CALL.

Our stock is complete with all the latest and correct styles in every line and our prices are the lowest.

OUR MOTTO. One Price and Value For Your Money.

H. G. SHIMP.
Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher,
15 North Tejon Street.

W. H. McIntyre.

Fire Insurance,

Represents the following Safe, Firmly Established and Reliable Companies:

	Assets.
Insurance Co. of North America, of Philadelphia	$8,901,518
Hartford, of Hartford	6,570,616
Phoenix, of Hartford	5,651,416
Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia	3,355,310
Continental, of New York	5,597,915
Germania, of New York	2,066,611
American, of Newark, N. J.	2,115,300
Orient, of Hartford	1,834,252

The Best is the Cheapest.

MONEY TO LOAN
At Lowest Rates.

21, 22, 23 Hagerman Block.

Colorado Springs
CRYSTAL ICE AND COLD STORAGE CO.,

Have added COAL to their Ice business, and are now ready to deliver the best Canon City Lump and Nut Coal at popular prices. Give us a trial. Our motto is "Full weight 2000 pounds for a ton."

CIVILL & WHITE,
TEEPHONE 46. Proprietors.

P. S. You are respectfully invited to come and see how we make Pure Ice from distilled water.

[illegible] Weller & Co.

DEALERS IN
FINE CARRIAGES.
Coupes, Victorias, Cabriolets, Surreys, Game Wagons, Phaetons, Buggies, Buckboards and Carts.
SOLE AGENTS OF
H. H. Babcock Buggy Co.
Largest Manufacturers of HARNESS In the City
LEATHER BELTING.

We Offer the Following Specials in Underwear:

One Case Men's extra heavy ribbed Shirts and Drawers at 75 cents, regular $1.25 quality.

One Case Ladies' heavy ribbed Shirts and Drawers 25 cents.

Our regular line of Underwear embraces all qualities of Wool and Mixed garments.

Ladies' Union Suits from $2.25 up. Children's Union Suits $1.00 up.

Ladies' Equestrienne Tights.

Our Jackets, Capes and Furs are the correct styles and we are making very low prices on the entire line.

GIDDINGS BROS. & BENT
21 South Tejon Street.

WILBUR & WOLF,

22 South Tejon Street.

We are pleased to announce that our sales for September, 1891, were much in advance of September, 1890. We attribute it to the fact that we have a most complete stock of

Dress Goods, Hosiery, Gloves and Millinery,

Ever shown in Colorado Springs, and goods suited to the trade of this city. We solicit an inspection of our stock.

Respectfully,
WILBUR & WOLF.

Johnson's DRY GOODS AND CARPETS.

Will put on Sale, Monday, Sept. 28th,
NEW NOVELTY DRESS GOODS in CAMEL HAIR EFFECTS.
The Largest Assortment of
CLOAKS, WRAPS AND FURS,
In the city.
N. O. JOHNSON,
22 and 24 Pike's Peak Ave.

Removal Sale

Commencing Monday, Oct. 5.

ALL GOODS
at 20 to 40 per cent. Discount.

100 24x30 Oil Paintings with 4-inch Gilt Frame 96c.

The De La Vergne Furniture Co.,
125 to 129 So. Tejon St.

COOL WEATHER
Will soon be here, and
PARLOR GOODS
Will be in demand. I have made room for an elegant line on my
FIRST FLOOR
And for a short time everything will be offered at
20 Per Cent Discount.
Stock Large! Designs New and Elegant!
All prices marked in plain figures.
114 and 116 Pike's Peak Ave. JOHN LENNOX.

D. H. Holden, President. Geo. De La Vergne, Vice President
David Heron, Cashier.
The Exchange National Bank
CAPITAL, $100,000.
DIRECTORS.
P. R. Dow,	D. Heron,
W. S. Nichols,	E. H. Field,
Geo. De La Vergne,	J. A. Himebaugh,
N. O. Johnson,	Geo. H. Carr,
D. H. Holden,	A. S. Holbrook.
A. L. Lawton,	

ESTABLISHED 1873.
El Paso County Bank,
CAPITAL PAID IN - $100,000
SURPLUS - - - 30,000
Transacts a general banking business. Drafts drawn on the principal cities of the United States and Europe.
WM. S. JACKSON, Cashier.
J. H. BARLOW, Assistant Cashier.
MEMBERS OF THE FIRM:
W. S. JACKSON, C. H. WHITE, J. H. BARLOW.

TRI-CITY STAMP WORKS.
Manufacturers of
RUBBER STAMPS
Seals, Stencils, Steel Stamps, Badges, Checks, etc.
Prices guaranteed as low as the lowest.
10 PIKE'S PEAK AVE.
Colorado Springs, Colo.

BARGAINS
In Ladies', Children's and Gents'
Fine Shoes!
MATT CONWAY,
No. 10 East Pike's Peak Avenue

"THE BAZAAR."
Special Sale on Books.
Geikie's Holy Land,
Napoleon and his Marshals,
History of Rome,
Englishmen of Letters,
Shakespeare, complete,
Hogarth's Works,
England, illustrated,
Palestine, illustrated,
Gibbons' Roman Empire.
Star Letter files, 50c. Special price by the dozen.

A. M. SWAIN,
Opposite Antlers.

MRS. C. J. MEYER
[illegible]
Tells past, present and future; gives names of your spirit friends. Come early and be convinced of her wonderful powers. Will be at Union Block over No. 8 S. Tejon street, Storer's Drug Store, Room 30, for a short time only. Sittings daily from 10 to 8 p. m.

CHINA JIM,
IMPORTER OF
Chinese and Japanese Fancy Goods!
CURIOSITIES, BRONZES AND IVORY [illegible], ETC.
[illegible] Pike's Peak Ave.

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE.
All my stock of goods will be offered for sale at cost. They include Chinese and Japanese curiosities, fine China, China silk and embroidery work and Japanese wire work.
All are cordially invited to call and examine my fine stock of goods.
TANG HING & CO.,
126 E. Pike's Peak Ave

E. P. McCLOSKEY,
Candy and Baking
HOUSE.
Corner Cascade Ave. and Huerfano St.

Best Butter
IN THE CITY
FOR THE MONEY.

CLOSING OUT!
To make room for New Goods, I will close out Several Remnants of
HAVILAND CHINA!
AT COST
A. MATTHEWS,
26 North Tejon Street,
Colorado Springs, Colorado.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.
OFFICES OF
THE ASPEN CONTACT MINING COMPANY,
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., Sept. 26, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of The Aspen Contact Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, in the city of Colorado Springs, state of Colorado, on the 20th day of October 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m.
At said meeting a board of directors for the ensuing year will be elected; a code of by-laws adopted; reports of officers will be submitted, and such other business will be considered and acted upon as may properly come before a stockholders' meeting.
HENRY C. LOWE,
Secretary.

HUGHES.
110 Pike's Peak Ave., Midland Blk.
The only Fancy Grocer in the city that makes a specialty of fine
TEAS AND COFFEES.
Armour's Star Special
Hams and Breakfast Bacons.
Thornton's Celebrated
O. T. BUTTER.
Also
B. S. BUTTER.
Will call for Orders when Requested.
TELEPHONE 82.

WHO SAYS
That they are not doing a 'Penny and Nickel Racket.'
Don't let them deceive you. Shoddy goods are dear at any price. Examine our goods and get prices before you buy.
J. I. FRANKLIN.

No. 9 S. Tejon St.
MATTHEW KENNEDY
No. 9 S. Tejon St.
Real Estate! Insurance!

FOR RENT—UNFURNISHED

House of 10 large rooms and attic, good closets, etc.; also stable and carriage house; corner lot, south and east front, $50.

5 room house, E. Cimmaron St., $15.

6 room house, East Pike's Peak avenue, corner lot 100x190 and barn, $25.

5 room house in good condition, on Cheyenne avenue, $10.

10 room house on Cascade avenue; very convenient locality for a boarding house.

Five room cottage, Nevada avenue, near Kiowa street, only $22.

Offices. Rooms in Midland Block.

Business—A first class mercantile business; good location; good trade established.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED

Very desirable 7 room house, Bijou St. The house is very comfortable and desirable locality and in first class condition.

Desirable 7 room cottage with bath connection; stable and carriage house. Platte avenue, fronting on the park.

House 6 rooms and bath, 11 North Weber street, fully furnished; including piano, only $[illegible].

Very desirable house 7 rooms and bath, South Weber street; completely furnished throughout. [illegible] room house, North Nevada avenue, desirable location.

Very desirable 9 room house with bath, steam heat, gas and every modern improvement, completely furnished, also barn and carriage house. Owner wishes to go east for six months and will rent at low figure.

Very desirable 8 room house with electric lights, open fires, steam heat and every modern convenience; and elegantly furnished throughout. Located on Cache la Poudre, near car line.

FRANK DUTTON & CO.

19 North Tejon Street.

Just Placed in Stock 15 Cases of Goods

Containing Ladies' Underwear for Winter, Children's and Infants' shirts, Ladies' black shawls, Boys' Underwear, Ladies' Hosiery, Corsets, and ribbons.

One lot Ladies' Fine Merino undervests and drawers, silk finish, only 62 cents.

One lot Ladies' White Merino drawers and undervests, best quality, fine finish, 87c and $1.19.

One lot Ladies' very fine White Wool drawers and undervests, best quality, $1.73.

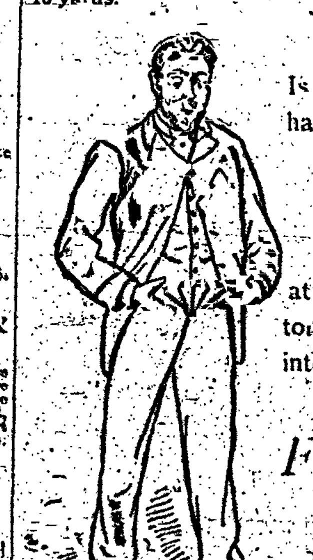
Children's fine White Merino vests and drawers, 39c, 42c, 50c and 64c.

10 dozen Boys' Scotch Wool undervests at only 30c each.

Infants' Silk and Wool underwear, 33c, 47c, 50c to 98c.

Black Shawls, $1.19 to $3.98 each.

Baby ribbon, No. 1 in all colors, all silk, 18 cents a piece of 10 yards.



An Empty Purse
Is a painful vacancy, hence we have always sold
CLOTHING
at a reasonable profit, so our customers might not have to look into such a chasm.
OUR
FALL STOCK
Is Now Completed.
PERKINS & HOLBROOK,
Bank Block.

DO YOU NEED MONEY?
We have to Loan:
$3,000 at 8 per cent. on inside real estate.
$1,000 at 9 per cent.
$1,500 at 9 per cent.
$500 at 10 per cent.
$300 at 18 per cent.

We want money from principals to loan; will get you 8, 9 or 10 per cent., according to time and amount and will take only first class security. Good trust deed notes for sale.

[illegible],
The Pioneer Installment Real Estate Dealers.
28 South Tejon Street.

J. H. MACMULLAN,
Dealer in Mines and Mining Stocks.
References:
H. P. [illegible] & Co., Aspen.
First National Bank, of Aspen.
P. O. Box 153, Aspen, Colo.

ASPEN CALL STOCK LIST.

Mollie Gibson,	Park, Mamie and Queen,
Argentum and Juniata,	St. Joe and Mineral Farm Con.
Bushwhacker,	Aspen Mining & Smelting Co.
Little Annie,	Pontiac,
Best Friend,	Della S.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

McMahon & Moffatt.
Tailors of the very first water. Prices that are a marvel of cheapness when the quality of the goods is considered.
Call and see us at 17 N. Tejon, Opposite Opera House.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK!
Of Colorado Springs, Colo.,
As Made to the Comptroller of the Currency September 25, 1891:

RESOURCES.			LIABILITIES.	
Loans and discounts		$527,413 10	Capital stock	$100,000 00
Bonds and warrants		80,020 07	Surplus and undivided profits	126,524 73
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		23,000 00	Circulation	19,420 00
Premium on U. S. bonds		4,000 00	Deposits	851,035 37
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		15,810 01		
Expenses and taxes paid		4,101 23		
Due from treasurer U. S. (5 per cent fund)		1,125 00		
Due from banks	$323,684 63			
Cash	113,464 01			
		$430,148 64		
Total		$1,096,080 03	Total	$1,096,080 03

STATE OF COLORADO, County of El Paso. } ss.
I, J. A. Hayes, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. J. A. HAYES, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of October, 1891.
[SEAL.] ASHAHEL SUTTON, Notary Public.
CORRECT. Attest:
LOUIS R. EHRICH,
A. A. McGOVNEY, } Directors.
IRVING HOWBERT.

SINTON BROS' DAIRY
Fresh Milk, Cream,
Skim Milk and Buttermilk
Delivered daily in Colorado Springs, Colorado City and Manitou. Orders by postal card will receive prompt attention.

COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY.
SECRETARY'S OFFICE.
COLORADO SPRINGS COLO., SEPT. 8TH, 1891.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Colorado Midland Railway Company, for the election of Directors, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, at Colorado Springs, Colorado, at twelve (12) o'clock noon, on Monday Oct. 5th, 1891.
The stock transfer books will be closed at 3 o'clock p. m. on the 24th day of September 1891, and will remain closed until three days after the final adjournment of said meeting.
E. W. SELLS
Secretary.

BOOTS AND SHOES
Made to Order.
Repairing neatly and promptly done. All work warranted first class.
J. PHIJERKSON,
107 N. Tejon St.

H. I. REID,
CITY ENGINEER AND COUNTY SURVEYOR.
Delos Dufee, Deputy.
Surveys made and estimates given on all kinds of engineering work.
Office at Court House at Colo. Springs.

ANNUAL MEETING.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Leadville Aztec Mining Company will be held at 121 North Nevada avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado, on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. to choose five directors.
SIMEON J. DUNBAR,
Secretary.

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